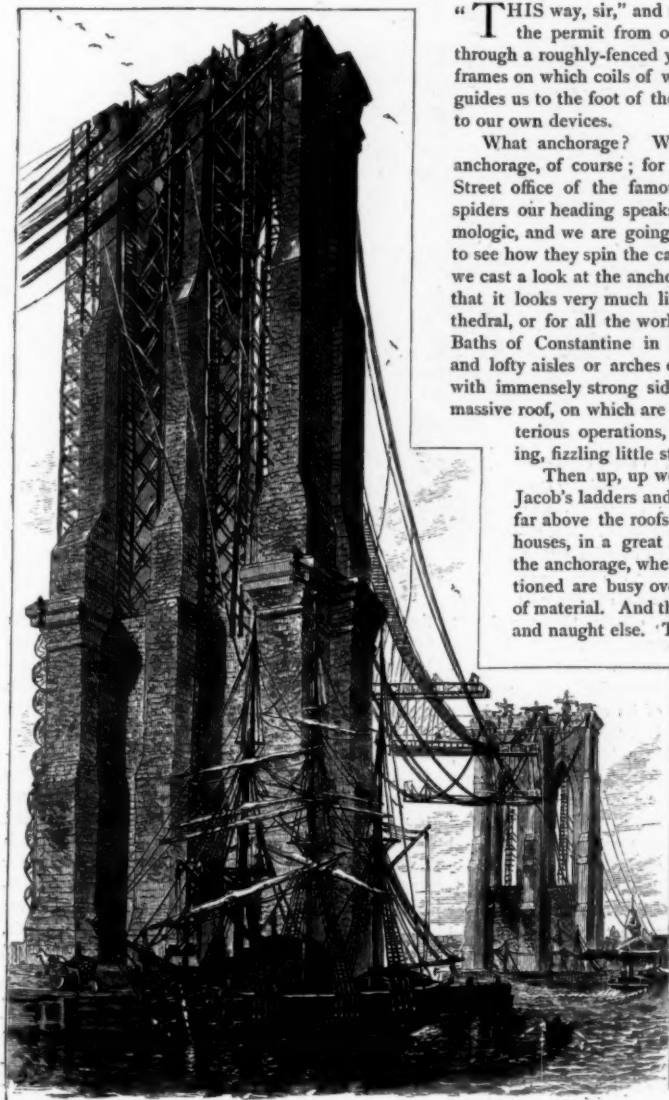




# APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

## UP AMONG THE SPIDERS; OR, HOW THE GREAT BRIDGE IS BUILT.

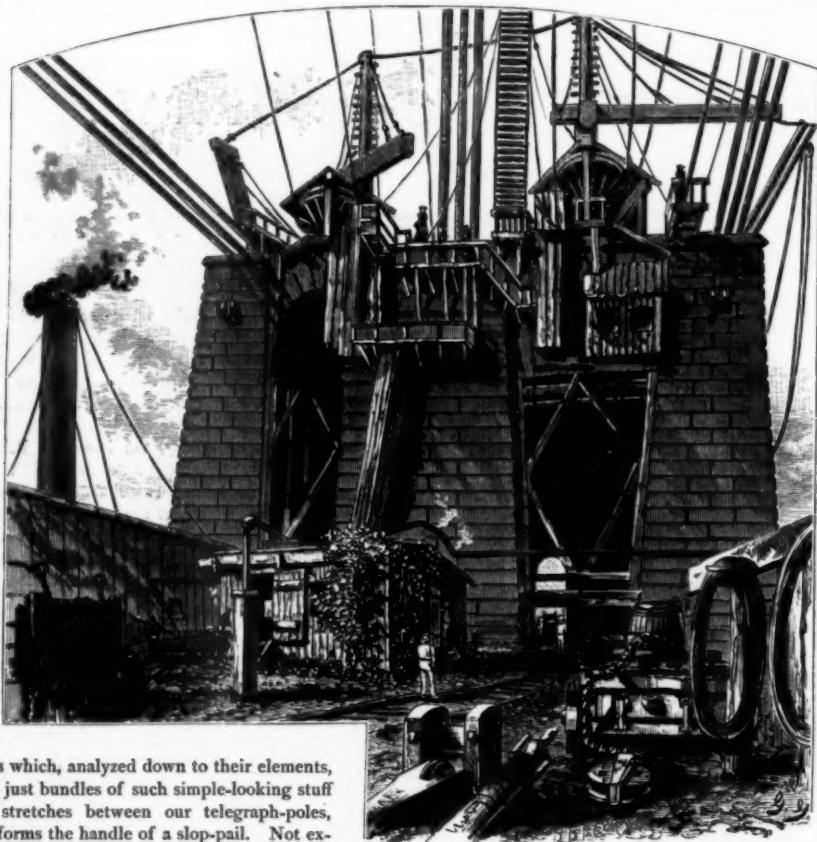


"THIS way, sir," and the gate-watchman, taking the permit from our hands, and piloting us through a roughly-fenced yard crowded with wooden frames on which coils of wire are hung as if to dry, guides us to the foot of the anchorage, and leaves us to our own devices.

What anchorage? Why, the Brooklyn Bridge anchorage, of course; for here we are at the Fulton Street office of the famous suspension-bridge—the spiders our heading speaks of are human, not entomologic, and we are going up together, dear reader, to see how they spin the cables. But before we start we cast a look at the anchorage from below, and see that it looks very much like the beginning of a cathedral, or for all the world like a section from the Baths of Constantine in Rome—two great, deep, and lofty aisles or arches of granite, not travertine, with immensely strong side and dividing walls and massive roof, on which are going on all sorts of mysterious operations, kept in motion by a shining, fizzling little steam-engine at the base.

Then up, up we go by a series of short Jacob's ladders and landings, and come out, far above the roofs of the surrounding warehouses, in a great covered shed, the top of the anchorage, where the spiders above mentioned are busy over their immediate stock of material. And this for the present is wire, and naught else. The term *wiry*, as applied

to voices, razor-edges, manners, and what not, used to have a less than complimentary meaning. When the great bridge is finished, the word will be lifted into a new and unhopd-for glory—for *wiry* will the structure be in its beginning, middle, and end. All the momentous interests, the great throng of life and wealth and movement, which shall pulsate along its arteries, will depend utterly on—or from—four great steel sin-



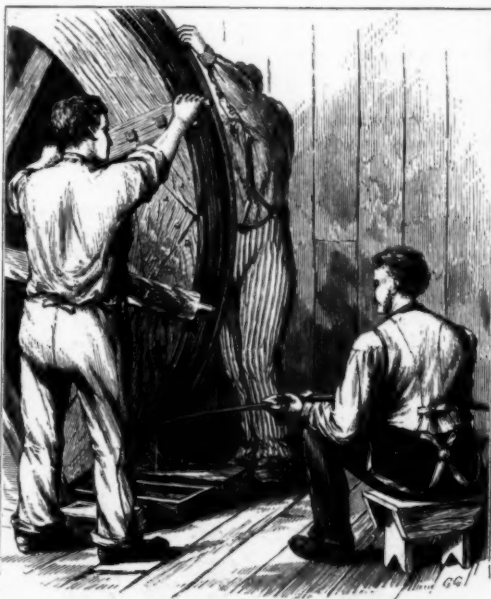
BRIDGE ANCHORAGE, FROM BELOW.

ews which, analyzed down to their elements, are just bundles of such simple-looking stuff as stretches between our telegraph-poles, or forms the handle of a slop-pail. Not exactly a cheap, plebeian kind of wire either, for good-natured Mr. Murphy, the president, in the office just now, took care to show us what a fine, strong, tough, elastic, high-toned sort of article it is, with a capacity of stretching six inches in a hundred feet, and a talent—very desirable in certain human filaments—for keeping straight and getting out of snarl of its own accord. Very aristocratic care it is getting, too, for right at our feet sits a workman beside a big drum full of it, letting it slowly run through his hands while he carefully anoints it with oil, like a wrestler of old, before it goes in for the tug and strain. "It will keep it," as he says, with a grin, "from catching cold." And of this precious material, anointed or not, the whole shed, itself as big as a fair-sized country church, is full—drums and drums and drums again, eight or ten feet in diameter and two feet broad, like a grand convention of water-wheels, waiting for the gates to open. Here carpenters are hammering and sawing at more reels for the fresh hanks of wire which others are bringing up from below, or for the various operations of transfer needed before they are spooled off on the feeders. At each drum is, or will be, a man cutting in the ends of the skein the screw-

threads for the solid couplings which, in the new process, will bind the lengths together far more firmly than any of the old forms of mortising or welding. The coupling is a hollow cylinder, with two concave threads in inverse directions meeting at the centre, exactly fitting the ends of the wires, in which the convex threads are cut, naturally in opposite directions, so that the same turn of the coupling screws in both at once (as in illustration No. 5), and the sharp edges of the cylinder are then beveled down as in the picture. Thus the wire of each strand is continuous—no "to be continued in our next" about it—and, once fastened at the Brooklyn end, reels on, or off, till the whole strand of over three hundred wires is laid. Of these strands, each about three inches in diameter, there will be nineteen or twenty laid neatly side by side, and then, when all is done, will come the workmen, with some sort of Herculean clamping-machine—hydraulic, probably—and bind the whole mass of six thousand three hundred wires so tightly together that, as you saw in the cut end of the speci-

men at the office just now, you couldn't get in a needle-point between wire and wire. Then, over all, will come a "service"-wire, wrapped round and round, spool-fashion, as you have seen standing-rigging wrapped with rope-yarns, or the bass-strings in a pianoforte, then a heavy coating of paint, varnish, or what not, and our cable—or four of them, rather—will be ready for a few centuries, let us hope, to take the responsibility of trans-fluvial communication between New York and Brooklyn. The whole cable will be fifteen and a half inches in diameter (the specimen at the office looked like the largest kind of big boy's toy-drum), and has been tested, or estimated, to stand six times the strain that will be put on it. Perhaps you understand now, when you consider its enormous size and weight, why it is spun on the spot, and not manufactured elsewhere, taken across the river, and hauled up to the tower-tops—as you and I, in our innocence, imagined when we first heard of the bridge.

And now for the spinning. Coming out to the open front of the shed facing the river, we find an upright shaft from the engine-house below, carrying a wide horizontal wheel with a grooved edge, around which passes the endless "traveler"-rope, also of wire, the immediate agent in all the work. Passing around two other wheels at the proper spot for the two cables now laying, this rope, whose motion can be controlled in an instant by a signal to the engineer below, is in brisk motion, coming in at one side of the shed *from* New York, and passing out *toward* it on the other. As we look at it, there



DRUMMING UP THE WIRE.

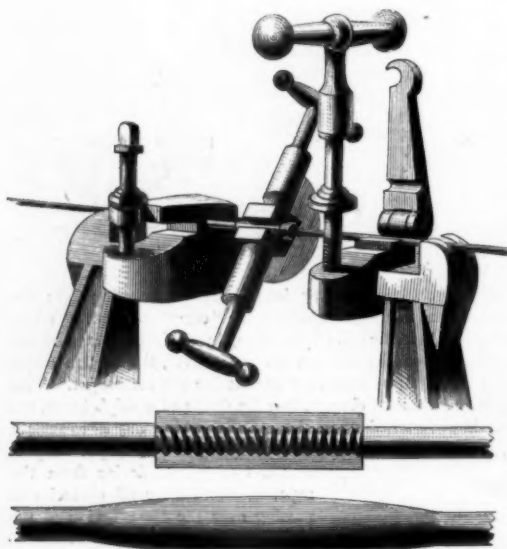
comes trundling into the shed, hanging from the rope, a queer machine, the "carrying-wheel." When it reaches the anchorage, in an instant, at a signal from the flagmen on the towers, the motion stops, and we have time to examine the messenger. Two crooked clamps, like the davits of a ship's boats, are fastened upon the rope in such a way as to sustain between them the axle of the wheel, yet keep it well out of perpendicular from the rope, so as to clear all obstacles in passing over the "cradles" and the supports on the towers, for it has to make its way uninterrupted, straight "over bank, bush, and scour," to the New York end, while its companion, now in New York, and occupied in laying the other cable, is making an equally clear track hitherward. Over the wheel now here is slipped a "bight," or loop of the wire, one end already drawn taut and secured round the great iron brace, or "shoe," firmly riveted in the masonry of the anchorage. Then the engineer below reverses his engine, and the carrier goes trundling back to New York—one end of the loop, as we have seen, firmly fastened in Brooklyn, while the loose end reels off from one of the big drums aforesaid at the anchorage. In the mean time carrier number two is coming back *empty*, to take up its burden in Brooklyn.



OILING THE WIRE.

When carrier number one reaches New York, the engine will be stopped, the bight will be slipped off the wheel, drawn taut, and secured round the shoe in New York, and the double wire thus laid will be adjusted snugly all along the line side by side with its companions. Then number one will come back to Brooklyn for a new load, while number two is sallying out "on the lay;" and so on in endless seesaw, till the whole strand of over three hundred wires is laid on each of the cables in progress. And, having got so far, we will follow the carrier as it goes sagging and clanking over the river, for we are weary of much machinery, and long for some of the picturesque elements of our trip.

Timid, are you—feel queer? No wonder, for the little slatted foot-bridge is but four feet wide—



MACHINE FOR COUPLING THE WIRE.

the two spidery wire cables on which the slats are fastened look frightfully insecure—and the vast, magnificent sweep as it curves up to the top of the Brooklyn tower, though beautiful, geometrically, gives one much the same feeling of height and steepness as that last reach of road—don't you remember?—from the Rigi Staffel up to the Kulm, only *with all the mountain cut away beneath!* Then, confound it! you can see through the slats; and the first sight of a great city—to say nothing of the river and shipping—some hundreds of feet right under you, is rather disconcerting to any head but that of a rigger or a glacier-climber.

But, lo you! what a thing is habit! In three minutes the disagreeable sensation passes off, and we are lounging along upward, rather affecting to keep our hands in our pockets and neglect the slender wire side-rope, and beginning to enjoy the

tremulous ecstasy of catching glimpses of sparkling water and shifting sails through the slats at our feet. For the little bridge is amazingly firm, after all. When there is any one else walking on the same section, it has a slight rocking motion on its own axis, as it were, a sort of "teeter," but no vertical or horizontal swing whatever. One can't help speculating how it would feel to try it, with no one else to rock it, and *without the side-rope!* You have got across White Mountain brooks many a time on log bridges half as wide and guiltless of railing. But then the East River is a big brook, three hundred feet is a long way to fall, and the imagination is tyrannous over nerve and muscle.

Half-way up we pass a "cradle" with its attendant flagman, and now begins the steeper part of the way, but the slats of the roadway give a good, firm foothold, and here we are at the Brooklyn tower. How magnificently it looms up just before us, and what a singular yet delightful sensation it is to hang off in mid-air in this way, and gaze at its noble proportions, swaying between heaven and earth—like so many better fellows in these troublous times—without any visible means of support! Has any psychologist ever adequately explained why the impression of height is so immensely increased by being at the top of your eminence rather than at the bottom? Has it any subtle connection with that feeling of moral and intellectual elevation so keenly enjoyed by people who have got a little rise in the world, and so out of all proportion with the estimate made of them by their fellows below? At all events, there the feeling is, and we can savor it to the full, hovering here in circumambient ether, and criticising the graceful lines of the two slender Gothic arches with the calm and separate appreciation of an independent position. We are rather less than three hundred feet high after all (277 in exact figures), but it is the relations of

things which control sensation, and for the moment one could fancy one's self a balloonist or a bird.

Once on the top we have leisure to look about us. The great, granite platform, some one hundred and forty by fifty feet in area, is covered with staging, cogged wheels, and windlasses, and the cathedral look which it got from the Gothic arches as we came up is heightened by a great derrick, standing up against the sky like the famous historic crane on the minster at Cologne. Most of this machinery is quiet now; the real business of the moment is going on in four great grooves or trenches in the masonry, about eight feet deep and broad, cutting the platform nearly into halves, two of the grooves close together, in the centre, and the others nearly at either edge. They run, of course, crosswise to the river, in the direction of the bridge, and are to hold the finished cables. Peeping under the plank board-



ing into the two northern ones, we find two or three quiet, determined-looking men adjusting the strain of the last wire which has just been carried through by the carrier-wheel. In the centre of the trench lies the saddle, an enormous iron casting like a very long and low arch on its upper edge, and perfectly smooth and horizontal on its lower, where it plays with a certain freedom of motion back and forth, on solid steel rollers. It is some eighteen inches thick, and deeply grooved on the upper edge. Supported on the lips of this groove, two or three feet above its bed, are one or more strong pivots or axles, on which the strand, now in process, rests. Once finished, the derrick will be brought into play, the strand will be lifted a little, the axles removed, and the strand let down into the grooved bed, to await the arrival of its eighteen bed-fellows, which together are to form the completed cable. Then, when the axles have been replaced, the spinning of the new strand will go on as before.

As the slack wire goes through on the carrier-wheel, which one of the workmen lightly guides with his hand to avoid bumping against timbers or masonry, another catches it with a great pair of clamps fastened to a block-and-tackle purchase, and with a few tugs draws up the slack till the wire hangs with exactly the same "sag" as its neighbors in the bundle. And now we see what the "cradles" are for. These are light galleries of scantling thrown across the half-dozen slight wire ropes at present stretched over the towers, and serve as perches for the flagmen who watch the adjustment of the strands. One gallery crosses each land-span; and three, at nearly equal distances, the river-span. Standing at his post, then, with the strand running just past his nose, the Brooklyn flagman watches the wire till his colleague on the tower has drawn it up to exact parallelism with its neighbors in the bundle. Then, fitting it neatly into its place with hand or marline-spike, he signals with his flag, the tower-man "stoppers" the purchase, and that section of the wire is settled and all right. Another workman immediately marks it with red lead where it passes a similar mark on the other wires, exactly at the point of

crossing the axis of support. Then the men turn their attention to the section on the river-side, on which the same coöperation, signaling, etc., with the three river-cradles, establishes a similar accuracy. By the time the wire has gone over to New York, and the bight has been slipped over the "shoe" at that anchorage, the "sag" is adjusted all along the line, and the wire has taken the place in the cable which in all average probability it will keep till the barbarian from Alaska shall sit upon the ruins of the New York Post-Office, or dig, Schliemann-like, after the buried bronze monstrosities in the Central Park. The red marks at all the cradles and anchorage-points afford, of course, a delicate index of any slip or strain which might need correction.

How, with such simple and expeditious machin-



SOLDERING THE WIRE.

ery, it can be insured that the wire shall lie just in its place, side by side with its fellows, without slip, twist, or deviation, is rather a puzzle to the unmechanical mind. But that is just what practically happens, and, after the final clamping is done, the great fifteen-inch mass will be as homogeneous, tough, and inwardly harmonious, as so much solid wrought-iron. Of course, *twisted strands*, such as we see in the smaller guide-ropes and supports now in temporary use on the bridge, are out of the question. For large and stationary cables, the system of parallel threads is the accepted one; and, as the president reminded us just now at the office, all the essential principles and devices of the present bridge are merely carrying out on a rather larger scale what has been sufficiently tested on the Niagara and other similar bridges.

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Southward lie the strands already finished, and pairs of workmen are riding down them in "buggies," putting on the temporary lashings. The buggy is an efficient but very ticklish-looking machine—a mere pine-wood trough, some ten feet by six in size, with a slight side-rail, hung from a long iron rod with grooved wheels at the ends, which play up and down the cable. The men let themselves down gradually by "paying out" a long rope fastened at the tower, and work away as coolly as if they were on *terra firma*. They are putting on, at intervals of two feet, stout wire lashings to hold the strand in place till the whole nineteen are laid, when the lashings will be removed to make way for the final clamping. Just at this moment two of the men far down the strand have signalled to their friend on the tower for a drink, and he is mingling fun with practicality by tying a tin pail to a loop of wire and sending it sliding down the curve. It sticks half-way till the ingenious mechanic fastens a heavy marline-spike on another loop and sends it whizzing after. The pail gets there in time, but amid horse-laughter all along the line, and with a melancholy percentage of spill!

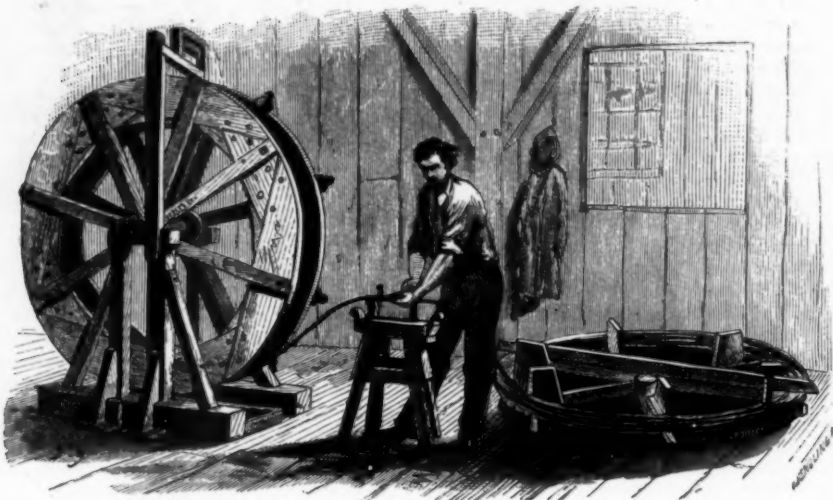
Before we set off across the river, stop for a little quiet enjoyment of the marvelous picture spread out beneath our view this pleasant autumn afternoon. If you have ever doubted the correctness of the bird's-eye views of cities and the like, so common in the print-shops, here at least is an assurance that such things are possible. Brooklyn lies displayed at

lines on a plan, as compared with the densely-packed dark, imposing mass of architecture over the river! The bay, sparkling silver and golden in the sunlight and dotted with its many islands, is visible clear beyond the Narrows and down to Sandy Hook. Far eastward we can almost pick out the sand-hills of Rockaway and Coney Island, with the blue sea-line beyond, and to the southwest, under the sinking sun, the picture is framed in with the purple haze of the Highlands, Nevisink, and the Jersey hills. Look at that ferry-boat just starting from the Fulton Street slip, packed with *heads* (all we can see), and notice the odd effect of the dots of white faces turned up to watch us, interesting as we are, not by our individuality, but by our position. We can fancy them repeating Pope's lines on the fly in amber:

"Not that the thing itself is rich or rare—  
The wonder is, how the d—l it got there!"

As for ourselves, proud of our momentary elevation, and drunk with the keen, sweet, salt air, and the gorgeous prospect, we are reminded of the man who, on the ladder ready to be hanged, when a mad bull caused dire confusion in the crowd below, said in thoughtless exultation to his companion rogue, "How lucky it is we're up here!"

And now down the steep slope of the river-span, digging our heels well into the slats, and checking our momentum by the side-ropes till we stand where a few years ago no mortal probably ever expected to stand—two hundred feet over the channel of the



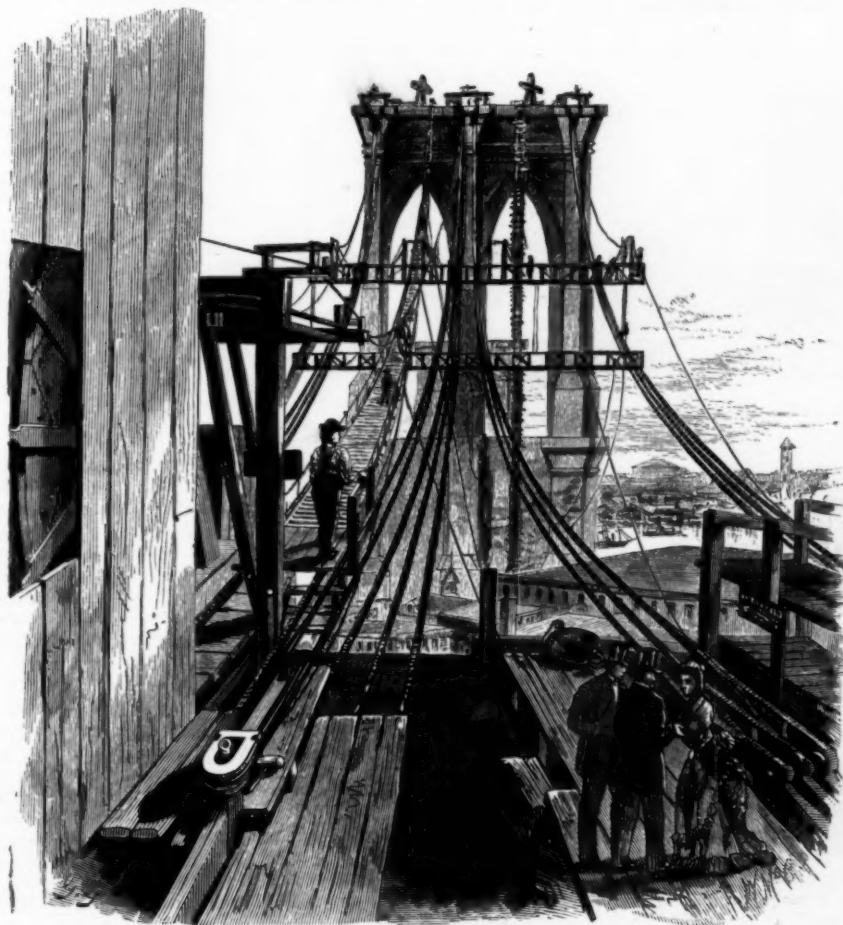
COUPLING THE WIRE.

our feet, with its fringe of warehouses, docks, and slips, perpendicularly under us. How different is the comparative newness and regularity of the sister city, and how sharp a contrast offered by its bushy greenery marking out the streets like colored

East River, with all its varied traffic flowing beneath us. Hurry!—just here I want to get plumb over the Bristol as she sails majestically up-stream, and enjoy the small vanity of doing what no one but the ship-builders ever did before—look squarely down her

smoke-stack into her fire-box. Notice her exquisite, fish-like lines seen thus in plan, and the way in which the narrow hull is marked off from the guards by the timber-work of the cabins. Phew! what a racket! Bristol, Massachusetts, Stonington boats, all as they

What does that insane ferry-boat mean by sidling off, crab-fashion, in that imbecile way? Why, she has the tide against her, my dear fellow! Must I preach you a lesson of charity here in mid-ether? Did you never study the diagonal of forces? Have

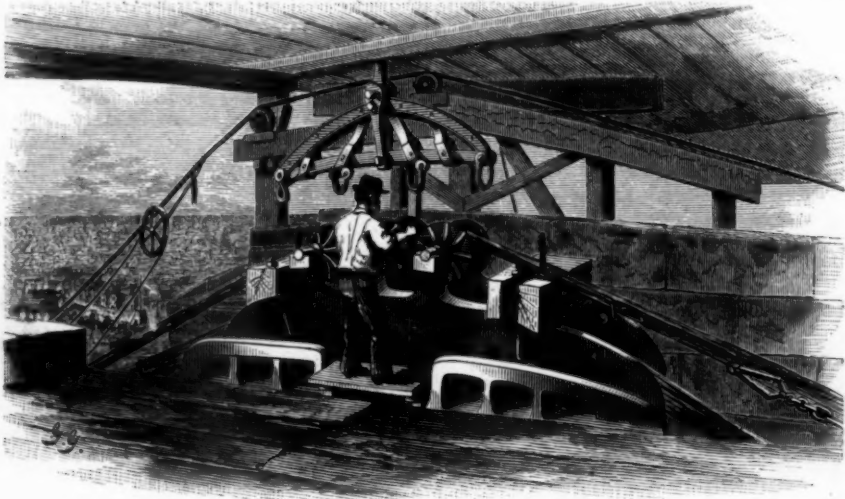


LOOKING TOWARD TOWER FROM BROOKLYN ANCHORAGE.

pass under the bridge salute us with a whistle, while ferry-boats, tugs, and all the small-fry, salute *them*, till the whole air is vocal with one great treble of demoniac howl and screech, set off by the deep bass hum of toil and traffic, the grand diapason of labor supplied by the two great cities. As the noble steamers pass on up the river, notice the beautiful, divergent lines of wave from their paddles, like the double tail of a comet! We remember the same effect, only more distant, feathery, and fairy-like, as we looked down in the early morning from the Rigi-top on the dark polished surface of the Lake of the Four Cantons.

you yet to learn that in judging of a man's tendency or objective point you must make an imaginative estimate of the hidden currents setting him sidewise or backward, and not begin to growl or threaten because, like Paddy's pig, he *seems* to be heading for Kerry when he ought to be going to Cork? And, now we are on the subject, just remark how different all local relations of form and space look from our present point as compared with our limited notions down below! It is a great thing to be able to look at men and things *vertically*. Nothing so deceptive in a picture as foreshortening, picturesque as it may be. When I was a college senior, I remember I was rest-

less till I ventilated in an essay my notion that the studios thinkers and observers really knew more suppose several did it, we should set the bridge into a perilous rocking. A few people, keeping step well



THE SADDLE.

about things, in a higher sense, than the fellows in the tug and thick of the fight. The man who can give the best description of a battle is the one who sits in the tower with his map and field-glass, not the private, musket in hand, amid the smoke and carnage. And so, when you wish to give a clear account of any complex matter, social, political, or otherwise, where relations are more important than detail, if you can manage to lift yourself a peg or two by the straps of your moral trousers to a good focal position, the better for you—and your hearer. Asmodeus, you know, took off the tops of the houses; and every philosopher ought to keep his private balloon.

*Don't* keep step with me, please; it may be well enough for two of us, but,

together, can get up a tremendous vibration in firmer institutions than bridges. Don't stop in the cradle,

either, as you pass through. It would be pleasant to scramble out and have a chat with the flag-man, but he wants all his wits for his wire; his faculties, with his work, are on the stretch, and neither he nor the tower-signalist would give us a second look, except to order us off. Remember what a rebuff we met when we tried to get down into the cable-groove in the tower just now, with the surly hint that a parting tackle or wire might slice us in two, or whisk us into the river as you would whip a trout out of a pool. The head-man on the New York tower is more complaisant; but while he chats, he civilly declines our proffered cigarette, and stows a wad of



SIGNAL-MAN AT STATION.

"Vanity-Fair" into his cheek instead. Smoking is forbidden up here, though it is rather hard to see what there is to burn. But the workmen obey orders; they are, as the overseer tells us, a staid, skillful, orderly set of picked men, largely seafaring men and riggers, for it needs cool heads and firm nerves to work on a basis of spider-web. They labor quietly up here, almost in silence, with the steady reserve and dignity of men who appreciate their high footing in society and mean to keep it; the little episode of the tin pail is the only faint approach we have noticed to anything like "larkiness."

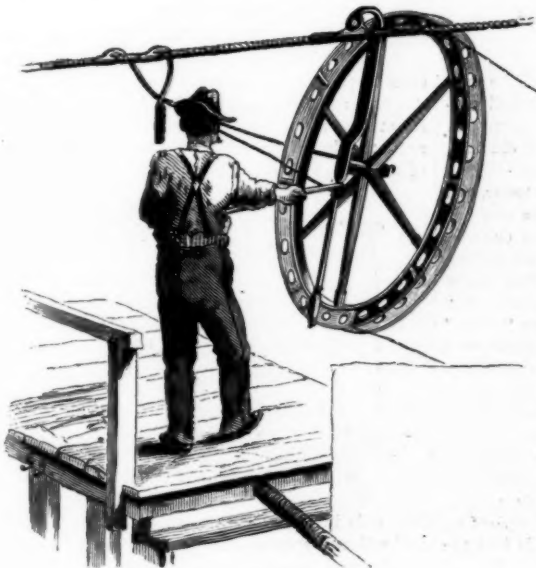
From this side the picture is naturally different from that which we caught on the eastern tower: the topographical map beneath us is New York, not Brooklyn; and the swarming life at our feet, the brisk commerce and small trading of Fulton Market, Peck and Burling Slips, and the whole river-front, are much livelier than the ponderous warehouses on the other side. Precisely, too, from this multifarious to-and-fro of individual life, the endless swarm of human mites teeming in the narrow veins and arteries of the great ant-hill below, does the impressive feeling of *collective human existence* grow upon us. A million men and women! each with his separate joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears, his separate existence to keep up and his individual soul to save!—each, too, of quite as much consequence to himself as you or I,



IN THE CRADLE.

and perhaps of equal moment in the plans of a Higher Wisdom! The thought is not original or fresh—far from it; but it is very *realizing*, and fraught with instructive meaning. In all the turmoil of the busiest street or crowd, seen from level ground, I have never felt it greater and deepen on my apprehension as just here and now; the grand lesson of personal humility and human brotherhood needs frequent enforcement, and it is fully worth while to climb up here to get it.

A visit to the tower gives a chance for a study of marine architecture from a new point of view. Pretty sight— isn't it?—to look down on those long rows of ships, each in its narrow slip, like sea-horses in their stalls, panting for their wild career over the pastures of ocean! How clearly you can pick out, by their shape, the different classes—the good, heavy-bowed, square-countered "tea-wagons," as the sailors call them, meant for cumbrous freight, heavy stowage, and long passages, side by side with the long, grey-hound-like, sharp-stemmed clipper, with her hasty race for a shifting market and her perilous habit of running her nose under in a high sea and handing in her manifest to Davy Jones in person! Sooth to say, these sea-coquettes are getting few and far between, for the line between slow and swift transit is getting every day more sharply drawn. What *must* go fast goes by steam; while the solid every-day wares jog along slow and sure as before. The clipper-builders must soon turn their talents to yachts and pleasure-boats; and the famous



CARRIER-WHEEL.



race from China with the first chest of tea for the Liverpool market promises soon to be as mythical as Turpin's ride to York. But, clippers or tubs, a glance down our river-front shows a melancholy low water

ble cannot yield, indeed, without drawing with it the whole formidable pile of masonry into which the links are buried.

Sitting on one of these key-boards, we chat with

a friendly, intelligent overseer, who has been about the work in one capacity or other from the start. "Doesn't the cable vary greatly in length with heat and cold?" Of course it does. He can't say in figures precisely how much, but on any summer day he has noticed that the carrier-wheel comes in at morning and night two or three feet above the level of the anchorage; while at noon the cable, expanded by the heat, "sags" so that the wheel grazes the masonry. Of course, the mare's-nest, invented by some wiseacre, about the strain pulling the towers out of perpendicular, is all clear bosh. For, first it will lie over the top on the iron saddle we saw just now, which will play freely on its rollers and yield to any varying strain. Secondly, the two slant lines of traction, being nearly at the same angle, have a nearly or quite perpendicular resultant, which would settle the tower more firmly on its base but not pull it over. If you don't understand this or don't believe it, set up the fire-screen in the middle of the parlor, draw a clothes-line tight over it, carrying the ends to opposite corners of the room—you and your wife, say—and then, equalizing your pull, see how firm the slight bit of furniture will stand under it.

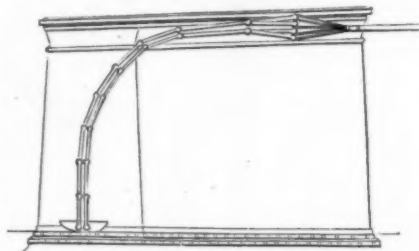
Accidents? Well, yes, there have been some: perhaps ten or a dozen fatal cases by parting of defective iron-work, slipping off stagings, and the like. One, which looked frightful at first sight, had rather a comic ending. Beneath the slender arches of the towers, from the floor of the bridge downward, the masonry seems solid,



SHOE, PART OF CABLE, AND LINKS USED IN ANCHORAGE.

in all forms of commercial activity. Shall we ever get to that higher level of common-sense and economic intelligence, in both people and governors, which shall bring back the old days of cheerful, equable prosperity and activity?

But we have moralized enough on our tower, and it is getting near dinner-time. So, like a new sort of *Deus ex machina*, we come down from our wire machine to the lower level of the New York anchorage. Here matters are quieter than on the opposite side. No shed, no engine, no provision of wire, and only a few workmen fitting the incoming "bight" around the "shoe." For the daughter is feeding the mother; we are entering into the kingdom and inheriting *de bonis non distributis*, as it were, from the busy people beyond the river, and have only to sit still and be fed. We have here a better chance to observe how the great iron horseshoes, which are to hold the separate strands, are to be riveted into the system of links or sockets, which lie in parallel rows and separate banks, like the key-board of an organ, the whole, deeply mortised as it is into the granite masonry of the anchorage, giving an impression of immense strength and durability. The ca-



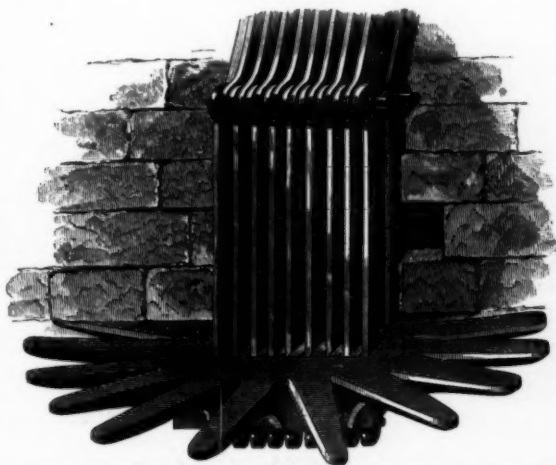
OUTLINE OF ANCHORAGE.

but it is in reality hollow, and at the foundation had collected some three or four feet of water. One of the workmen managed to blunder through an opening in the roadway and went sheer down, more

than a hundred feet—willing, probably, if he thought of such things in his flight, to discount his chances of existence at a large percentage. Luckily, there lay floating in the puddle an empty nail-keg, on which he precisely landed. The keg received serious damage, but the man was about his work shortly after.

Just here, thinking that the salt air from the bay is beginning to mingle a grain or two in our informant's stories, we propose a homeward move. So, with a sigh to think that all this fairy tracery, foot-bridge and all, must come away when the cables are laid, and a wish that the commissioners could manage to leave the tower-tops accessible as a pleasant breathing or lounging spot forever, we set our faces downward. Grumbling, we come down upon the squalid tenements of Front Street, and catch involuntary glimpses of the dirt and misery which exude from its attic windows and alleys. In the leather-embalmed atmosphere of Gold and Pearl Streets (poetry *versus* commerce), we find poor substitute for the pure oxygen of the upper regions as we plod homeward. It has been an afternoon of varied and de-

lightful experience not soon to be forgotten. It will be good fun to cross the finished bridge, at so much a head, with ordinary mortals, but we never shall pass it without a longing glance upward, and the wish



SECTION SHOWING HOW THE LINKS ARE BUILT INTO THE MASONRY OF THE ANCHORAGE.

that some glorified commissioner, calmly astride on the topmost cable, would gently bid us come up hither!

## BY CELIA'S ARBOR:

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### ON THE SEA-SHORE.

IN those days the new suburb, which is now a large town, had hardly yet been begun; there was no sea-wall along the beach outside the harbor, and half a mile beyond the rampart you might reach a place perfectly lonely and deserted. There was a common, a strip of waste land where the troops drilled and exercised, and beyond the common an old castle, a square and rather ugly pile built by Henry VIII., when he set up the fortresses of Sandown, Walmer, and Deal. It was surrounded by a star-fort, and stood on the very edge of the sea, with a sloping face of stone which ran down to the edge of the water at low tide and into the waves at high, protecting the moat which surrounded the town. As a boy I regarded this fortress with reverence. There had been a siege there at the time of the Civil War. It was held for the king, but the governor, after a

little fighting with his Roundhead besiegers, surrendered the castle, and then the town itself capitulated. One pictured the townsmen on the wall, looking out to see the fortunes of the battle, the men for Church and king side by side with their sour-faced brethren who were for God and country, the discomfiture of the former when the royal standard was hauled down, and the joy of the Puritans when their party marched in at the town-gates. Of course in my young imagination I supposed that the town-walls were just the same then as now, with their bastions, curtains, ravelins, and glacis. It was a lonely place in those days, fit for a dreamy boy, or a moody man. Beyond the castle the beach stretched far, far away under a low cliff of red earth, curving round in a graceful line; behind the beach was a narrow strip of ground covered with patches of furze, whose yellow and sickly-sweet blossoms seemed to flourish independently of all seasons; on its scanty edge grew sea-poppies; and here, amid the marshy ground which lay about, we used to hunt as boys for

vipers, adders, and the little eft, the alligator of Great Britain, who is as long as a finger and as venomous as a lamb. Sometimes, too, we would find gypsy encampments planted among the furze, with their gaudily-painted carts, their black tents—every real Rommany has a black tent like the modern Bedouin or the ancient dweller in the tents of Kedar. While we looked at the bright-eyed children and the marvelous old women crouching over the fire of sticks and the great black pot, there would come out of the tents one or two girls with olive skins and almond-eyes—not the almond-eyes of Syria, but bolder, darker, and brighter. They would come smiling in Leonard's face, asking him to cross his hand with silver. When he told them he had no silver they would tell him his fortune for nothing, reading the lines of his palm with a glibness which showed their knowledge of the art. But it was always a beautiful fortune, with love, fighting, wife, and children, in it. Behind this acre or two of furze stood, all by itself, a mill, and there was a story about this mill because its centre pillar, on which the vanes revolved, had once been part of the mainmast of a French frigate taken in action. And higher up the beach again—because this was a place full of historic associations—stood two old earth-work-forts at intervals of half a mile. The ramparts were green with turf, the grass all blown inland, and lying on the days of each summer in long swaths upon the slopes, beaten down by the sea-breeze; the moats were dry, and these, too, were grown over with grass; there was an open place at the back where once had been a gate and a draw-bridge; there was a stone-work well in the open part of the inclosure, only some inclined to the belief that it was only a sham well, and masked, *prætexto sub nomine*, a subterranean passage to the castle; the fronts of those forts were all destroyed and dragged down by the advancing tide. No ruined city in Central America, no temple of the Upper Nile, no Tell of Kouyoujik could be more desolate, more lonely, more full of imaginative associations, than these forts standing upon the unpeopled beach in a solitude broken only by the footstep of the coast-guard. Before Leonard went away, and when we were boys together, this place was to us as the uttermost part of the world, a retreat accessible on a holiday morning, where one could sit under the cliff or on the grassy slopes of the fort; where I, at least, could dream away the hours. Before us the waves ran along the shingle with a murmurous sh—sh—sh, or, if the day was rough, rolled up their hollow, threatening crests like the upper teeth of a hungry monster's jaw, and then dashed in rage upon the stones, dragging them down with a crash and roar which rolled unceasingly along the beach. In the summer months it was Leonard's delight at such times to strip and swim over and to plunge through the great waves, riding to meet them, battling and wrestling till he grew tired, and came out red all over, and glowing with the exercise. After a storm the beach was strewn with odds and ends; there were dead cuttle-fish—Victor Hugo's *prieure*—their

long and ugly arms lying powerless for mischief on the shingle; their backbone was good for rubbing out ink, and we had stores enough to rub out all the ink of the Alexandrian Library. There were ropes of sea-weed thicker than the stoutest cables; if you untwisted the coils you found in them strange creatures dead and alive—the sea-mouse, with its iridescent tufts of hair; little crabs with soft shells, killed by the rolling of the pebbles; shells inhabited by scaly intruders, cuckoos among crabs, which poked out hard, spiky legs, and were ready to do battle for their stolen house; starfish, ugly and poisonous; sea-nettles and all kinds of sea-beetles. And lying outside the weeds were bits of things from ships; candles, always plenty of tallow-candles; broken biscuits, which like so many of Robinson Crusoe's stores were spoiled by the sea-water; empty bottles; bits of wood; and once we came upon a dead man rolling up and down. Leonard rushed into the water and we pulled him up between two waves. He was dressed in sailor's clothing, and wore great sea-boots; his face was bruised by the stones, and his black hair was cut short. Also he wore a mustache, so that he could not possibly be an English sailor. When we had got him beyond the reach of the waves, we ran to tell the coast-guard, who was on the cliff half a mile away, telescope in hand.

First he swore at us personally and individually for troubling him at all with the matter. Then, because Leonard "up and spake" in answer, he changed the object of his swearing, and began to swear at large, addressing the much-enduring ocean, which made no reply, but went on with its business of rolling along the beach. Then he swore at himself for being a coast-guard'sman. This took altogether some quarter of an hour of good, hard swearing, the excellent solitary finding greater freedom as he went on. And he would have continued swearing, I believe, for many weeks, if necessary, only that a thought struck him suddenly, like unto a fist going home in the wind, and he pulled up and gasped:

"Did you, did you," he asked, "look in that dead man's pockets?"

We said, "No."

Then he became thoughtful, and swore quite to himself between the teeth, as if he was firing volleys of oaths down his own throat.

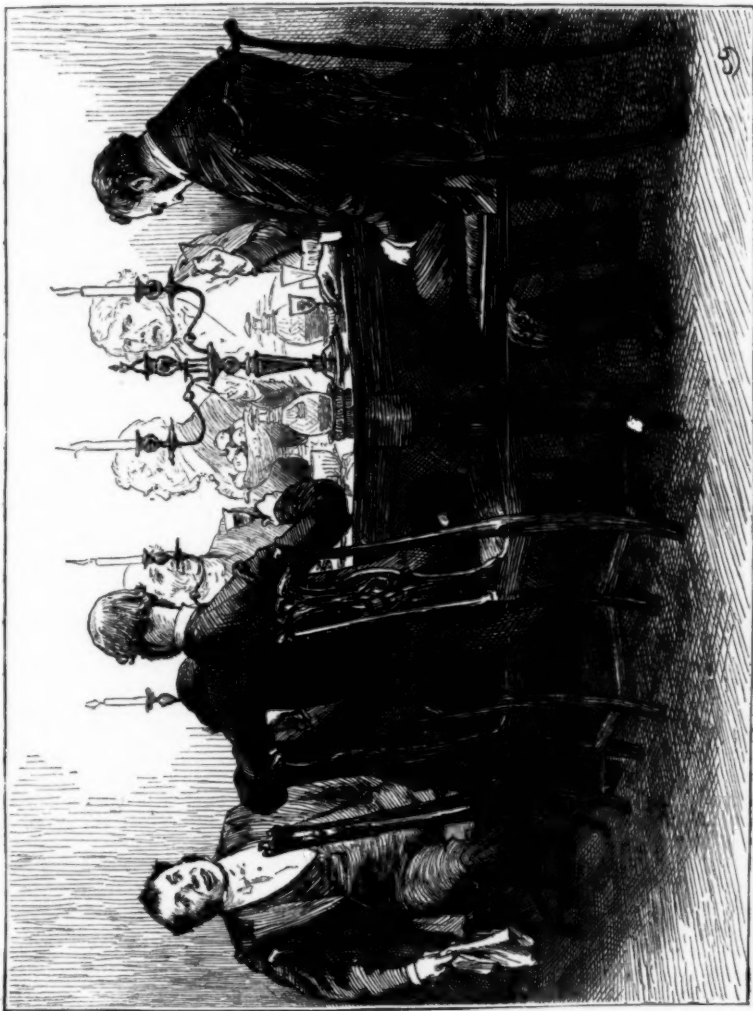
"Now, lads," he said, at last, "what you've got to do is this: You've got to go straight away to the parish," which I suppose he took for a police-office, "and tell the parish to come here and look after that man. I'm not stationed here to look after dead men. I'm for live smugglers, I am. You tell the parish that. Not but what it's proper for you to tell the coast-guard everything that goes on along the coast. And next time you fish up a drowned man you come straight to me first. No manner o' use to look in their pockets, because they've never got nothing in 'em. Them nasty fishes, you see, they gets into the pockets and pulls out the purses." His belief in the emptiness of drowned men's pockets did

not prevent him from testing its correctness. At least we looked back, and observed him searching diligently. But I suppose he was right, because the "parish" certainly found nothing in the pockets.

It was to this place that I came, as to a wilder-

loved me. Had I come to her gallant and strong, rich and noble, one born in high station, the son of a brave and successful father, I might have had a chance.

Day after day I wandered here, brooding over my own wrongs, with bitter and accusing soul. The



"Three-bottle man, were you?" said Dr. Roy."—Page 31.

ness, to struggle with myself. Here I was free to think, to brood, and to bring railing accusations against Providence because I could not marry Celia. Sitting on the lonely beach I could find a gloomy satisfaction in piling up my grievances against high Heaven. Who was I that I should be singled out for special and signal misfortune? Had I been as other men, tall, straight, and comely, Celia might have

voice of the sea echoed the sorrow of my heart; the long roll from left to right of the ebbing or the rising wave was the setting of a song whose words were all of despair; the dancing of the sunlit waves brought no joy; my heart was dead to the blue sky, flecked with the white wing of sea-gull, and dotted along the distant horizon with the distant sails of passing ships. It pleased me to lie there, with my

chin upon my hand, thinking of what ought to have been. During this time I was with Celia as little as possible, and at home not at all. Both she and the captain, I remember now, were considerate, and left me alone to worry through with the trouble, whatever it was. It was not all hopeless; it was partly that, for the first time in my life, I thoroughly understood what I was, what my prospects were, and what I might have been. I said at the beginning that it takes a long time for a hunchback entirely to realize what his affliction means; and how it cuts him off from other men's pursuits; and how it isolates him from his youth upward. I saw before me, as plainly as I see it now, a solitary life; I thought that the mediocrity of my abilities would never allow me to become a composer of eminence, or anything better than the organist of a church and the teacher of music in a country-town; I should always be poor, I should never have the love of woman, I should always be a kind of servant, I should live in obscurity and die in oblivion. Most of us live some such lives—at least they can be reduced, in hard terms, to some such colorless, dreary wastes of weary years; but we forget the compensations. My dream was true of myself; I have actually lived the life of a mediocre musician; I have few friends; and yet I have been perfectly happy. I did not marry Celia; that I may premise at once; and yet I have been happy without her. For I retained her love, the pure and calm affection of a sister, which is with me still, making much of me, petting and spoiling me almost while I write, as it did twenty years ago. Surely there was never any woman before so good as Celia! The vision of my life was prophetic; it looked intolerable, and it has been more than pleasant. Say to yourself, you have thirty years to live; you will rise every morning to drudgery; you will live poorly, and will make no money; you will have no social consideration; you will make few friends; you will fail to achieve any reputation in your profession; you will be a lonely man—is that a prospect to charm any one? Add to this, that your life will be contented; that you will not dislike your work; that you will not live for yourself alone; that your days will be cheered by the steady sunshine of affection—and the prospect changes. Everything in the world is of magic. To some this old town of ours has seemed dirty, crowded, mean; to me it is picturesque, full of human interests, rich in association. To some my routine would be maddening; to me it is graceful and pleasant. To some—to most—a career which has no prizes has no joys. To me it is full of joys. We are what we think ourselves; we see everything through the haze of imagination; why—I am told that there is no such thing as color in Nature, but that it is an effect of light—so long as the effect is produced I do not care; let me only thank the Creator for this bunch of sweet-peas in a glass before me, with their soft and delicate tints more beautiful than ever human pencil drew. We see what we think we see; people are what we think they are; events are what they seem to us; the man who least enjoys the world is the man who has the

faculty of stripping things of their "effects;" who takes the color from the flower, or the disinterestedness from love. That is common-sense, and I would rather be without it.

One evening—it was after dusk, and rather cold—I was still sitting in the enjoyment of a profound misery, when I became aware of a Voice addressing me. The Voice was inside my head, and there was no sound, but I heard it plainly. I do not pretend that there was anything supernatural about the fact, nor do I pretend to understand how it happened. It sprang from the moody and half-distracted condition of my mind; it was the return of the overstrained spring; it was the echo of my accustomed thoughts, for the last fortnight pent-up and confined in narrow cells to make room for the unaccustomed thoughts. This is, exactly, what the Voice said to me:

"You were a poor Polish boy, living in exile, and Heaven sent you the captain to educate you, give you the means of living, and make you a Christian gentleman, when you might have grown up among the companions of profligate sailors. You are an orphan, with neither mother, brother, nor sister. You have no relations to care for you at all. Heaven sent you Leonard to be your brother, and Celia to be your sister. From your earliest infancy you have been wrapped in the love of these two. You are deformed, it is true; you cannot do the things that some men delight in. Heaven has sent you the great gift of Music; it is another sense by which you are lifted above the ordinary run of men. Every hour in the day it is your privilege as a musician to soar above the earth, and lose yourself in divine harmonies. You have all this—and you complain!

"Ungrateful! With these favors you sit here crying because you cannot have one thing more. You would have Celia love you, and marry you. Are you worthy of such a girl?

"Rouse yourself! Go back to your work. Show a brave and cheerful face to the good old man your benefactor. Let Celia cease to wonder whether she has pained you, and to search her heart for words she has never spoken; work for her and with her again; let her never know that you have hungered after the impossible, even to sickness.

"And one more thing. Remember Leonard's parting words. Are you blind or are you stupid? With what face could you meet him when he comes home, and say, 'Leonard, you left me to take care of Celia; you trusted to my keeping the secret of your own love. I have betrayed your confidence, and stolen away her heart.' Think of that!"

The Voice ceased, and I arose and walked home, changed.

The captain looked up, as I entered the room, in a wistful, sad way.

"Forgive me, sir," I said. "I have been worrying myself—never mind what about—but it is over now, and I am sorry to have given you trouble."

"You have fought it down, then, Laddy?" he asked, pulling off his spectacles.



I started. Did he, then, read my soul? Was my secret known to all the world?

Only to him, I think.

"When I was a young fellow," he went on, walking up and down the room with his hands behind him, "I fell in love—with a young lady—I believed that young lady to be an angel, and I dare say she was. But I found that she couldn't be my angel, so I went to sea, which was a very good way of getting through that trouble. I had a spell on the West Coast—caught the yellow fever—chased the slavers—forgot it."

I laughed.

"Do you recommend me to go out slave-chasing, sir?"

"You might do worse, boy. She is a beautiful creature, Laddy; she is a pearl among maidens. I have always loved her. I have watched her with you, Laddy, and all the love is on your side. I have seen the passion grow in you; you have been restless and fidgety. I remembered my own case, and I waited. No, my boy, it can't be; I wish it could; she doesn't look on you in that light."

After supper he spoke allegorically:

"I've known men—good men, too—grumble at their posts in an action. What does it matter, Laddy, when the enemy has struck, where any man has to do his duty? The thing is to do it."

This parable had its personal application, like most of the captain's admonitions.

"You have been unlike yourself, Laddy, lately," said Celia.

"Yes, Cis, I have been ill, I think."

"Not fretting, Laddy, over things?"

I shook my head.

"It seems hard, poor boy, sometimes, does it not? But your life will not be wasted, though you spend it all in teaching music."

She thought I had been brooding over my deformity and poverty. Well, so I had, in a sense.

Enough of my fit. The passion disappeared at length, the love remained. Side by side with such a girl as Celia one must have been lower than human not to love her. Such a love is an education. I know little of grown women, because I spend my time among girls, and have had no opportunity of studying woman's nature except that of Celia. But I can understand what is meant when I read that the love of woman may raise a man to heaven or drag him down to hell. Out of this earthly love which we share in common with the lowest there spring for us all, as we know, flowers of rare and wondrous beauty. And those who profit most by these blossoms sometimes express their nature to the world in music and in verse.

## CHAPTER XV.

### LA VIE DE PROVINCE.

THE 24th of May was not only the queen's birthday, and therefore kept a holiday in the port with infinite official rejoicings and expenditure of

powder, but also Celia's as well. On that account it was set apart for one of the Tyrrells' four annual dinner-parties, and was treated as a church-festival or fast-day. This was the period of early Christianity, when any ecclesiastical days, whether of sorrowful or joyful commemoration, were marked by a better dinner than usual, and the presence of wine. On Ash-Wednesday and Good-Friday we had salt-fish, followed, at the Tyrrells', by a sumptuous repast, graced by the presence of a few guests, and illustrated, so to speak, by a generous flow of port, of which every respectable Briton then kept a cellar, carefully labeled and laid down years before. The *novus Homo* in a provincial town might parade his plate, his dinner-service, his champagne—then reckoned a very ostentatious wine. He might affect singularity by preferring claret to port, and he might even invite his guests to drink of strange and unknown wines, such as Sauterne, Bucellas, Lisbon, or even Hock. But one thing he could not do: he could not boast of his old cellar, because everybody would know that he had bought it. Mr. Tyrrell was conscious of this, and, being himself a *novus homo*, he evaded the difficulty by referring his wine to the cellar of Mr. Pontifex, the husband of Mrs. Tyrrell's aunt. Now, Mr. Pontifex was a man of good county family, and his port, laid down by his father before him, was not to be gainsaid by the most severe critic. Criticism, in our town, neglecting literature and the fine arts, confined itself to port in the first instance, municipal affairs in the second, and politics in the third. As the two latter subjects ran in well-known grooves, it is obvious that the only scope for original thought lay in the direction of port. Round this subject were grouped the choicest anecdotes, the sweetest flowers of fancy, the deepest yearnings of the over-soul. A few houses were rivals in the matter of port. The Rev. Mr. Broughton, our old tutor, was acknowledged to have some '34 beyond all praise, but, as he gave few dinner-parties, on the score of poverty, there were not many who could boast of having tasted it. Little Dr. Roy had a small cellar brought from Newfoundland or New Brunswick, whither, as everybody knows, the Portugal trade carries yearly a small quantity of finer wine than ever comes to the London market. The Rev. John Pontifex inherited, as I have already said, a cellar by which Mr. Tyrrell was the principal gainer. There were two or three retired officers who had made good use of their opportunities on the Rock and elsewhere. And the rest were nowhere. As Mr. Broughton said, after an evening out of the "best" set—that is, the set who had cellars worth considering—the fluid was lamentable. Good or bad, the allowance for every guest at dinner was liberal, amounting to a bottle and a half a head, though seasoned toppers might take more. It was port, with rum-and-water, which produced those extraordinary noses which I remember in my childhood. There was the nose garnished like Bardolph's with red blossoms; there was the large nose, swollen in all its length; there was the nose with the great, red protuberance, wagging as the wearer walked, or

agitated by the summer breeze ; and there was the nose which paled while it grew, carrying in its general appearance not a full-voiced song and pæan of rum, like its brothers of the ruddy blossom and the ruby blob, but a gentle suspicion of long evening drinks and morning drams. Some men run to

of George Tyrrell's stamp—were more moderate. A simple bottle of port after dinner generally sufficed for their modest wants ; and they did not drink rum at all. The captain, for his part, took his rations regularly : a glass of port every day, and two on Sunday ; a tumbler of grog every night, and two on



"Beside him, his back to the empty fireplace, stood, tall, commanding as if the place belonged to him, Herr Raumer."—Page 23.

weight as they grow old ; some dry up. It is matter of temperament. So some of those old toppers ran to red and swollen nose, rubicund of color and bright with many a blossom ; while some ran to a pallid hue and shrunken dimensions. It is true that these were old stagers—the scanty remnant of a generation most of whom were long since tucked up in bed and fallen sound asleep. The younger men—

Sunday. To Sundays, as a good Churchman, he added, of course, the feasts and festivals of the Church.

Let us return to these occasions.

On Good-Friday it was—it is still, I believe—*de rigueur* to make yourself ill by eating hot cross-buns, which were sold in the streets to the tune of a simple ditty sung by the venders. On Whit-Sunday, who

so poor as not to have gooseberry-pie, unless the season was very backward? Lamb came in with Easter, and added its attractions to heighten the spiritual joy of the season. Easter-eggs were not yet invented; but everybody put on something new for the day. The asceticism of Lent had no terrors for those who, like ourselves, began it with more than the customary feasting, conducted it without any additional services, broke its gloom by Mothering Sunday, and ended it by two feasts, separated by one day only. The hungriest Christian faced its terrors with cheek unblanched and lips firm; he came out of it no thinner than he went in. As for the spiritual use he made of that season, it was a matter for his conscience to determine, not for me to resolve. We marked its presence in church by draping the pulpit, reading-desk, and clerk's desk, with black velvet instead of red. The Rev. Mr. Broughton always explained the bearings of Lent according to the ordinances of the Church, and explained very carefully that fasting in our climate, and in the northern latitude, was to be taken in a spiritual, not a carnal sense. It was never meant, he said, that Heaven's gifts were to be neglected, whatever the season might be. Nor was it intended by Providence, in the great Christian scheme, that we were to endanger the health of the body by excessive abstinence. This good shepherd preached what he practised, and practised what he preached. During Lent the hymns, until I became organist, were taken more slowly than at other seasons, so that it was a great time for the old ladies on the triangular brackets. The captain, who had an undeveloped ear for music, said that caterwauling was not singing praises, but it was only fair to let every one have his watch, turn and turn about, and that if the commanding officer—meaning Mr. Broughton—allowed it, we had to put up with it. But he gave out the "tools" with an air of piti-ful resignation. On Trinity-Sunday Mr. Broughton, in a discourse of twenty minutes, confronted the Unbeliever, and talked him down with such an array of argument that when the benediction came there was nothing left of him. It is curious that, whenever I, which is once a year, read that splendid encounter between Greatheart and Apollyon, I always think of Mr. Broughton and Trinity-Sunday. When Apollyon was quite worsted and we were dismissed, we went home to a sort of great, grand-day dinner, a gaudy, a city feast, a commemoration banquet, to which all other Christian festivals, except Christmas, were mere trifles. For on Trinity-Sunday, except when east winds were more protracted than usual, there were salmon, lamb, peas, duckling, early gooseberries, and asparagus.

From Trinity-Sunday to Advent was a long stretch, unmarked by any occasion of feasting. I used to wonder why the Church had invented nothing to fill up that space, and I commiserated the hard lot of Dissenters, to whom their religion gave no times for feasting.

The influence of custom hedged round the whole of life for us. It even regulated the amount of our hospitalities. Things were expected of people in a

certain position. The Tyrrells, for instance, could hardly do less than give four dinner-parties in the year. Others not in so good a position might maintain their social rank with two. Retired officers were not expected to show any hospitality at all. To be sure, this concession was necessary, unless the poor fellows, who generally had large and hungry families, were allowed to entertain, after the manner of Augustus Brambler, on bread-and-cheese. Mrs. Pontifex, again, who had very decided Christian views, but was of a good county family, admitted her responsibilities by offering one annual banquet of the more severe order. A bachelor, like Mr. Verney Broughton, was exempt from this social tax. He gave very few dinners. To make up for this, he would ask one man at a time, and set before him such a reminiscence of Oriel in a solid dinner, with a bottle of crusted port after it, as to make that guest dissatisfied with his wife's catering for a month to come.

The guests were divided into sets, with no regard for their special fitness or individual likings, but simply in accordance with their recognized social status. The advantage of this arrangement was, that you knew beforehand whom you would meet, and what would be talked about. I knew all the sets, because at most of their entertainments I was a guest, and at some a mere *umbr*a, invited as *ami de famille*, who would play and sing after dinner. On these occasions my profession was supposed to be merged in the more creditable fact of my illustrious birth. When strangers came I never failed to overhear the whisper, after the introduction: "Count Pulaski in Poland, but refuses to bear the title in England. Of very high Polish family." One gets used to most things in time. Mr. Tyrrell divided his dinner-guests into four sets. In October we had lawyers, one or two doctors, perhaps a clergyman, and their wives. At the summer-feast (which was the most important, and was fixed with reference to the full moon for convenience of driving home) there were the important clients, who came in great state in their own carriages. In February we entertained a humbler class of townspeople, who were also clients. And in December we generally entertained the mayor and officers of the borough, a thing due to Mr. Tyrrell's connection with the municipality. The May banquet was wholly of a domestic character. The dinners were solid and heavy, beginning early and lasting an immense time. After dinner the men sat for an hour or two, consuming large quantities of port. "If this," Celia used to say, "is society, I think, Laddy, that I prefer solitude." She and I used to sing and play duets together after dinner, occasionally giving way to any young lady who expected to be asked to sing. The songs of the day were not bad, but they lasted too long. It is more than possible to tire, in the course of years, of such a melody as "Isle of Beauty" or "Love not" (a very exasperating piece of long-drawn music), or "The Sweet Young Page," a sentimentally beautiful thing. The men, some of whom had red faces after the port, mostly hung about the doors together, while

the ladies affected great delight in turning over old albums and well-known portfolios of prints. Photographs began to appear in some provincial drawing-rooms in the early fifties, but they were not yet well established. It was a transition period. Keepsakes and books of beauty were hardly yet out of fashion, while portrait-albums were only just beginning. Daguerreotypes, things which, regarded from all but one point of view, showed a pair of spectral eyes and nothing else, lay on the table in red-leather cases. Mural decoration was an art yet in its infancy, and there must have been, now one comes to think of it, truly awful things to be witnessed in the shape of vases, jars, and ornamental mantel-shelves; the curtains, the carpets, the chairs, and the sofas, were in colors not to be reconciled on any principle of art. And I doubt very much whether we should like now the fashion in which young ladies wore their hair, dressed their sleeves, and arranged their skirts. Fashion is the most wonderful of all human vanities, and the most remarkable thing about it is that whether a pretty girl disguises herself in Queen Anne's hoops, Elizabethan petticoats, immense Pompadour coiffure, Victorian crinoline, or republican scantiness, whether she puts patches and paint on her cheek, whether she runs great rings through her nose, whether she wears a coal-scuttle for a bonnet, as thirty years ago, or an umbrella for a hat, as last year, whether she displays her figure as this year, or hides it altogether as fifteen years ago, whether she walks as Nature meant her to walk or affects a stoop, whether she pretends in the matter of hair and waist, or whether she is content with what the gods have given her—she cannot, she may not, succeed in destroying her beauty. Under every disguise, the face and figure of a lovely woman are as charming, as bewitching, as captivating, as under any other. When it comes to young women who are not pretty—but, perhaps, as the large-hearted Frenchman said, "*il n'y en a pas*"—there are no young women who are not pretty.

We were, then, ignorant of art in my young days. Art in provincial towns as commonly understood did not exist at all. To be sure, we had an art specialty of which we might have been proud. There was no place in the world which could or did turn out more splendid ships' figure-heads. There was one old gentleman in particular, a genius in figure-head carving, who had his studio in the dock-yard, and furnished her majesty's navy with bows decorated in so magnificent a style that one who, like me, remembers them is fain to weep in only looking at the figure-headless iron-clads of the present degenerate days.

As for conversation after dinner, there was not much between the younger men and the ladies, because really there was hardly anything to talk about except one's neighbors. In London, probably, people talked much as they do now; but in a country town, as yet unexplored by Mudie or Smith, there could be very few topics of common interest between a young man and a girl. The Great Exhibition of 1851 did one great service for country-people: it taught them how easy it is to get to London, and what a mine of wealth, especially for after-memory

and purposes of conversation, exists in that big place. But remember that, five-and-twenty years ago, in the family circle of a country town, there were no periodical visits to town, no holidays on the Continent, no new books, no monthly magazines—even illustrated newspapers were rarely seen; there was no love of art, or talk of artistic principles, or art-schools; there were no choral societies, no musical services; no croquet, or Badminton, or lawn-tennis; and yet people were happy. Celia's social circle was too limited to make her feel the want of topics of conversation with young men. No young man except myself was ever invited to the house, and of course I hardly counted. When the formal dinner-parties were held, the guests at these banquets were principally old and middle-aged people. At our birthday-dinner only the very intimate friends and relations were invited. Mr. Tyrrell had no relations—or at least we never heard of them; but his wife was well connected—the Pontifexes are known to be a good old county family, and Mrs. Pontifex, Mrs. Tyrrell's aunt, often asserted the claims of her own ancestry, who were Topingtons, to be of equal rank with her husband's better-known line.

Of course, the Pontifexes always came to the dinners.

Mrs. Pontifex—Aunt Jane—was fifteen years older than her husband, and at this time, I suppose, about sixty-five years of age. She was small in person, but upright and gaunt beyond her inches. It is a mistake to suppose—I learned this from considering Mrs. Pontifex as a leading case—that gauntness necessarily implies a tall stature. Not at all. "If," I said to Cis one day—"if you were to wear, as Aunt Jane wears, a cap of severely Puritanic aspect, decorated with a few flowers which might have grown in a cemetery; if you were to arrange your hair, as she arranges hers, in a double row, stiff curls, set horizontally on each side of her face; if you were to sit bolt upright, with your elbows square, as if you were always in a pew; if you were to keep the corners of your lips down, as Aunt Jane does—so—Cis, why even you would be gaunt. John of Gaunt, so called because he resembled Aunt Jane, was, I believe, a man under the middle height."

She married the Rev. John Pontifex, or rather they married each other, chiefly for money. They both had excellent incomes, which united made a large income; they were both desperately careful and saving people; they held similar views on religious matters (they were severe views), and I suppose that Aunt Jane had long learned to rule John Pontifex when she invited him—even Cis used to agree that he would never have invited her—to become her husband.

Mr. Pontifex was a man of lofty but not commanding stature. Another mistake of novelists and people who write. You have not necessarily a commanding stature because you are tall. No one could have seen anything commanding in Mr. John Pontifex. He was six feet two in height, and, although by nature austere, he looked as meek as if he had been only five feet; the poor man, indeed, never



had the chance of looking anything but meek; he had a pale face and smooth cheeks, with thin brown hair, a little gray and "gone off" at the temples. His features were made remarkable by a very long upper lip, which gave him a mutton-like expression as of great meekness coupled with some obstinacy. In fact, she who drove John Pontifex had at times to study the art of humoring her victim. Since his marriage, he had retired from active pastoral work, and now passed his time in the critical observation of other men at work in his own field. He held views of the most evangelical type, and, when he preached at St. Faith's, we received without any compromise the exact truth as regards future prospects. He spoke very slowly, bringing out his nouns in capitals, as it were, and involved his sentences with parentheses. But in the presence of his wife he spoke seldom, because she always interrupted him. He was fond of me, and, for some reason of his own, always called me Johnny.

In strong contrast with his clerical brother was the Perpetual Curate of St. Faith's, my old tutor, Mr. Verney Broughton. The latter was as plump, as rosy, as jolly, as the former was thin, tall, and austere. Calvin could not have looked on the world's follies with a more unforgiving countenance than the Rev. John Pontifex; Friar John could hardly have regarded the worldliness of the world with more benignity than the Rev. Verney Broughton. He was a kind-hearted man, and loved the world, with the men, women, and children, upon it; he was a scholar and a student, consequently he loved the good things that had been written, said, and sung, upon it; he was a gormand, and he liked to enjoy the fruits of the earth in due season. Perhaps he loved the world too much for a Christian minister; at all events, he enjoyed it as much as he could; never disguised his enjoyment, and inculcated both in life and preaching a perfect trust in the goodness of God, deep thankfulness for the gifts of eating and drinking, and reliance on the ordinances of the Church. Mr. Pontifex amused him; they were close companions, which added to the pleasures of life; and he entertained, I should say, dislike for no man in the world except Herr Räumer, whom he could not be brought to admire.

"He is a cynic," he would say. "That school has never attracted my admiration. He delights in the *double entendre*, and is never so much pleased as when he conveys a hidden sneer. I do not like that kind of conversation. Give me honest enthusiasm, admiration, and faith. And I prefer Englishmen, Ladislás, my boy, though you are only an Englishman by adoption."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A BIRTHDAY-DINNER.

THERE were several other people who entertained similar views with regard to Herr Räumer. Mrs. Pontifex disliked him excessively for one,

Everybody began with distrust of this man; then they began to tolerate him; some went on to like him; all ended with cordial hatred—it would be hard to say why. His eyes, without the blue spectacles, which he put off in-doors, were singularly bright, though rather small. He had a way of turning their light full on a speaker without speaking, which was as embarrassing a commentary on what you had just said as you can imagine. It conveyed to yourself, and to everybody else, which was even more humiliating, the idea that you were really, to this gentleman's surprise, even a greater fool than you looked. Perhaps that was one reason why he was so much disliked.

You noticed, too, after a time, that he saw everything, heard everything, and remembered everything. When he spoke about his personal reminiscences, he showed an astonishing recollection of detail as if he preserved photographs of places and persons in his mind.

He was always about Mr. Tyrrell's office, and kept there a fire-proof safe, with his name painted on it in white letters. He carried the key in his own pocket. Of course, I knew nothing of the nature of his business, but it was generally understood that he was a German who had money, that he chose to live in our town for his own pleasure and convenience, and that he invested his funds by Mr. Tyrrell's help and advice in local securities.

The captain and little Dr. Roy always made up the party. Everybody liked the little doctor, who stood five feet nothing in his boots, a neat and well-proportioned abridgment of humanity, with a humorous face and a twinkling eye. He was an Irishman; he had been in America; and it was currently reported that if he ventured his foot on Canadian soil he would infallibly be hanged for the part he took in the rebellion of 1840 something. In certain circles he had the reputation of being an atheist—he was in reality as good a Roman Catholic as ever touched holy-water—because he was constantly crying out about bad drainage, and taunting people with the hundreds of lives wantonly thrown away, he said, every year, and struck down by preventable diseases. "As if," the people said, piously, "the issues of life and death were in man's hand." So typhus fever went on, and the town was not drained. The birthday-dinners were all alike, with the same guests. The year went on, and we met on the anniversary to drink Celia's health and talk the same talk. Let me take one of these dinners, the last at which this company met together for this purpose.

The Rev. Mr. Broughton took in Mrs. Tyrrell, so that Celia fell to Mr. Pontifex, and Mrs. Pontifex, of course, took Mr. Tyrrell's arm. The grace was "pronounced" by Mr. Broughton. He was less untentious over the petition than poor Augustus Brambler, but he threw considerable feeling into the well-known words, and had a rich, melodious voice, a fitting prelude to the banquet. Grace said, the benevolent divine surveyed the guests and the table with the eyes of satisfaction, as if he wished it was always feast-time.



There were no *menus* laid on the table in those days, and you did not know what was coming as you do now. But there was the smell of roast-meats, which, if you remembered what things belong to the season, was almost as good as a *menu*. And the things were put on the table. There were no dinners *à la Russe*. You saw your food before you. The host carved, too, and very laborious work it was. But it was still reckoned part of a gentleman's education to carve with discretion and skill. I should like to have seen Mr. Broughton's face if he had been compelled to sit in silence during the mangling of a hare. Perhaps, however, he was too much of a martinet, and the exquisite finish with which he distributed a pheasant among half a dozen guests, however admirable as a work of art, pointed to an amount of thought in the direction of dinner beyond what is now expected of the clergy. Mr. Pontifex, on the other hand, was a wretched carver. "I am now more at ease," he would say, "in the Pulpit than in the Place of the Carver, though, in my youth, when I was at Oxford, when, alas, the pleasures of the—ahem—the Table were in my day placed above the pleasures of the Soul—I was considered expert in the Art of Carving. There was one occasion, I remember—with sorrow—when a Goose was placed upon the board—"

"I wish, Mrs. Tyrrell," interrupted Mr. Broughton—and indeed we had all heard the goose-story before—"I wish I could persuade my landlady to give the same thoughtfulness to things as your cook. It is so difficult to make some women understand the vital importance of dinner. I can order the raw materials, but I cannot, unfortunately, cook them."

Mrs. Pontifex, I saw, sat opposite her husband, who took his dinner under her superintendence. I sat next to that divine, and felt pity for him as a warning or prohibition came across the table, and he had to shake his head in sorrowful refusal.

In his rich, mellow voice, Mr. Broughton, on receiving his fish, remarked:

"The third time this year, and only the 24th of May, that I have partaken of salmon. The Lord is very good—"

"No, John Pontifex," said that clergyman's wife, loudly, "no salmon for you."

"My dear," he ventured to expostulate, feebly, because he was particularly fond of salmon.

"Ladislas Pulaski, who is young, may make himself ill with salmon and cucumber if he likes," said Aunt Jane, "but not you, John Pontifex. Remember the last time."

He sighed, and I took the portion intended for him.

"The Lord is very good," resumed Mr. Broughton, "to nearly all his creatures," as if Pontifex was an exception.

Dr. Roy began to talk of salmon-fishing in the Saguenay River, and we were all interested except poor Mr. Pontifex, whose face was set in so deep a gloom that I thought he would have rebelled.

He picked up a little when an *entrée* of pigeons

was allowed to stop at his elbow. But the undisguised enjoyment with which he drank his first glass of champagne brought his wife, who was at that moment talking of a new and very powerful tract, down upon him in a moment.

"No more champagne, John Pontifex," she ordered, promptly.

"Another glass for me," cried Mr. Broughton, nodding his head. "A glass of wine with you, Mrs. Pontifex. I am a bachelor, you know, and can do as I like."

It was not manners to refuse, and Aunt Jane raised her glass to her lips icily, while Mr. Broughton drained his with an audible smack. In 1858 we had already, in provincial towns, passed out of the custom of taking wine with each other, but it was still observed by elderly people who liked the friendly fashion of their youth.

I thought this assertion of independence rather cruel to Mr. Pontifex, but it was not for me, belonging, with Celia, to the class of "young people," to say anything at a party unless previously spoken to or questioned. Then Aunt Jane began a talk with Herr Räumer, chiefly about the sins of people. As you came to know this German well, you discovered that, whenever he did talk about people, he had something bad to say of them; also when he spoke of any action, however insignificant, it was to find an unworthy motive for it. Perhaps, however, I am now in that fourth and bad stage mentioned above.

Mr. Tyrrell was silent during the dinner, perhaps because he had to carve industriously and dexterously; he drank wine freely; but he said nothing. Celia noticed her father's taciturnity, and I saw her watching him with anxiety. No one else observed it, and when the first stiffness of ceremony wore off, there began the genial flow of conversation which ought to rejoice the heart of a hostess, because it shows that every one is feeding in content. Mr. Tyrrell, a florid, high-colored man, who usually talked fast and rather noisily, was looking pale; the nerves of his cheeks twitched, and his hand trembled.

When the cloth was removed—I am not certain that the old fashion of wine and dessert on the polished dark mahogany was not better than the present—we all drank Celia's health.

"In bumpers," cried Mr. Broughton, filling up Mrs. Tyrrell's glass and his own to the brim with port. "In bumpers all. And I wish I was a young man again to toast Celia Tyrrell as she should be toasted.—Don't you, brother Pontifex?—Here is to your *beaux yeux*, my dear. Some day I will preach a sermon on thankfulness for beauty."

"God bless you, Celia, my child!" said her father, with a little emotion in his voice. "Many happy returns of the day, and every one better than the last."

"The best thing," continued Mr. Broughton, "for young girls is a young husband—eh, Mrs. Tyrrell? What do you think?"

"Vanity," said Aunt Jane. "Let them wait and look round them. I was thirty-five when I married my first."

"When I was at Oxford," Mr. Pontifex began, glancing anxiously at his wife—"when I was at Brasenose, Oxford (where I was known, I am ashamed to say, as—as—as Co-rin-thian Pontifex, on account of the extraordinary levity, even in that assemblage of reckless youths, of my disposition), there were some among us commonly designated as—as—as Three—Bottle—Men!!!" He said this with an air of astonishment, as if it was difficult to credit, and a thing which ought, if printed, to be followed by several notes of admiration. "Three—Bottle—Men! The rule among us was—I regret to say—no—ahem—no Heeltaps."

"John Pontifex!" interposed his wife, severely. "Recollect yourself. No Heeltaps, indeed!"

"My dear, I was about to conclude this sad Reminiscence by remarking that it was a Truly Shocking State of Things."

He spoke in capitals, so to speak, and with impressive slowness.

"When young people are present," said Aunt Jane, "it is well to consider the religious tendency of anecdotes before they are related."

Mr. Pontifex said no more.

"I will tell you, by-and-by, Pontifex," said the jolly old parson, whose face was a great deal redder than at the commencement of dinner—"I will tell you, when the ladies have left us, some of our experiences in Common Room.—Don't be afraid, Mrs. Pontifex, we shall not emulate the deeds of those giants."

"In my house," said Aunt Jane, to her niece, reproachfully, "it is one of our Christian privileges not to sit over wine after dinner; we all rise together."

"From a lady's point of view," observed Herr Räumer, "doubtless an admirable practice."

"Not at all admirable," cried the captain, who had been quiet during dinner. "Why shouldn't we have half an hour to ourselves to talk politics and tell yarns, while the ladies talk dress?"

"In my house," said Aunt Jane, "the ladies do not talk dress. We exchange our experiences. It is a Christian privilege."

Dr. Roy uttered a hollow groan, doubtless from sympathy with Mr. Pontifex.

Just then Mrs. Tyrrell sat bolt upright, which was her signal, and the ladies left us.

"Aha!" cried Mr. Broughton, "confess, brother Pontifex, that you do not appreciate all the Christian privileges of your house."

He shook his head solemnly, but he did not smile.

"Three-bottle men, were you?" said Dr. Roy. "Gad, sir, I remember at old Trinity, in Dublin, some of us were six-bottle men. Not I, though. Nature intended me for a one-pint man."

"It is only a German student," said Herr Räumer, "who can hold an indefinite quantity."

"I sincerely hope," said Mr. Pontifex, as he finished his glass, "that things have greatly changed since that time. I remember that the door was generally locked; the key was frequently thrown out of

the window, and the—the—orgy commenced. As I said before, the word was 'No Heeltaps.' It is awful to reflect upon.—Thank you, Dr. Roy, I will take another glass of port.—There were times, too, when, in the wantonness of youth, we permitted ourselves the most reckless language over our feasts. On one occasion I did so, myself. The most reckless language. I positively swore. My thoughtless companions, I regret to say, only laughed. They actually laughed. The cause of this—this iniquity arose over a Goose. It is a truly Dreadful Event to look back upon."

"We used at Oriel," said Mr. Broughton, again interrupting the goose-story without compunction, "to drink about a bottle and a half a head; and we used to talk about scholarship, literature, and art. And some of the men talked well. I wish I could drink a bottle and a half every night now; and I wish I had the Common Room to drink it in. It is a beautiful time for *me* to look back upon."

It was as if he tried in everything to be a contrast to his brother in orders.

"The rising generation," said Dr. Roy, "who work harder, ride less, smoke more tobacco, and live faster, will have to give up port and take claret. After all, it was the favorite Irish wine for a couple of hundred years."

"Ugh!" from Mr. Broughton.

"The longer the Englishman drinks port," said Herr Räumer, "port and beer, the longer he will continue to be—what he is."

As this was said very smoothly and sweetly, with the rasp peculiar to the voice, giving an unpleasant point at the end, I concluded at once that the German meant more than was immediately apparent.

"Thank you, Herr Räumer," said Mr. Broughton, sharply; "I hope we shall continue to remain what we are. The appreciation of your countrymen is always generous. As for port, I look on that wine as the most perfect of all Heaven's gifts to us poor creatures.—This is very fine, Tyrrell. From Pontifex's cellar?—Brother Pontifex, you don't ask me to dinner half often enough. Forty-seven? I thought so. Agreeable"—he held the glass up to the candles: we had wax-candles for the dining-room—"with little body, but quite enough. Rather dry." He tasted it again. "How superb it will be in twenty years, when some of us shall not be alive to drink it! The taste for port comes to us by Nature—it is not acquired like that for claret and Rhine wines.—Pass me the olives, Roy, my dear fellow.—It is born with some of us, and is a sacred gift. It brightens youth, adorns manhood, and comforts age. May those of us who are blessed by Providence with a palate use it aright, and may we never drink a worse glass of wine than the present! I remember," he went on, sentimentally wagging his head, which was by this time nearly purple all over—"I remember the very first glass of port I ever tasted. My grandfather, the Bishop of Sheffield, gave it to me when I was three years old. 'Learn to like it, boy,' said his lordship, who had the most cultivated palate in the diocese. I did like it from that hour, though,

unless my memory fails me, the bishop's butler had brought up too fruity a wine."

The more port Mr. Broughton consumed the more purple the jolly fat face and bald head became. But no quantity affected his tongue or clouded his brain, so that when we joined the ladies he was as perfectly sober, although colored like his favorite wine, as Mrs. Pontifex herself, who was making tea.

Mrs. Tyrrell was asleep when we came up-stairs, but roused herself to talk with Dr. Roy, who had certainly taken more than the pint for which, as he said, Nature intended his capacity.

Celia was playing, and I joined her, and we played a duet. When we finished I went to ask for a cup of tea.

By the table was standing Mr. Pontifex, a cup in his hand and a look of almost ghastly discomposure on his face, while his wife was forcing an immense slice of muffin upon his unwilling hands.

"Muffin, John Pontifex," she said.

"My dear," he remonstrated, with more firmness than one might have expected—"my dear, I—I do not wish for any muffin—ahem!"

"It is helped, John Pontifex," said his wife, and, leaving the unhappy man to eat it, she turned to me, thanked me sweetly for the duet, and gave me a cup of tea.

Mr. Pontifex retreated behind his wife's chair. As no one was looking, I stole a plate from the table, and with great swiftness transferred the muffin from his plate to mine. He looked boundless gratitude, but was afraid to speak, and after a due interval returned the empty plate to the table, even descending so far in deception as to brush away imaginary crumbs from his coat. His wife looked suspiciously at him, but the muffin was gone, and it was impossible to identify that particular piece with one left in another plate. In the course of the evening he seized the opportunity of being near me, and stooped to whisper sorrowfully:

"I do not like muffin, Johnny. I loathe muffin."

The party broke up at eleven, and by a quarter past we were all gone. As I put my hat on in the hall, I heard the voice of Herr Rümer in Mr. Tyrrell's office.

"This is the day, Tyrrell. After she was eighteen, remember."

"Have pity on me, Rümer; I cannot do it. Give me another year."

"Pity? Rubbish! Not another week. I am not going to kill the girl. Is the man mad? Is he a fool?"

I hastened away, unwilling to overhear things not intended for me, but the words struck a chill to my heart.

Who was "she?" Could it be Celia? "After she was eighteen"—and this Celia's eighteenth birthday! It was disquieting, and Mr. Tyrrell asking that white-haired man with the perpetual sneer and the rasp in his voice for pity! Little as I knew of the world, it was clear to me that there would be small chance of pity in that quarter. Herr Rümer and Ce-

lia! Why, he was sixty years of age and more; older than Mr. Tyrrell, who was a good deal under fifty. What could he want with a girl of eighteen? It was with a sad heart that I got home that night, and I was sorely tempted to take counsel of the captain. But I forbore. I would wait and see.

I met Mr. Pontifex next morning. He was going with a basket to execute a few small commissions at the green-grocer's. He acted, indeed, as footman or errand-boy, saving the house large sums in wages.

He stopped and shook hands without speaking, as if the memory of the muffin was too much for him. Then he looked as if he had a thing to say which ought to be said, but which he was afraid to say. Finally, he glanced hurriedly up and down the street to see if there was any one within ear-shot. As there was no one, he laid two fingers on my shoulder, and said, in agitated tones, and with more than his usual impressiveness:

"I am particularly partial to salmon, which is, I suppose, the reason why I was allowed none last night. When I married, however, I totally—ahem—surrendered—I regret to say—my independence. O Johnny, Johnny!"

## CHAPTER XVII.

### AN OLD PROMISE.

AFTER a disquiet and uneasy night, haunted with Cassandra-like visions of coming trouble, I arose, anxious and nervous. "Am I going to kill the girl? Wait till she was eighteen?" What could these words mean except one thing? To connect Celia, even in thought, with this smooth and cynical old German was worse than any union of May and December. Innocence and trust, belief in high aims and pure motives, on the one hand; on the other, that perfect knowledge of evil which casteth out faith. A maiden whose chief charm, next to her beauty, to the adept of sixty, was her strange and unwonted ignorance of the world and its wickedness. And yet—and yet—we were in this nineteenth century, and we were in England, where men do not give away or sell their daughters, unless in novels; how could it be possible that a man of the world, a successful man, like Mr. Tyrrell, should contemplate, even for a moment, the sacrifice of his only child on such an altar?

As our misfortunes always fall together, I received, the next morning, on my way home from giving my last lesson, a second blow, from an equally unexpected quarter. This time it was from Wassielewski. The old man, who had been dejected and resigned since the failure of his schemes in 1854, was walking along upright, swinging his arms with an elated air. When he saw me he threw up his long arms, and waved them like the sails of a windmill.

"It is coming," he cried. "It is coming once more. This time it will be no failure. And you shall take your part. Only wait a week, Ladislas Pulaski, and you shall know all. Silence, until you are admitted into our plans."

He shook my hand with a pressure which meant more than his words, and left me, with his head thrown back, his long white hair streaming in the wind, tossing his arms and gesticulating.

I had almost forgotten that I was a Pole, and the reminder came upon me with a disagreeable shock. It was like being told of some responsibility you would willingly let sleep—some duty you would devolve upon others. And to take my part? Strange transformation of a cripple and a music-master into a conspirator and a rebel!

For a week nothing was said by Mr. Tyrrell, and I was forgetting my anxiety on that score, when, one afternoon, I went, as usual, to see Celia. There were, as I have said, two entrances, that of the front-door, which was also the office-door, and that at the end of the garden, which was used by Celia and myself. This afternoon, by some accident of choice, I went to the front-door. To the right was Mr. Tyrrell's private office; as I passed I saw that the door was open—that he was sitting at his table, his head upon his hand in a dejected position, and that beside him, his back to the empty fireplace, stood, tall, commanding, as if the place belonged to him, Herr Räumer.

He saw me, and beckoned me to enter the office.

"Here is Celia's private tutor, adviser, and most confidential friend," he said, in his mocking tones. "Here is Ladislav Pulaski. Why not confide the task to him? Let him speak to Celia first, if you will not."

What task?

Mr. Tyrrell raised his face and looked at me. I think I have never seen a more sorrowful face than his at that moment—more sorrowful, or more humiliated. I had always known him bold, confident, self-reliant, of a proud and independent bearing. All that was gone, and in a single night. He looked crushed. Now, it was as if another spirit possessed the well-known features, for they were transformed. What had this man done to him—what power over him did he possess that could work this great and sorrowful transformation?

Herr Räumer had taken off his blue spectacles, and his sharp, keen eyes were glittering like steel. If the man was cynical, he was also resolute. Years of self-indulgence had not softened the determination with which he carried out a purpose.

"Ladislav Pulaski," he went on, seeing that Mr. Tyrrell did not speak, "knows Celia better than you, even—her father—or than myself, her future husband."

"Her what?" I cried, as he announced the thing in a calm, judicial way, like the voice of Fate.

"Her future husband!" he repeated. "The words are intelligible, are they not? Celia will become my wife. Why do you look from Mr. Tyrrell to me in that extraordinary manner? Is there, then, something monstrous in the fact?"

"Yes," I replied, boldly. "Celia is eighteen, and you are sixty."

"I am sixty-two," he said. "I shall live, I dare say, another eight or ten years. Celia will make

these ten years happy. She will then be at liberty to marry anybody else."

"What you hear, Ladislav," said Mr. Tyrrell, speaking with an effort, and shading his eyes as if he did not venture to look me in the face—"what you hear from Herr Räumer is quite true. Celia does not know yet—we were considering when you arrived how to tell her—does not know—yet—our friend here insists upon her being told at once. The fact is, my dear Ladislav," he went on, trying to speak at his ease, and as if it were quite an ordinary transaction, "some years since—"

"Ten years," said Herr Räumer.

"Ten years since, our friend here did me a service of some importance."

"Of some importance only, my dear Tyrrell?"

"Of very great importance—of vital importance. Never mind of what nature."

"That does not matter at *present*," said Herr Räumer. "Proceed, my father-in-law."

"As an acknowledgment of that favor—as I then believed—yes, Räumer, it is the truth, and you know it—as I then believed, in a sort of joke—"

"I never joke," said the German.

"I promised that he should marry Celia."

"That promise I have never since alluded to until last night," Herr Räumer explained. "It was a verbal promise, but I knew that it would be kept. There were no papers or agreements between us; but they were unnecessary. As friends we gave a pledge to each other. 'My dear Tyrrell,' I said, 'you are much younger than I am—almost young enough to be my son. You have a daughter. If I am still in this town when she is eighteen years of age you must let me marry her, if I am then of the same mind.' My friend here laughed and acceded."

"But I did not think—I did not understand—"

"That is beside the mark. It was a promise. Celia was a pretty child then, and has grown into a beautiful woman. I shall be proud of my wife. Because, Tyrrell"—his brow contracted—"I am quite certain that the promise will be kept."

"The promise did not, and could not, amount to more than an engagement to use my influence with Celia."

"Much more," said the other. "Very much more. I find myself, against my anticipations, still in this quiet town of yours. I find the girl grown up. I find myself getting old. I say to myself, 'That was a lucky service you rendered Mr. Tyrrell.' And it was of a nature which would make the most grateful man wish silence to be kept about it. And the promise was most providential. Now will my declining years be rich in comfort."

"Providentially or not," said Celia's father, plucking up his courage, "if Celia will not accept you, the thing is ended."

"Not ended," said Herr Räumer, softly. "Just beginning."

"Then God help us!" burst out the poor man, with a groan.

"Certainly," responded his persecutor. "By all means, for you will want all the help that is to be



got. Mr. Pulaski, who is entirely *ami de famille*, is now in a position to understand the main facts. There are two contracting parties. One breaks his part of the contract; the other, not by way of revenge, but in pursuance of a just policy, breaks his. The consequences fall on the first man's head. Now, Tyrrell, let us have no more foolish scruples. I will make a better husband for your girl than any young fellow. She shall have her own way; she shall do what she likes, and dress—and all the rest of it, just as she chooses. What on earth do women want more?"

I felt sick and dizzy. Poor Celia!

Herr Räumer placed his hand upon the bell.

"I am going to send for her," he said. "If you do not speak to her yourself, I will do so. As Ladislas Pulaski is here to give us moral support"—the man could not speak without a sneer—"it will be quite a *conseil de famille*, and we shall not have to trouble Mrs. Tyrrell at all. You can tell her this evening, if necessary."

He rang. Augustus Brambler, as the junior clerk, answered the bell. I noticed that his eyes looked from one to the other of us as he took the message from the German, in a mild wonder. Augustus ran messages of all sorts with equal alacrity, provided they were connected with the office. He would have blacked boots had he been told to do so, and considered it all part of the majesty of the law.

When Celia came, Herr Räumer made her a very profound and polite bow, and placed a chair for her.

She looked at her father, who sat still with his head on his hand, and then at me.

"What is it, papa?—What is it, Laddy?" she asked.

"Your father has a communication to make to you of the very greatest importance," said Herr Räumer, softly and gently—"of so great importance that it concerns the happiness of two lives."

I hardly knew the man. He was soft, he was winning, he was even *yung*, as he murmured these words with another bow of greater profundity than would have become an Englishman.

Then Mr. Tyrrell rose to the occasion. Any man, unless he is an abject coward, can rise to the occasion, if necessary, and act a part becomingly, if not nobly. You never hear of a man having to be carried to the gallows, for instance, though the short walk there must have a thousand pangs for every foot-fall. Mr. Tyrrell rose, and tried to smile through the black clouds of shame and humiliation.

"Celia, my dear child," he said, "Herr Räumer to-day has asked my consent to his becoming, if you consent, my son-in-law."

"Your son-in-law, papa?"

"My son-in-law, Celia," he replied, firmly; the plunge once made, the rest of the work appeared easier. "I am quite aware that there are many objections to be advanced at the outset.—Herr Räumer, you will permit me, my friend, to allude once and for all to—"

"To the disparity of age?" No wooer of five-and-twenty could have been more airily bland, as if

the matter were not worth mentioning seriously. "The disparity of age? Certainly. I have the great misfortune to be forty years older than Miss Tyrrell. Let us face the fact."

"Quite so. Once stated—it is faced," said Mr. Tyrrell, gaining courage every moment. "The objection is met by the fact that our friend is no weak old man, to want a nurse, but strong and vigorous, still in the prime of life."

"The prime of life," echoed the suitor, smiling.

"He is, it may also be objected," said Mr. Tyrrell, as if anxious to get at the worst aspect of the case at once—"he is a foreigner—a German. What then? If there is a nation with which we have a national sympathy, it is the German nation. And, as regards other things, he has the honor of—"

"Say of an Englishman, my friend. Say of an English lawyer and gentleman."

Mr. Tyrrell winced for a moment.

"He is honorable and upright, of an excellent disposition, gentle in his instincts, sympathetic and thoughtful for others—"

"My dear friend," the Herr interposed, "is not that too much? Miss Tyrrell will not believe that one man can have all those perfections."

"Celia will find out for herself," said her father, laughing.—"And now, my child, that you know so much, and that we have considered all possible objections, there remains something more to be said. It is now ten years since this project was first talked over between us."

"Ten years!" cried Celia.

"As a project only, because it was impossible to tell where we might be after so long a time. It was first spoken of between us after an affair, a matter of business, with which I will only so far trouble you as to say that it laid me under the most lively obligations to Herr Räumer. Remember, my dear, that the gratitude you owe to this gentleman is beyond all that any act of yours can repay. But we do not wish you to accept Herr Räumer from gratitude. I want you to feel that you have here a chance of happiness such as seldom falls to any girl."

"In my country, Miss Tyrrell," said Herr Räumer, gravely, "it is considered right for the suitor to seek first the approbation of the parents. I am aware that in England the young lady is often addressed before the parents know anything of—of—the attachment. If I have behaved after the manner of my people, you will, I doubt not, forgive me."

I ventured to look at Celia. She sat in the chair which Herr Räumer had given her at the foot of the table, upright and motionless. Her cheeks had a touch of angry red in them, and her eyes sought her father's, as if trying to read the truth in them.

"You should know, dear Celia," Mr. Tyrrell went on, "not only from my friend's wish, but also mine, I—I—I think, that we can hardly expect an answer yet."

"Not yet," he murmured; "Miss Tyrrell will give me another opportunity, alone, of pleading my own cause. It is enough to-day that she knows what her father's hopes are, and what are mine. I would



ask only to say a few words, if Miss Tyrrell will allow me."

He bowed again.

"Ten years ago, when this project—call it the fancy of a man—for a child as yet unformed—came into my brain, I began to watch your progress and your education. I saw with pleasure that you were not sent to those schools where girls' minds are easily imbued with worldly ideas."—Good Heavens! was Herr Räumer about to put on the garb of religion?—"Later on I saw with greater pleasure that your chief companion and principal tutor was Mr. Ladislas Pulaski, a gentleman whose birth alone should inspire with noble thoughts. Under his care I watched you, Miss Tyrrell, growing gradually from infancy into womanhood. I saw that your natural genius was developed—that you were becoming a musician of high order, and that by the sweetness of your natural disposition you were possessing yourself of a manner which I, who have known courts, must be allowed to pronounce—perfect. It is not too much to say that I have asked a gift which any man, of whatever exalted rank, would be proud to have; that there is no position, however lofty, which Miss Tyrrell would not grace; and that I am deeply conscious of my own demerits. At the same time I yield to no one in the resolution to make that home happy which it is in Miss Tyrrell's power to give me. The slightest wish shall be gratified; the most trifling want shall be anticipated. If we may, for once, claim a little superiority over the English, it is in that power of divining beforehand, of guessing from a look or a gesture, the wishes of those we love, which belongs to us Germans."

It was the first and the last time I have ever heard this mysterious power spoken of. No doubt, as Herr Räumer claimed it for his countrymen, they do possess it. Most Germans I have ever seen have struck me as being singularly cold persons, far behind the French in that subtle sympathy which makes a man divine in the manner spoken of by Herr Räumer.

The speech was lengthy and wordy; it was delivered in the softest voice, and with a certain impressiveness. Somehow, so far, at least, as I was concerned, it failed to produce a favorable effect. There was not the true ring about it. Celia made a slight acknowledgment, and looked again at her father.

Then Herr Räumer turned effusively to me.

"I have no words," he said, "to express the very great thanks which I—which we—owe to you for the watchful and brotherly care which you have given to Miss Tyrrell. It is not in the power of money—"

"There has never been any question of money," said Mr. Tyrrell, quickly, "between Ladislas and us."

"I know. There are disinterested people in the world, after all," Herr Räumer said, with a smile. "You are one of them, Mr. Pulaski. At the same time," he added, airily, "you cannot escape our thanks. You will have to go through life laden with our gratitude."

Celia got up and gave me her hand.

"You do not want me to say anything now, papa," she said. "We will go.—Come, Laddy."

We closed the door of the office behind us, and escaped into the garden, where the apple-blossoms were in their pink-and-white beauty, through the gate at the end, to our own resort and rest—by Celia's Arbor. We leaned against the rampart and looked out over the broad, sloping bank of bright, green turf, set with buttercups as with golden buttons, across the sunny expanse of the harbor. The grass of the bastion was strewn with the brown casings of the newly-born leaves, the scabbards which had kept them from the frost. We could not speak. Her hand held mine.

Presently she whispered:

"Laddy, is it real? Does papa mean it?"

"Yes, Celia."

"And yesterday I was so happy!"

Then we were silent again, for I had no word of comfort.

"Laddy," she cried, with a start of hope, "what is to-day? The 1st of June. Then in three weeks' time Leonard will be home again. I will give no answer for three weeks. Leonard will help us. All will be right for us when Leonard comes home."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### FROM THE ORGAN-LOFT.

IN three weeks, Leonard would be home in three weeks. We had been so long looking forward that, now the time was close at hand, the realization of its approach came on us like a shock.

We stared at each other.

"Three weeks, Cis! How will he come home?"

"I do not know. He will come home triumphant. Laddy, a moment ago I was so wretched—now I am so hopeful! He will come home and help us. We are like shipwrecked sailors in sight of land."

We did not doubt but that he would be another Perseus to the new Andromeda. What he was to do more than we could do ourselves, we did not know. But he would do something, and that conviction, in the three weeks which followed, was our only stay and hope. We could not take counsel with the captain, and Mrs. Tyrrell was not informed of what had happened. She was to be told when Celia gave her answer. Meantime, Celia's lover made for the moment no sign of impatience. He came to the house in the evenings; he listened to Celia's playing and singing; he ventured, with deference, on a little criticism; he treated her with such respect as a lady might get from a *preux chevalier* of the old school; he loaded her with *petits soins*; he never alluded in the slightest way to their interview in the office; his talk was soft, and, in presence of the girl, he seldom displayed any of the cynical sayings which generally garnished his conversation; and he assumed the

manner of a Christian gentleman of great philanthropic experience, and some disappointment with human nature. I was a good deal amused by the change, but a little disquieted, because it showed that he was in earnest. There was to be no brutal force, no melodramatic marriage by reluctant consent, to save a father from something or other indefinite. He was laying siege in due form, hoping to make the fortress surrender in due time, knowing that the defenses were undermined by the influence of her father.

The Sunday after the first breaking of the matter he astonished me by appearing in the Tyrrells' square pew. I saw him from the organ-loft, and watched him with the utmost admiration. He was certainly a well-set-up man, tall and straight. His full white mustache gave him a soldier-like look. He wore a tightly-buttoned frock, which was not the fashion of the day, with a rose-bud in the button-hole, and new light-lavender gloves. The general effect produced was exactly what he desired—that of a man no longer young, but still in vigorous life; a man remarkable in appearance, and probably remarkable, did the congregation know it, for his personal history. In church he laid aside the blue spectacles, which he always wore in the street. His manner was almost theatrically reverential, although he showed a little uncertainty about getting up and sitting down. I have already explained that this was leisurely among occupants of the square pews at St. Faith's, so that his hesitation was less marked than it would be in an advanced church of the more recent type. I do not know whether he sang, because my back was necessarily turned from the congregation while I played for them, and among the curious mixture of discordances which rose to the organ-loft, and together made up the hymn, I could not distinguish the German's deep bass with the unmistakable rasp in it. There was the squawk of the old ladies who sat along the aisle—you made that out easily by reason of their being always half a dozen notes behind; there was the impetuous rush of those irregular cavalry, the charity children, who sat round the altar-rails, and always sang a few notes in advance; there was the long-drawn hum of the congregational "joining in," which, taken in the lump, as one got it up in the organ-loft, was like the air played slowly on a barrel-organ with a cold, or like a multitude attempting a tune through their noses. And there were sporadic sounds, issuing, I had reason to suppose, from individual singers—from him who tried tenor, and from her who attempted an alto. And sometimes I thought I could distinguish the sweet voice of Celia, but that was probably fancy.

The hymn over, I was free to turn round, and, through an uplifted corner of the red curtain, to watch Herr Räumer. The preacher on this Sunday was the Rev. John Pontifex, and it was a pretty sight to see the rapt attention with which the Teutonic proselyte followed the argument, as if it was something strange, original, and novel. As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Pontifex's one sermon. He only

had one. Like Single-speech Hamilton, he concentrated all the logic at his command into one argumentative discourse. Unlike Single-speech, he went on preaching it whenever he was asked to preach at all. To be sure, he introduced variations in the text, in the exordium, and in the peroration. But the body of the discourse was invariably the same. And it was not a cheerful sermon. On the contrary, it was condemnatory, and sent people home to their dinners with a certainty about the future which ought to have taken away all their appetites.

Up in the organ-loft you had advantages over your fellows. The church lay at your feet, with the people in their pews sitting mute and quiet, and yet each man preserving in his attitude, in his eyes, in the pose of his head, his own individuality. Mr. Tyrrell, for instance, showed that he was ill at ease by his downcast eyes and drooping head. His daughter and I alone knew the reason of his disquietude with that stranger who sat in the same pew with him. Behind Mr. Tyrrell was the captain in a long pew. Years before he had sat there Sunday after Sunday with two boys. Was the old man thinking that in three more Sundays he might sit there with the wanderer back again? He entertained great respect for a sermon, as part of a chaplain's duties ashore, but it would have been difficult to discover from any subsequent remarks that he ever listened. Looking at him now, from my lofty coign of vantage, I see from his eyes that his thoughts are far away. Perhaps he is with Leonard, perhaps he is tossing on a storm-beat sea, or slave-chasing off the West Coast, or running again into Navarino Bay on a certain eventful afternoon. There is a calm about the old man's face which speaks of peace. What are the denunciations of the Rev. John Pontifex to him?

"Whither you will all of you—alas!—most infallibly go unless you change your ways!"

Within the communion-rails, the Rev. Mr. Broughton, his legs stretched out, his feet upon a footstool, and his hands clasped across his portly form, is sitting comfortably. His part of the morning exercises is finished. His eyes are closed and his head nodding. Happy perpetual curate! On the red-baize cushions round the rails are twenty or thirty school-children, recipients of some charity. Why do they dress the poor girls in so perfectly awful a uniform? And why is the verger allowed to creep round during the sermon, cane in hand, to remind any erring infant that he must not sleep in church? It ought not to be allowed.

Look at the faces of the congregation as they are turned up vacantly to the roof. No one is listening—except Herr Räumer. What are they all thinking about? In this hive of a thousand people there is not one but has his heart and brain full of his own hopes and fears. What are the terrible forebodings of the preacher—"No hope for any but the Elect! Alas! They are very few in number. For the rest of you, my brethren—" What are these words, which ought to generate a maddening despair, to the present anxieties and troubles of the people? The

fat and prosperous grocer in the square pew is worried about a bill that falls due to-morrow; his daughter is thinking that a dear friend has treacherously copied the trimmings of her bonnet; the boys are wishing it was over; and so on. Did such words as the Rev. John Pontifex is now uttering ever have any real meaning? Or did they always lose their force by being applied, as we apply them now, to our neighbors? "Elect? Well, of course, I am one. Let us hope that our friends are also in the number. But I have my fears." We are in a dead church, with a preacher of dead words; the old Calvinistic utterances drop upon hearts which have fallen away from the dogma, and are no longer open to their terrors. Such a sermon as the one preached by the Rev. John Pontifex on that Sunday morning would be impossible now. Then it was only part of the regular church-business. Well, that is all changed; we have new dangers and new enemies; among them is no longer the old listlessness of service.

"Lastly, my brethren—" See! Mr. Broughton wakes up; the children nudge each other; the captain's eyes come back to the present, and he instinctively gathers together the "tools," and puts them back in their box; a twitter of expectancy, with a faint preliminary rustle of feminine garments, ascends to my perch.

"Remember that you, too, are included, one and all, in the sentence upon Ca—per—na—um."

So—he has finished. Herr Räumer sits back with a long breath, as if the argument had convinced him. Mrs. Tyrrell shakes her head solemnly. The clerk gives out the final hymn:

"Oh, may our earthly Sabbaths prove  
A foretaste of the joys above!"

Poor charity children! They go home to a cold collation insufficient in quantity; they have been caned for inattention; they have to attend three services like this every Sunday. And yet they pray for a continuance of these joys!

"O Ladislas!" cries Mrs. Tyrrell, with a sigh of rapture, when I come up with the party after playing them out. "What a sermon! What Gospel truth! What force of expression! It is astonishing to me that Uncle Pontifex has never been made a bishop! He is coming to dinner on Tuesday," she resumes, with an entirely secular change of voice, "with Aunt Jane. Come, too, Ladislas, and talk to aunt. There will be the loveliest pair of dacks."

Herr Räumer is walking beside Celia. She is pale, and, from the manner in which she carries her parasol, I should say that she is a little afraid lest her suitor should say something. But he does not. He is content to hover round her; to be seen with her; to accustom people to the association of himself with Celia Tyrrell. It is easy to divine his purpose. Suddenly to announce an engagement between an elderly man of sixty and a girl of less than twenty would be to make a nine days' wonder. Let them be seen together, so that when the right moment shall arrive to make the announcement there shall seem nothing strange about it.

One thing let me say. I have, least of all men, reason to love this German. That will be presently apparent. But I wish to be just to him. And I think he loved Celia honestly.

I am, indeed, sure he did. I saw it in the way he followed her about with his eyes, in the softened tone of his voice; in the way in which he sought me out, and tried to learn from me what were her favorite books, her music, her tastes, so that he might anticipate them. The jealousy of my own affection for Celia sharpened my senses. What I saw in him I recognized as my own. I wonder how much that strange passion of love might have done toward softening the man? For, as regards the rest of the world, he remained the same as before, cold, cynical, emotionless, without affections or pity. A man turned out by a machine could not have been more devoid of human sympathy. For instance, he was lodged in Augustus Brambler's first floor, and he was waited on by the best and prettiest of all Augustus's numerous olive-branches, little Forty-four. She was like her father, inasmuch as she was unceasingly active, always cheerful and brave, always patient and hopeful, always happy in herself. Unlike her father, the work she did was good work. She kept her lodger in luxurious comfort, cooked his dinner as he loved it, and left him nothing to desire.

Yet he never spoke a word to her that was not a command, never thanked her, never took the slightest notice of her presence. This bright-eyed, pleasant-faced, obliging girl, who did a hundred things for him which were not in the bond, was, in fact, no more to him than a mere machine. Sometimes, observing this strange disregard of all human creatures, it occurred to me that he might have learned it by long continuance in military service. A soldier is a creature who carries out orders—among other things. Perhaps the soldiers in Herr Räumer's corps were nothing else. That would be a delightful world where all the men were drilled soldiers, and military manoeuvres the principal occupation, the art of war the only study, and victory the only glory. And yet to this we are tending. Whenever I tried to interest him in his landlord's family, he would listen patiently, and change the subject.

"The Brambler people?" he asked, with no show of interest. "Yes—I have seen them—father who runs messages"—poor Augustus! this all the majesty of the law?—"uncle who reports for paper—children who fall down the stairs. What have I to do with these *canaille*?"

I ventured to suggest that they were poor and deserving—that, etc.

"Bah!" he said. "That is the cant of English charity, my young friend. You will tell me next that men are all brothers. Do not, I beg, fall into that trap set for the benevolent."

"I will not, with you," I said. "I suppose you think that men are all enemies."

I said this with my most withering and sarcastic smile.

"I do," he replied, solemnly. "All men are enemies. For our own-advantage, and for no other

reason, we do not kill each other, but unite in societies and kill our neighbors. Come, you want me to pretend benevolent sympathy with the people in this house, because the father is a fool and they are poor. There are an infinite number of poor people in the world. Some of them, even, are starving. Well, it is not my fault. Let them starve. It is my business to live, and get the most out of life."

"Do all your countrymen think like you?" I asked.

"All," he replied. "In Berlin we are clear-sighted people. We put self-preservation first. That means everything. I do not say that we have no delusions. Machinery called charitable exists: not to so extensive and ruinous a degree as in England: still there is hope for the weakest when he goes to the wall that some one will take care of him."

"You would let him die?"

"I do not actually wish him to die. If I saw that his life would be of the slightest use to me, I should help him to live. Let us talk of more agreeable things. Let us talk of Celia. Take a glass of hock. So."

He lit another cigar and lay back in his chair, murmuring enjoyable words:

"You told me a little while ago that the man you admired most in the world, the noblest and the best, I think you said, after the captain, was Mr. Tyrrell. Do you think so now?"

I was silent.

"You do not. You cannot. That is a lesson for you, Ladislav Pulaski. Remember that there is no man nobler and best. Think of yourself at your worst, and then persuade yourself that all other men are like that."

I said nothing to that, because there was nothing to say. It is one way of looking at the world; the best way, it seems to me, to drag yourself down and keep down everybody round you.

"I said then, but you were too indignant to accept the doctrine, that every man had his price. You may guess Mr. Tyrrell's. Every woman has hers. Celia's price is—her father; I have bought her at that price, which I was fortunately able to command."

"You do not know yet."

"Yes, I do know. All in good time. I can wait. Now, Ladislav Pulaski, I will be frank with you. I intended this *coup* all along, and have prepared the way for it. I admire the young lady extremely. Let me, even, say that I love her. She is, I am sure, as good and virtuous as she is pretty. Of all the girls I have seen, I think Celia Tyrrell is the best. It is, I know, partly due to your training. She is the pearl of your pupils. Her manner is perfect; her face is perfect; her conversation is admirable; her general cultivation is good."

"She is all that you say," I replied.

"You love her, I believe, like a brother. At least, Celia says so. When I was your age, if I did not love a young lady like a brother, I made it a rule always to tell her so at the earliest opportunity. That inability to love a girl after the brotherly fash-

ion has more than once endangered my life. Like a brother, is it not?"

"Like a brother," I murmured, passing over the covert sneer.

"Very well, then. It is a weakness on my part, but I am willing to make sacrifices for this girl. I will study her wishes. She shall be treated with the greatest forbearance and patience. I do not expect that she will love me as I love her. That would be absurd. But I hope that, in a little while, a month or two—I breathed freely, because I feared he was going to say a day or two—"she will receive my attention with pleasure, and learn to give me the esteem which young wives may feel for elderly husbands. I am not going to be ridiculous; I am not a Blue-beard; I know that women can be coaxed when they cannot be forced. *J'ai conté fleurettes*—it is not for the first time in life that one makes love at sixty. After all," he went on, cheerfully, "Celia ought to be a happy girl. I shall die in ten years, I suppose. She will be a widow at eight-and-twenty. Just the age to enjoy life. Just the time when a woman wants her full liberty. What a thing—to be eight-and-twenty, to bury an old husband, and to have his money!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE PONTIFEX COLLECTION.

IN the days that followed things went on externally as if nothing had happened. Celia's suitor walked with her in the town, was seen with her in public places, appeared in church morning and evening—the second function must have exercised his soul heavily—and said no word. Mr. Tyrrell, deceived by this appearance of peace, resumed his wonted aspect, and was self-reliant, and sometimes as blustering as ever. Celia alone seemed to remember the subject. For some days she tried to read and talk as usual, but her cheek was paler, and her manner *distrait*. Yet I could say nothing. The wound was too fresh, the anxiety was still there; it was one of those blows which, though their worst effects may be averted, leave scars behind which cannot be eradicated. The scar in Celia's soul was that for the first time in her life a suspicion had been forced upon her that her father was not—had not been— Let us not put it into words.

To speak of such a suspicion would have been an agony too bitter for her, and even too bitter for me. Yet I knew, by the manner of the man, by the words of the German, that he was in some way, for some conduct unknown, of which he was now ashamed, under this man's power. I could not tell Celia what I knew. How was she to tell me the dreadful suspicion that rose, like a spectre in the night, unbidden, awful? We were only more silent; we sat together without speaking. Sometimes I caught her eye resting for a moment on her father with a pained wonder; sometimes she would break off the music, and say, with a sigh, that she could play no more.



One afternoon, three or four days after the first opening of the business, I found her in the library, a small room on the first floor dignified by that title, where Mr. Tyrrell kept the few books of general literature he owned, and Celia kept all hers. She had gathered on the table all the books which we were so fond of reading together—chiefly the poets—and was taking them up one after the other, turning over their pages with loving, regretful looks.

She greeted me with her sweet smile.

"I am thinking, Laddy, what to do with these books if—I have to say what papa wants me to say."

"Do with them, Cis?"

"Yes," she replied, "it would be foolish to keep things which are not very ornamental, and would no longer be useful."

"Our poor poets are a good deal knocked about," I said, taking up the volumes in hope of diverting her thoughts; "I always told you that Keats wasn't made for laying in the grass," and indeed that poor bard showed signs of many dews upon his scarlet-cloth bound back.

"He is best for reading on the grass, Laddy. Think of the many hours of joy we have had with 'Hyperion' under the elms! And now, I suppose, we shall never have any more. Life is very short, for some of us."

"But—Cis—why no more hours of pleasure and poetry?"

"I do not know when that man may desire an answer. And I know that, if he claims it at once—to-morrow—next day—what answer I am to give. I watch my father, Laddy, and I read the answer in his face. Whatever happens, I must do what is best for him."

"Put off the answer, Cis, till Leonard comes home."

"If we can," she sighed—"if we can. Promise me one thing, Laddy—promise me faithfully. If I have—if I must consent—never let Leonard know the reason: never let any one know; let all the world think that I have accepted—him—because I loved him. As if any woman could ever love him!"

Then he had not deceived her with his smooth and plausible manner.

"I promise you so much, at least," I said. "No one shall know, poor Cis, the reason. It shall be a secret between us. But you have not said 'Yes' to him yet."

"I may very soon have to say it, Laddy. I shall give you all this poetry. We have read it together so much that I should always think of you if I ever try and read it alone. And it would make me too wretched. I shall have nothing more to do with the noble thoughts and divine longings of these great men; they will all be dead in my bosom; I shall try to forget that they ever existed. Herr Rümer, my husband"—she shuddered—"would not understand them. I shall learn to disbelieve everything; I shall find a base motive in every action. I shall cease to hope; I shall lose my faith and my charity!"

"Celia—my poor Celia—do not talk like that."

"Here is Keats." She opened him at random, turned over the leaves, and read aloud:

"Ah! would 'twere so with many  
A gentle girl and boy!  
But were there ever any  
Writhed not at passed joy?"

"'Passed joy!' We shall not be able to go out together, you and I, Laddy, any more, nor to read under the elms, nor to look out over the ramparts up the harbor at high tide, and you will leave off giving me music-lessons; and, when Leonard comes home, he will not be my Leonard any more. Only let him never know, dear Laddy."

"He shall never know, Cis. But the word is not spoken yet, and I think it never will be."

She shook her head.

"There is our Wordsworth. Of course, he must be given up, too. When the whole life is of the earth earthy, what room could there be for Wordsworth? Why"—she looked among the sonnets—"this must have been written especially for me. Listen:

"O friend! I know not which way I must look  
For comfort, being, as I am, oppressed  
To think that now our life is only dressed  
For show . . . .

The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone: our peace, our fearful innocence,  
And pure religion, breathing household laws."

"Fancy the 'household laws' of Herr Rümer!" she added, bitterly.

She was in sad and despairing mood that morning.

I took the book from her hand—what great things there are in Wordsworth, and what rubbish!—and found another passage:

"Those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day—  
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,  
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake  
To perish never;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
Nor man nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy."

"Do you think, you silly Celia, if things came to the very worst—if you were—let me say it out for once—if you were tied for life to this man, with whom you have no sympathy, that you would forget the beautiful things which you have read and dreamed? They can never be forgotten. Why, they lie all about your heart, the great thoughts of God and heaven, what this beautiful earth might be and what you yourself would wish to be; they are your guardian angels who stand like Ithuriel to ward off evil dreams and basenesses. They cannot be driven away because you have placed them there, sentinels of your life. If—if he were ten times as cold, ten times as unworthy of you as he seems, he



could not touch your inner life. He could only make your outer life unhappy. And then, Celia, I think—I think—I think that Leonard would kill him."

"If Leonard will care any more about me," she murmured through her tears. "But he will not. I shall be degraded in his eyes. He will come home with happier recollections of brighter scenes, and women far better and more beautiful than I can be, even in his memory."

"Celia," I cried, hotly, "that is unkind of you. You cannot mean it. Leonard can never forget you. There will be no scenes so happy in his recollection as the scenes of the boyhood; no one whom he will more long to see than little Celia—little no longer now, and—oh! Cis—Cis, how beautiful you are!"

"Laddy, you are the best brother in all the world. But do not flatter me. You know I like to think myself pretty. I am so vain."

"I am not flattering you, my dear. Of course, I think you are the most beautiful girl in all the world. Ah! if I could only draw you and put all your soul into your eyes as a great painter would! If I were Raphael I would make you St. Catharine—no, St. Cecilia—sitting at the organ, looking up as you do sometimes when we read together, as when I play Beethoven, and your soul opens like a flower."

"Laddy—Laddy!"

"I would make your lips trembling, and your head a little bent back, so as to show the sweet outlines, and make all the world fall in love with you.—Don't cry, my own dear sister! See, Leonard will be home again soon triumphant, bringing joy to all of us—our brave Leonard—and all will be well. I know all will go well. And this monstrous thing shall not be done."

She put her arms round my neck, and laid her cheek against mine. "Thank God!" she said, simply, "for my brother!"

By this time I had mastered my vain and selfish passion. Celia was my sister, and could never be anything else. As if in the time when companionship is as necessary as light and air, it was not a great thing to have such a companion as Celia! In youth we cling to one another, and find encouragement in confession and confidence. David was young when he loved Jonathan. It is when we grow older that we shrink into ourselves and forget the sweet old friendships.

This little talk finished, Celia became more cheerful, and we presently stole out at the garden-gate for fear of being intercepted by the suitor, who was as ubiquitous as a Prussian Uhlan, and went for a ramble along the beach, where a light breeze was crisping the water into tiny ruffles of wavelets, and driving about the white-sailed yachts like butterflies. The fresh sea-air brightened her cheek, and gave elasticity to her limbs. She forgot her anxieties, laughed, sang little snatches, and was as merry as a child again.

"Let us go and call at Aunt Jane's," she cried, when we left the beach, and were striking across the furze-covered common.

To call upon Mrs. Pontifex was never an inspir-

iting thing to do. She had a way of picking out texts to suit your case and hurling them at your head, which sent you away far more despondent about the future than her husband's sermons. There is always this difference between a woman of Aunt Jane's persuasion and a man of the same school: that the woman really believes it all, and the man has by birth, by accident, by mental twist, for reasons of self-interest, talked himself into a creed which he does not hold at heart, so far as he has power of self-examination. Mr. Pontifex had lost that power, I believe.

They lived in a villa overlooking the common. Mrs. Pontifex liked the situation principally because it enabled her to watch the "Sabbath-breakers," viz., the people who walked on Sunday afternoon, and the unthinking sinners who strolled arm-in-arm upon the breezy common on summer evenings. The villa had formerly possessed a certain beauty of its own, being covered over with creepers; but Mrs. Pontifex removed them all, and it now stood in naked ugliness, square and flat-roofed. There was a garden in front, of rigid and austere appearance, planted with the less showy shrubs, and never allowed to put on the holiday garb of summer flowers. Within, the house was like a place of tombs, so cold, so full of monumental mahogany, so bristling with chairs of little ease.

To our great joy, Mrs. Pontifex was out. Her husband, the servant said, with a little hesitation, was at home.

"Then we will go in," said Celia. "Where is he, Anne?"

"Well, miss," she said, in apology, "at present master's in the front-kitchen."

In fact, there we found the unhappy Mr. Pontifex. He was standing at the table, with a most gloomy expression on his severe features. Before him stood a half-cut, cold, boiled leg of mutton. He had a knife in one hand and a piece of bread in another.

"This is all," he said, sorrowfully, "that I shall get to-day. Mrs. Pontifex said that there was to be no dinner. She has gone to a Dorcas meeting.—No, thank you, Anne, I cannot eat any more—ahem!—any more boiled mutton. The human palate—alas! that we poor mortals should think of such things—does not accept boiled mutton with pleasure. But what is man that he should turn away from his food?—A single glass of beer, if you please, Anne."

"Do have another slice of mutton, sir," said the servant, in sympathizing tones.

"No, Anne"—there was an infinite sadness in his voice. "No, I thank you."

"There's some cold roly-poly in the cupboard, sir. Try a bit of that."

She brought it out. It was a piece of the inner portion, that part which contains most jam.

Mr. Pontifex shook his head in deep despondency.

"That is not for ME, Anne," he said; "I always have to eat the ends."

"Then why do you stand it?" I said. "You are a man, and ought to be master in your own house."

"You think so, Johnny?" he replied. "You are young. You are not, again, like St. Peter—ahem!—a married man. Let us go up-stairs."

He led us into his study, which was a large room, decorated with an immense number of pictures. The house, indeed, was full of pictures, newly arrived, the collection of a brother, lately deceased, of the Rev. John Pontifex. I am not learned in paintings, but I am pretty sure that the collection on the walls were copies as flagrant as anything ever put up at Christy's. But Mr. Pontifex thought differently.

"You have not yet seen my picture-gallery, Johnny," he said. "The collection was once the property of my brother, the Rev. Joseph Pontifex, now—alas!—in the bosom of Abraham. He was formerly my coadjutor when I was in sole charge at Dillmington. It was commonly said by the Puseyites at the time that there was a Thief in the Pulpit and a Liar in the Reading-Desk. So great—ahem!—was our pulpit-power that it drew forth these Fearful denunciations. I rejoice to say that I was the—ahem!—the Liar!"

It was hard to see where the rejoicing ought properly to come in. But no doubt he knew.

"They are beautiful pictures, some of them," said Celia, kindly.

Mr. Pontifex took a walking-stick, and began to go round like a long-necked, very solemn showman at a circus.

"These are 'Nymphs about—ahem—to bathe.' A masterpiece by Carracci. The laughter of those young persons has probably long since been turned into mourning.

"'The Death of St. Chrysostom,' supposed to be by Leonardo Da Vinci. The Puseyites go to Chrysostom as to a father. Well; they may go to the muddy streams, if they please. I go to the pure—the pure Fountain, Johnny.

"'Pope Leo X.,' by one Dosso Dossi, of whom, I confess, I had never heard. I suppose that there are more popes than any other class of persons now in misery."

He shook his head, as he said this, with a smile of peculiar satisfaction, and went on to the next picture.

"A soldier, by Wouverman; on a white horse. Probably the original of this portrait was in his day an extremely profligate person. But he has long since gone to his long—no doubt his very long—account.

"That is 'The Daughter of Herodias dancing.' I have always considered dancing a most immoral

pastime, and in the days of my youth found it so, I regret to say.

"'The Mission of Xavier.' He was, alas! a Papist, and is now, I believe, what they are pleased to call a saint. In other respects, he was, perhaps, a good man, as goodness shows to the world. That is, a poor gilded exterior, hiding corruption. How different from our good Bishop Heber, the author of that sweet miss-i-o-na-ry poem which we all know by heart, and can never forget:

'From Greenland's icy mountains—  
From Greenland's icy mountains—  
From Greenland's—ahem!—icy—'

—but my memory fails me. That is, perhaps, the result of an imperfect meal."

"Sit down, my dear uncle," said Celia. "You must be fatigued. What was Aunt Jane thinking of to have no dinner?"

"Your great-aunt, Celia," said Mr. Pontifex, with a very long sigh, "is a woman of—ve-ry—remarkable Christian graces and virtues. She excels in what I may call the—the—ahem!—the very rare art of compelling others to go along with her. Today we fast, and to-morrow we may be called upon to subdue the natural man in some other, perhaps—at least I hope—in a less trying method." We both laughed, but Mr. Pontifex shook his head. "Let me point out one or two more pictures of my collection," he said. "There are nearly one thousand altogether, collected by my brother Joseph, who resided in Rome, the very heart of the Papacy—you never knew Joseph, Celia—during the last ten years of his life. That landscape, the trees of which, I confess, appear to me unlike any trees with which I am personally acquainted—is by Salvator Rosa; that Madonna and Child—whom the Papists ignorantly worship—is by Sassoferrato; that group" (it was a sprawling mass of intertwined limbs) "is by Michael Angelo, the celebrated master; the waterfall which you are admiring, Celia, is a Ruysdael, and supposed to be priceless; the pig—alas! that men should waste their talents in delineating such animals—is by Teniers; the cow by Berghem; that—ahem!—that infamous female" (it was a wood-nymph, and a bad copy) "is a Rubens. The Latin *rubeo* or *rubescio* is—unless my memory again fails me—to blush. Rightly is that painter so named. No doubt he has long since—but I refrain."

"Do you think, Celia," I asked on the way home, "that Mr. Pontifex dwells with pleasure in the imagination of the things which are always on his lips?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A LOOK INTO THE GRAVE.

I LOOK, through tears, into the dust to find  
What manner of rest man's only rest may be.  
The darkness rises up and smites me blind.  
The darkness—is there nothing more to see?

Oh, after flood, and fire, and famine, and  
The hollow watches we are made to keep,  
In our forced marches over sea and land—  
I wish we had a sweeter place to sleep!

## CHRISTMAS IN WALES.

THE Christmas season in the land of Arthur and Merlin is a season of such earnest and widespread cordiality, such warm enthusiasm, such hearty congratulations between man and man, that I have been nowhere equally impressed with the geniality and joyousness of the time. In some Catholic countries one sees more merriment on the day itself; indeed, the day itself is not especially merry in Wales, at least in its out-door aspects. It is the season rather than the day which is merry in Wales; and the season is a much longer one than with us in America. The festival is usually understood, throughout Christendom, to include twelve days, but the Welsh people not only make much of the twelve days, but they extend the peculiar festivities of the season far beyond those limits. Christmas has fairly begun in Wales a week or two before Christmas-day. The waits were patrolling the streets of Cardiff last year as early as December 5th, and Christmas festivals were held as early as December 19th, at which Christmas-trees were displayed, and their boughs denuded of the toys, and trinkets, and lollipops, in which the juvenile heart delighteth. After Christmas-day the festival continues I know not just how long, but apparently for weeks.

The characteristic diversions of the Christmas season are, in the main, alike in all Christian countries. In Wales many curious old customs are retained which in other parts of Great Britain have disappeared, such as the mummers, the waits, carols, bell-ringers, etc. Not only do the bell-ringers of the several churches throughout the principality do their handsomest on their own particular bells, but there are grand gatherings at special points of all the bell-ringers for leagues around, who vie with each other in showing what feats they can perform, how they can astonish you with their majors, bob-majors, and triple bob-majors, on the brazen clangers of the steeples. At Cowbridge last Christmas thirty-five ringers came together from Aberdare, Penarth, St. Fagans, Llantrisant, Llanblethian, and other still more unpronounceable places, and, after they had rung till the air above the town was black with flying clefs and quavers from the steeples, they all sat down to a jolly Christmas-dinner at the Bear. The bands of waits, or "pipers of the watch," who wake the echoes of the early morning with their carols, are heard in every Welsh town and village. In some towns there are several bands, and much good-natured rivalry. The universal love of music among the Welsh saves the waits from degenerating into the woe-begone creatures they are in some parts of England, where the custom has that poor degree of life which can be kept in it by shivering clusters of bawling beggars who cannot sing. Regularly organized and trained choirs of Welshmen perambulate the Cambrian country, chanting carols at Christmas-tide, and bands of musicians play who, in many cases, would not discredit the finest military orches-

tras. Carols are sung in both Welsh and English; and, generally, the waits are popular. If their music is not good, they are not tolerated; irate gentlemen attack them savagely, and drive them off. Not exactly that boot-jacks and empty bottles are thrown at them, but they are excoriated in "letters to the editor," in which strong language is hurled at them as intolerable nuisances, ambulatory disturbers of the nights' quiet, and inflictors of suffering upon the innocent. But such cases are rare. The music is almost invariably good, and the effect of the soft strains of melodiously-warbled Welsh coming dreamily to one's ears through the darkness and distance on a winter morning is sweet and soothing to most ears.

In one aspect the Welsh people may be spoken of as a people whose lives are passed in the indulgence of their love for music and dancing. The air of Wales seems always full of music. In the Christmas season there is an unending succession of concerts and of miscellaneous entertainments, of which music forms a part; while you cannot enter a tap-room where a few are gathered together, without the imminent probability that one or more will break forth in song. By this is not meant a general musical howl, such as is apt to be evoked from a room full of men of any nationality when very much under the influence of the rosy god; but good set songs, with good Welsh or English words to them, executed with respect for their work by the vocalists, and listened to with a like respect by the rest of the company. When an Englishman is drunk he is belligerent; when a Frenchman is drunk he is amorous; when an Italian is drunk he is loquacious; when a Scotchman is drunk he is argumentative; when a German is drunk he is sleepy; when an American is drunk he brags; and when a Welshman is drunk he sings. Sometimes he dances; but he does not do himself credit as a dancer under these circumstances; for when I speak of dancing I do not refer to those wooden paces and inflections which pass for dancing in society, whether in Europe or America, and which are little more than an amiable pretext for bringing in contact human elements which are slow to mix when planted in chairs about a room: I refer to the individual dancing of men who do not dance for the purpose of touching women's hands, or indulging in small talk, but for the purpose of dancing; and who apply themselves seriously and skillfully to their work—to wit, the scientific performance of the jig.

I chanced to pass one evening, in the Christmas-time, at a country inn in a little Carmarthenshire village remote from railways. Certain wanderings through green lanes (and the lanes were still green, although it was cold, mid-winter weather) had brought me to the place at dusk, and, being weary, I had resolved to rest there for the night. Some local festivity of the season had taken place during the day, which had drawn into the village an unusual number

of farmer-folk from the immediate neighborhood. After a simple dinner off a chop and a half-pint of *cwrw da* (good beer), I strolled into what they called the smoke-room, by way of distinguishing it from the tap-room adjoining. It was a plain little room, with high-backed wooden settles against the wall; indeed, the backs reached nearly up to the ceiling, and gave an old-fashioned air of comfort to the room which no amount of gilding and mirrors could possibly impart. Two or three farmers were sitting there drinking their beer and smoking their pipes, and toasting their trouserless shins before the blazing fire. Presently a Welsh harper with his harp entered from out-doors, and, seating himself in a corner of the room, began to tune his instrument. The room quickly filled up with men and women, and the air was soon reeking with tobacco-smoke and music. No drinks but beer and "pop" were indulged in by the company, save that some of the women drank tea; but Bacchus never saw a more genial company. By my side sat a jovial, collier-looking man, with a shock of tousled hair, who presently struck up in a loud, clear barytone a ringing song, which the harp immediately took up and followed. It was evidently a song all present knew, for they listened to the singer with every manifestation of delight, and when the chorus arrived they joined in with a lusty roar, that made the windows rattle. The singer constantly leaned forward in his seat, swaying his body as he sung, and placed the palm of his huge right hand against and under the edge of the table before him with an awkward gesture, that seemed absolutely essential to his comfort—as if he were holding himself down in his seat thus, in opposition to an instinctive disposition to rise and dance; and, instead of looking at the company, or at the ceiling, he looked at the table where he was holding to it. I complimented him on his singing when his song was done, which seemed to gratify him very much; he offered to sing the song over again, in English, if I would like; he could sing it in either language equally well, he said. But, before I could ask him to begin, some one else was singing—an English song this time—with words like these:

"Thrice welcome, old Christmas, we greet thee again,  
With laughter and innocent mirth in thy train;  
Let joy fill the heart, and shine on the brow,  
While we snatch a sweet kiss 'neath the mistletoe-bough—  
The mistletoe-bough,  
The mistletoe-bough,  
We will snatch a sweet kiss 'neath the mistletoe-bough."

This song, although it was warmly applauded, did not bring out the choral talent of the company to any great extent; it was evidently unfamiliar. But it was quite otherwise with another English song, or at least a song in the English language, sung by the lustiest farmer-lad I ever looked upon—a huge, red-faced, frank-looking boy of eighteen or twenty—with a rousing vigor that was really exciting. This was the chorus, first sung in solo by the farmer-lad:

"La-a-and of the Cymro,  
Dear land of *moi fathurze*,  
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Oi'll be treue—Oi'll be treu-u-ue  
To—the—la-a-ahst!"

And stentorian was the roar of the chorus, men and women together, with a heartiness and an emphasis which no words can possibly exaggerate. It was enough to make a man wish his grandfather had been a Welshman just to hear it.

"You see thot shentleman, sur?" asked my collier neighbor, pointing to a youngish man near. "Well, sur, him and me be shildren o' two sisters—iss, two sisters, sur. I be forty-two an' he be thirty."

The youngish man thus indicated seemed to me a character somewhat out of keeping with his surroundings. I had already been noticing him as a type of Welshman not like the others who filled the room. He was a sternly respectable man in appearance, tall and slim, well-dressed, clean-shaven, wearing a tall hat, under which was a face full of grave refinement; thin lips, firmly pressed together; clear brown eyes; and a manner which forcibly recalled to me a Sunday-school superintendent who flourished in my childhood, and who afterward became a Presbyterian minister. He was a reticent and even a dignified person, was this young Welshman, grave in the extreme, never laughing or indulging in any of the boisterous displays of merriment peculiar to the scene of which he formed a part. A short time before I had addressed him a question, fancying that I might find in him a more intelligent companion than the others; but he had made me no other response than a grave nod of affirmation, and had immediately walked away, so that I had felt my familiarity in a manner rebuked. The truth was, his mind was preoccupied with a certain weighty matter, whose results I was presently to witness. I now observed that this man was engaged in a whispered conversation with the harper; there was much putting of lips to ears, many nods of comprehension and acquiescence; and then he came to my barytone neighbor, and took him aside into a corner. More whispering in ears, more nods, and then a silence fell upon the assembly, as the vocal collier took off his hat and announced that Mr. Jones would dance a jig.

"Who is Mr. Jones?" thought I.

The music struck up—a wild, lilting tune, full of Terpsichorean inspiration—and then, lo! my tall Sunday-school superintendent handed his hat to the vocal collier, and, jumping into the middle of the floor, began to dance like a madman. It was a strange sight. With a face whose grave earnestness relaxed no whit, with firmly compressed lips and a knitted brow, the serious superintendent shuffled and double-shuffled, and swung and teetered, and flailed the floor with his rattling soles, till the perspiration poured in rivulets down his solemn face. The company was greatly moved; enthusiastic ejaculations in Welsh and English were heard; shouts of approbation and encouragement rose through the tobacco-smoke; and still the serious person danced and danced, ending at last with a wonderful pigeon-wing, and taking his seat exhausted, amid a tremendous roar of applause.

He had seated himself next me; but my previous approaches had been so coldly received that I did



not venture to address him again. But he now turned to me, and said, as he gasped for breath :

"'Pon my word, I never tried it beyond two times or more in my life before histerday—never !"

"Are you tired ?" I asked.

"Pw, no !" said he, wiping his face with a red handkerchief. Then, turning full upon me, he grasped my arm with a nervous clutch, and uttered, with the emphasis of a man upon his oath, "Noa, in-DEED !"

Scenes like this are common throughout Wales at the Christmas-time ; and they contrast strangely with the austerities of religious observance which are everywhere proceeding. But there is not so wide a chasm between the two as would exist in our country. The best church-members frequently do not deem a little jollity of this sort a hanging matter, and the clergy of Wales are much less austere than with us. There are ministers who can do a double-shuffle themselves if the worst comes to the worst. A worthy pastor in Glamorganshire related to me, with a suspicious degree of relish, a story about two ministers who were once riding through a certain village of Wales on horseback. One was the Rev. Evan Harris, the other a celebrated old preacher named Shenkin Harry. And, as they rode on, Harris noticed his companion's legs twitching curiously on his horse's sides.

"Why, what ails your leg ?" he asked.

"Don't you hear the harp," was the reply, "in the public-house yonder ? It makes my old toes crazy for a jig."

But the moral tone of Wales is certainly better, on the whole, than that of most countries—decidedly better than that of Great Britain generally. There is, I know, a prevailing impression quite to the contrary ; but it is utterly absurd. It is an impression which has grown, I imagine, out of English injustice to Welshmen in former times, allied to English ignorance in those times concerning this people. Until within the last hundred years, English writers habitually wrote of Wales with contempt and even scurrility. One of the most indecent books I ever came across is an old work in the British Museum describing a tour in Wales, by an author who evidently had never set foot in the country, but who lampooned the people with a coarse and brutal humor, from his garret in Fleet Street, which was no doubt considered "the thing" in his day. In English comic songs we still hear that "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief." At English horse-races, a Webber is a man who disgraces honor, and is stoned off the course. These things and their like are survivals of the old injustice and ignorance. No longer ago than the present year the assertion was made by a writer in the London *Daily Telegraph* that Wales and Scotland are the most immoral of her majesty's dominions. Personal observation and the study of statistics quickly teach the inquirer of the superiority of Wales in moral tone over England—I mean more especially among the middle and lower classes, of course, for among the upper ten thousand the moral tone is much the same everywhere. There are more

teetotalers in little Wales than in all England ; and, while it is doubtless true that the moderate use of light wines and light beer is not incompatible with the highest standards of virtue, it is nevertheless also true that, in countries where spirits and heavy beer are the only popular beverage among the poor, the statistics of teetotalism and of morality will hang together to a nicety. It is beyond dispute that the amount of beer and spirits drunk in Great Britain is enormous—the drunkenness prodigious : some six hundred million dollars a year being thus swallowed, and some two hundred thousand cases of "drunk and disorderly" being brought before the magistrates of England and Wales together, forty thousand of whom are women. But the strange and painful spectacles which so astonish foreigners in the streets of all large English towns, especially of women, staggering along with tottering legs and idiotic gaze, are very seldom seen in Wales. In England they are common.

The Welsh are more decent in their cups : this is itself something on the side of morality. The number of gin-palaces in Wales is small. Beer-houses are numerous, especially in the large towns, where the native Welsh are less predominant than in smaller places ; but they are not so numerous as in Glasgow or Manchester. There is a drinking-saloon for every tenth house in Glasgow. In no town of Wales where the Welsh people are in a majority would an average one-tenth as high as this be found. More often seen in Wales than elsewhere are empty jails and spotless criminal calendars, maiden assizes, and judges with white "kids"—for it is customary, when there are no cases for trial, for the sheriff to present the judge with a pair of white gloves. In some Welsh counties the number of jailers is habitually greater than the number of prisoners to be tried. If the state of crime is an index to the state of morals in a community, and this is not denied, facts like these speak volumes. And where but in Wales is there a class of working-men, on the collier plane of existence, among whom would have been probable a story like that of the entombed colliers in the Troedriw mine last summer ? Rough, grimy fellows, belonging to a class which all over the world is credited with the worst traits of the worst classes, these Welsh colliers sang psalms and hymns to cheer their loneliness at intervals during their ten days' imprisonment in the bowels of the earth. The boy who was one of their number repeated some verses he was learning for recitation at a coming Sunday-school anniversary. Thomas Morgan's party, finding themselves suddenly and mysteriously left on dry ground by the receding of the flood about them, knelt in the darkness, and burst forth singing, in Welsh, the hymn :

"In the deep and mighty waters,  
No one there can hold my head  
But my only Saviour Jesus,  
Who was slaughtered in my stead."

There is no pretense that these men were saints, Uncle Toms—they were just samples of their class in Wales. I have never been more thrilled by a



small thing than when I saw Isaac Pride step forward on the platform at Pontypridd last summer, at the distribution of prizes to the rescuers by London's lord-mayor, and solemnly hold up before the audience his square pick. He was dirty and coal-begrimed, in his coarse mining-garments, but he stood up before a brilliant and aristocratic assemblage—on a platform where behind him were gathered lords, Sir Knights, and members of Parliament—and raised his pick before his face as an old crusader might have raised his sword, in reverent symbolization of the cross.

No one can live in Wales and not form the opinion that the Welsh are, in truth, an exceptionally moral people; and the nature of their public entertainments throughout the Christmas-time enforces this conclusion. Stendhal's declaration that, in true Biblical countries, religion spoils one day out of seven, destroys the seventh part of possible happiness, would find strong illustration in Wales. It is not my purpose to argue whether the illustration would prove or disprove Stendhal's assertion, though one might fairly ask whether religious people are not, perhaps, as happy in going to church on Sunday as irreligious people are in staying away. Christmas-day in Wales resembles Sunday much more closely than it does with us in America. The railways and omnibuses run only as on Sunday, i. e., very seldom; there are no express-trains to whirl you up to London—only a crawling local train or two, for the accommodation of neighborhood folk. There are church services, not merely in the morning; you may go to church three times a day if you like at the cathedral. Bars and tap-rooms are closed as on Sundays—i. e., they are only permitted to be open from noon till half-past two, and from six till ten in the evening. The theatre and the circus are not allowed to open their doors day nor evening, and the lover of the drama, human or equine, cannot indulge his worldly passion. In short, that amount of toleration which is reluctantly given to the devil in Wales on ordinary days of the year is sternly withdrawn on Christmas-day.

But let it not be supposed that there is any lack of amusement for people who are willing to be amused in a God-fearing manner. Although you cannot go to the theatre or the circus, you can have a wide liberty of choice among oratorios, concerts, examinations, exhibitions, *eisteddfodau*, and other odd diversions. Concerts especially thrive. The halls in which they are held are decorated with evergreens, and the familiar custom is endowed with a new and special interest by the fact that in Wales it is associated with the ancient Druids, who inhabited this ground before England was, and who viewed the green twigs as the symbols of perennial life. Thus a peculiar poetic grace rests with a custom beautiful in itself, and capable in any land of being poetized by any one poetically inclined, but in Wales habitually and commonly associated with the Druids, whose ancient stone circles and altars are seen in many neighborhoods. A Welsh concert, too, will not infrequently prove to be a far more impressive

thing than a mere entertainment furnished forth by hired singers and instrumentalists. It often happens that the whole audience will break out in chorus, singing in a way to make the rafters hum. And fancy what such a chorus may chance to be when it is possible the audience may be numbered in thousands, and every man, woman, and child of it able to sing! Some of the halls in which concerts and *eisteddfods* are held are really enormous; the hall at Carnarvon will accommodate eight thousand people. In Aberdare, last Christmas, nearly four thousand persons paid for admission to hear the oratorio of "Samson" in the old hall whence Caradoc's famous musical squadron marched on London; and I was assured that nine-tenths of this vast audience were Welsh working-men, with their wives and sweethearts. And they could all sing, too, after a fashion. I was at a concert in Pontypridd, a few days later, where a Mr. Tom Williams sung to the harp the Welsh national anthem, "Hen wlad fy nhadau" ("My Ancient Fatherland"), and the whole audience joined in the chorus like one man. The author of the anthem, a venerable Welshman of Pontypridd, was at the concert, and sang with the rest, so my neighbor told me. He was a very enthusiastic person, by-the-way, my neighbor; a dry, sawn, dark-haired Cymro of fifty, who, in spite of my repeated assurances that I could not understand him, persisted in dropping into Welsh in a friendly way in his remarks to me. But he was so absorbed in his enthusiasms that I suspect his remarks, while addressed ostensibly to me, partook largely of the nature of rhapsody, and were addressed to the gods, or his inner consciousness. He did not seem at all surprised when, as we parted, I ludicrously answered his "Nos da" with "Bonsoir."

On Christmas-day many of those unique gatherings called *eisteddfodau* are held in different parts of the principality, when poetry, music, and essays, in Welsh and in English, are put forth by the strivers, in these Olympian games of intellect and culture, after the prizes which in Hellas would have given them crowns of olive-leaves instead of gold-coins of the realm. When Pindar and Sophocles handed in poems, and Herodotus competed among the essayists, and Phidias and Praxiteles among the cutters of stone, there was no Christmas, but there were *eisteddfodau* here in Wales; ay, and before that, for Herodotus has himself spoken of the British bards who held them. A smaller sort of *eisteddfod*—the infant, so to speak, or bud of the full-grown, full-blown thing—also lifts its voice on the evening air of Christmas for our entertainment, if poetry, essay, song, and recitation, will entertain us. It is possible we may be too *blasé*, or our tastes too exotic, for all this. Then we have naught to do but go to our beds and dream of the coarser joys of boxing-night.

But in the family circle, the rules which regulate the Sabbath in Wales—which are almost as repressive as those of bonnie Scotland, where, by-the-way, Christmas-day is scarcely observed at all—these stern rules are relaxed, and the aspect of the home is as bright as can be. The rooms are elaborately deco-

rated with flowers and evergreens, holly and ivy, ferns and rare plants. In Glamorganshire, and other of the southern counties looking on the sea, roses and hawthorn-sprays may be sometimes seen in full bloom out-of-doors at Christmas. The grass and leaves are green and plentiful in fields and garden-parks the whole year round. Indeed, so rare is a cold snap at Christmas that its arrival is looked upon quite in the light of a luxury; nothing so serves to intensify the happiness around the hearthstone as the knowledge that the weather out-doors is bleak. People congratulate each other on it. "Fine, seasonable weather," they say, ruddy with satisfaction over the fact, parting their coat-tails before or holding out their hands to the flaming coal-fire which leaps and dances in the grate.

The Welsh poor are really in clover at the Christmas-time. They are never neglected then, no matter what their lot at other seasons. The out-door poor of every parish are visited with the baskets of benefaction in the hands of the well-to-do. A species of festivity, arbitrarily termed a "tea and treat," at which all poor people may come and sit down who will, is spread in Wesleyan chapels and like places. The Wesleyans do not adorn their places of worship with flowers and evergreens, but they spread these tables for the poor with most liberal hand. Whatever meats are left over, after all have eaten who will, are given in baskets to those who ask for them. There is no distinction made in the matter of religion—enough that you are hungry; it is the Christmas-day: eat and be filled. So, seven hundred people ate a Christmas-dinner—for such it was—at the Wesleyan chapel near my home in Cardiff last Christmas. In the mining town of Merthyr Tydfil they give a Christmas-dinner to the poor, which is perhaps the best patronized in Wales. For seventeen years past, the rector of Merthyr tells me, they have never dined fewer than two thousand people at their Christmas-table.

But nowhere are we more jolly than in the infirmaries and the workhouses. You should but see us there! If Christmas is a merry day nowhere else in the wide world, be sure it will be merry in a Welsh workhouse. For then are our bare walls hung thick with the holly and the hawthorn, with cedar and with ivy, with ferns and with flowers, nor is the mistletoe forgotten in its appropriate place, handy to be kissed under. Wherever else that old custom of kissing under the mistletoe may have gone out—and I hear it is going out everywhere among quality-folk—it is not gone out among the Welsh poor, whether paupers or independents. And at one o'clock, in the poor-house, we sit down to the one luxurious feast of the year—our jolly Christmas-dinner—where there be soups of a savoriness to put an appetite under the ribs of death, and joints of a size and a fragrance to stir a fever in the blood of age, not to speak of steaming plum-puddings that would warm the cockles of a mummy's heart, and good old ale that would soften the bosom of a Bashi-Bazouk. Then, after dinner, well—fun is no word for it! The pauper who plays the harp is installed in state, and the pauper who

plays the fiddle is established by his side, and they are allowed to display their gifts; and the afternoon and evening are passed in dancing and in singing songs and choruses. The pauper who writes poetry (are we not in the land of the bards?) now comes out strong. His name, surprising to relate, is Jones; and his lines, or some of them, are these, sung to the tune of "The Banks of Dee":

"What joy in Wales when Christmas is comin',  
Roast-beef and plum-puddin' in plenty is there;  
The girls are a-singin' and old folks rejoicin',  
For the guard'ns have taken their burden o' care!  
Thousan's o' gold an' silver in coffer,  
An' copper 'out number there be in the land;  
Lon'on she boasts o' her banks an' her money,  
Forgettin' the poor that lives by the Strand.

## CHORUS.

Oh! if every union, all through the kingdom,  
Would give such a welcome as Cardiff do give:  
Roast-beef an' plum-puddin', cake and tea for old women:  
Now we're rejoicin'—sing 'God save the Queen!'"

A little lame in the matter of sequence, but pauper-poetry is not to be viewed with the stern eyes of *yr eisteddfod*. What abundance reigns at one of these pauper-dinners you may guess when I mention that for the dinner at Merthyr workhouse last Christmas were provided four hundred pounds of beef, four hundred pounds of potatoes, eighteen plum-puddings, weighing over five hundred pounds, and so on, besides ale, tobacco, pipes, and snuff galore. Judging only by our glimpse of it to-day, we should imagine life in a Welsh workhouse to be anything but the gloomy existence one usually associates with such institutions. However, the life is no more popular here than in other parts of Great Britain and the United States; where, as we know, men and women will generally go very close to starvation ere they will accept the workhouse shelter. Partly this is due to the hatred of discipline, the love of one's freedom, but largely, also, it is due to a decent pride, a manly self-respect. Though the workhouse may be fairly full at the Christmas season, in summer you will find it nearly empty of all except cripples and idiots.

The British boxing-night is well known. It exists in Wales, of course, but the truth is, the theatre-going class in Wales is extremely limited. The theatre fills no place at all in the life of the better classes. Society knows it not; the vast majority of the religionists taboo it; its regular patrons are the lower orders. There are, of course, individuals who form the exception to the rule, who, while belonging to society or to the church, still have a taste for this sort of amusement, and seek to gratify it occasionally. They are generally sorry they went, for the performance is seldom good. It could hardly be expected to be good with the feeble support it receives from the public. There are but four towns in Wales which have any place they call a theatre—Cardiff, Swansea, Newport, and Brecon—all in South Wales, it will be noticed. North Wales has none, nor even a "music-hall," a place of entertainment like that which we call a "variety theatre" in America, except that drinking and smoking go on in the auditorium. Nevertheless, the Christmas pantomimes on boxing-

night (December 26th) are full of ingenious features, in which local peculiarities are often brought out; and the theatres are packed on this night, if on no other of the year, to witness the delights of a piece with some such portentous name as "Jack and Jill," "Harlequin Robin Hood," "The Pretty Prince," "The Happy King and the Fairies of the Gold and Silver Dell." A Christmas pantomime without a long name would be looked upon as just no pantomime at all. And, correctly speaking, the British thing is *not* a pantomime at all, be its name what it may: for a pantomime, as we understand it in America, and as it is understood in France, whence it came hither, is a play in dumb-show, of course. But the British diversion called a pantomime is, in fact, a burlesque, with songs, jigs, and doggerel dialogue throughout two-thirds of it, and a harlequinade of a sort so coarse that it is frankly termed a "spill and pelt," for the closing third, in which the clown keeps up an incessant chattering. Of course, this is not pantomime, but English opinion would no doubt hold that a pantomime is anything an Englishman chooses to call such—for surely the English may be permitted to know their own language best? This logic has been so severely turned against our Americanisms in speech, that I guess it is as fair to say a clever man is smart as that a noisy burlesque is a pantomime. There is a marked catering, in the doggerel of the first part, to the tastes of the working-classes. This is natural, as the house is filled with working-men and servants. They not only occupy the gallery and the pit—for the pit is an institution which still holds its own in Welsh theatres, precisely as it did fifty years ago—but they also fill the boxes and the dress-circle. As I have said, society never goes to the theatre in Wales, so that the dress-circle is rather a misnomer. Generally it is empty, or has a few young men about town lounging in it in lonely fashion. On boxing-night it is occupied by the lower orders. The pit takes up the space which in London theatres is sacred to the orchestra-stalls—i. e., the best seats in the house. In London theatres there is a sort of pit, but it is behind the velvet field of the luxurious orchestra-stalls, at the back of the theatre, under the overhanging balcony, and almost in darkness. The Welsh pit is more primitive, and its presence is one great bar to the prosperity of the drama in Wales, where it will never flourish until this relic of a past age is moved back out of sight of the fastidious.

But there are no fastidious here to-night. The audience is made up not merely of working men and women, but of the roughest sort of these—the sort who do not care so much for *eisteddfodau* and oratorios, concerts and lectures, as they do for a couplet from the bright-red lips of a stage fairy in pink tights and a yellow wig.

"Times may be bad now, but I 'ope they will mend,  
And the year that's to come prove the working-man's friend!"

utters the fairy, and then the wicked baron, *Grumblegriffen*, asks for a sign of the same; whereupon the fairy waves her silver wand and discloses a scene

of "Landore as it ought to be"—nothing more nor less than a representation of Landore steel-works, with the ruddy light of the forge glowing through its windows, clouds of smoke rolling from its tall chimneys, and sounds of the clang of hammers and the rattle of machinery coming from behind scenes. What roars of enthusiasm greet this, at the hands of working-men who know that Landore works are closed on account of dull times, it were idle to tell.

If society goes out at all on boxing-night in Wales, it goes to a full-dress concert, with artists of a high order, and all that delightful, dressy, floral, perfumed flutter which in London centres about the opera. A full-dress concert is indeed the highest public expression of the upper-ten's existence that is seen in Christmas-time outside the churches. Usually, it is on behalf of some charity, or military organization, and is patronized quite as much on that account as because of the merit of the performance—though among the artists may be some of the most celebrated in Europe—Santley, Sims Reeves, or the like. The lamented Titiens was long a special favorite in Wales. The centre of the hall was set apart as the "reserved full-dress circle" at such a concert I once attended in the little town of Cowbridge. The hall was a rustic assembly-room—the smallest of town-halls—a dozen single gas-jets served to light it; but it was large enough for the town—the queer, quaint, little old town of Cowbridge—and the "full-dress circle" thereof contained aristocrats of the bluest blood, the most high-toned noses, the most delightful manners, who could trace their lineage straight back to William the Conqueror's Norman knights. Save on some such occasion as this, the gentlefolk in Wales amuse themselves very little in the public eye. They have their fox-hunting, of course—an amusement which usually draws many spectators during the Christmas holidays to witness the meet. In Carmarthen they have an annual Christmas custom of leading the Maesgwynne hounds into the Guildhall Square, whence a run is made. But usually the gentry find their Christmas amusements at home, and what grand and beautiful homes some of them are! The most magnificent banquet I ever attended was a private dinner in a certain Welsh castle that shall here be nameless; and I have not only some of the most elegant dinners of London and Paris to compare it with, but also a Chicago game-dinner of fifty dishes to which I once sat down; and comparison can no further go. The Welsh dinner distanced them all: it was an expression of the limit of civilization in this direction—a dinner not merely provided by vast wealth, quite careless of cost, but adorned with luxurious piles of the rarest exotics grown in my host's conservatory, and including pheasants shot on the estate, and great pine-apples, oranges, peaches, the most luscious grapes, fruit of the rarest perfection and in profuse abundance, all reared in the hot-houses belonging to the castle, and served by men whose ancestors had been servants under the same roof.

I have not dwelt on the church features of the Welsh Christmas, because they are mainly as at

home. It is true, there is in them more earnestness and enthusiasm; the decorations of the established church edifices, and especially of the cathedrals, are more extensive, expensive, and elaborate; and there are more frequent services, not only on Christmas-day, but throughout the season. It is a sight to behold, the preparations for and the work of decorating a vast pile of ecclesiastical buildings like Llandaff Cathedral—the huge quantities of evergreens and holly, flowers, cedars, etc., which are day by day accumulated by the ladies who have the business in charge; and the slow, continual growth of forms of grace—arches, crosses, wreaths, festoons; green coverings to font, altar, pulpit, choir-stalls, pillars, reredos, and rood-screen; panels faced with scarlet cloth bearing sacred devices worked in evergreen; the very window-sills glowing with banks of color—until all the wide spaces in chancel, nave, and transepts, are adorned. In some instances, apples and other hardy fruits are freely used in the decorations. Within the past year or two the custom of having midnight services and bell-rings in the closing hours

of the old year has come in vogue; and an ancient Welsh carol called "*Mae'r flydyddyn yn marw*" ("*The Old Year is dying*") has been revived:

"The old year is dying fast, dying away,  
A dull, cloudy sunset has closed its last day;  
The night-winds are sighing, the last hour is fled;  
The bells are all tolling—the old year is dead!"

A custom prevailing in Pembrokeshire on New-Year's-morning is quaint and interesting. As soon as it is light children of the peasantry hasten to provide a small cup of pure spring-water, just from the well, and go about sprinkling the faces of those they meet, with the aid of a sprig of evergreen. At the same time they sing the following verses:

"Here we bring new water from the well so clear,  
For to worship God with, this happy new year;  
Sing levy dew, sing levy dew, the water and the wine,  
With seven bright gold wires, and bugles that do shine;  
Sing reign of fair maid, with gold upon her toe;  
Open you the west door and turn the old year go;  
Sing reign of fair maid, with gold upon her chin;  
Open you the east door and let the new year in!"

## LOST ON AN ICELAND MOOR.

### I.

#### THROUGH WASTE PLACES.

REMOTE and barren as it is, Iceland has *one* rare merit—that of coinciding, to some extent at least, with one's preconceived impressions of it: for, as a rule, traveling, like history, may be defined as the science which measures the extent to which two men can differ from each other, and both from the truth. To most men, the name of China conjures up a phantasmagoria of tea, chopsticks, pigtailed, ivory carvings, wholesale beheading, and a diet alternating between birds'-nest and fricasseed dog. That of India suggests a dim vision of gorgeous cities, all palaces and pagodas, through which glittering processions—consisting chiefly of white elephants mounted by rajahs peppered with diamonds—pass and re-pass all day long. That of Russia brings with it a confused jumble of snow, forests, wolves, boundless steppes, log-huts, sheepskin frocks, flogging to death, an omniscient police, a constant trotting off of innocent men to Siberia, and a passionate but abnormal love of eating candles; while that of Orkney, Shetland, or Faroe, conveys only a vague outline of "black crags and lashing waves," in the foreground of which appears a fantastically-attired man, indulging in an apparently aimless seesaw at the end of a rope, midway down a precipice of six hundred feet, with one eagle staring vacantly in his face in front, and another picking the buttons off his coat behind.

But our first sight of Iceland, looming spectrally through a shroud of rising mist, fully bears out the impression of grim and lonely desolation which its name seems instinctively to call up. Not till three in the afternoon do the dark pyramids of the moun-

tains begin to define themselves through the breaking clouds, and the whole panorama arrays itself before us in all its rugged grandeur. But here, instead of the huge, rounded bluffs of Faroe, are sharp, serrated ridges, following each other all along the horizon like lashing waves; and upon their broad slopes the snow lies deep and wide, and the sea breaks at their feet in unrelenting spray; the clouds roll off them like the smoke of a battle, and the leaden sky stoops sullenly over them from above—a picture of unmatched desolation.

And as we approach the mouth of Berufjord (our first halting-place, Reykjavik<sup>1</sup> itself being the second) the universal dreariness of the landscape increases a hundred-fold. In the calmest and brightest weather there is always something hard and stern about the far North; but when seen, as now, beneath the rolling clouds of a stormy evening, its grimness becomes overwhelming. Not a tree, not a shrub, to soften the bare, bleak sides of innumerable mountains, heaving up their rocky slopes against the cold, gray sky; not a sheep nor a cow on the few patches of grass that linger in the clefts of this great sepulchre of Nature. The only living things in the dreary panorama are the seals which trail themselves heavily over the low, black reefs which guard the entrance of the fjord. Gray sky above, gray sea below; a vast, colorless desolation; an immense, crushing silence; a sense of remoteness from the living world—of being shut in by a region where man comes only as an intruder, venturing rashly under the destroying might of Nature's tremendous inaction. Amid such surroundings, one can well

<sup>1</sup> The capital of the island. Its name means literally "bay of smoke."



understand the feeling which prompted the ancient Norsemen, whose whole life was one battle with the destructive forces of the iron region in which they lived, to choose as the symbols of their creed the flaming sword of Surtur, and the rock-reading hammer of Thor.

Nor does the "town" of Djupavogd, when we at length come in sight of it, lessen one whit the prevailing sense of desolation. On the inner side of a long, low, crescent-shaped promontory, which thrusts itself out to meet us, half a dozen tiny log-huts, with tarred walls and white window-frames, nestle under the lee of a huge black rock, looking themselves like detached fragments of it; and the sight of this little outpost of human life in these tremendous solitudes, connected with the world of men only by a precarious post once in two months,<sup>1</sup> makes our sense of utter isolation more overpowering than ever.

And yet, perhaps, this little Rip Van Winkle of a settlement is not altogether to be pitted on account of its seclusion; for many are the troubles which it thus escapes. No suicidal amateur-climbers to scale its precipices, no statisticians to note down the annual number of stockings knitted, and of fish caught; no omniscient guide-book to devote half a page of its "valuable space" to abusing the population, and giving a wrong idea of the country; no autocratic newspapers to teach their government how to rule, their church how to pray, their bulldogs how to "tackle" imaginary dwarfs, and their grandmothers how to suck eggs. Like an oasis in the desert, the little colony and its people lie apart from the surrounding whirl of life, in a far-off sanctuary of repose.

The next day is one continued down-pour of rain. Who does not know the accumulated miseries of a wet day at sea in an overcrowded steamer? You manfully resolve to stick to the deck, and stand like a heron in a pool, with your feet benumbed, and your hair plastered over your face, and the rain trickling down the back of your neck; while the sailors, safe in their tarpaulin-of-proof, scan you with a quiet, scientific contempt, evidently watching for the moment when you shall have had enough of it. You retreat at length to the cabin, and find it one museum of groans and misery, with some new and curious specimen of human suffering on every shelf. You look in vain for a place to sit down, or even to stand. At every turn you trip over a port-manteau, or bring your "funny-bone" neatly against the corner of a table—or come flop, like an embodied nightmare, on the chest of some prostrate passenger, or are knocked down yourself by the rocket-like advent of a hasty steward.

But all our troubles are forgotten when we are awakened by a blaze of cloudless sunlight (having slipped unconsciously during the hours of darkness

past the dreary Westmann Isles<sup>1</sup>) to behold a long, low, black line of coast, with here and there a huge *aiguille* standing gauntly up against the bright morning sky, very much as if some giant schoolboy, while doing his best to draw a straight line, had had his elbow jogged every now and then by some mischievous comrade, sending him up into constant zig-zags and sharp angles. Behind us, again, far out in the lonely sea, rises a huge, pillar-like mass of grayish-white, the very model—unromantic as it may sound—of an enormous Stilton cheese sticking up from the depths of the ocean! This is the famous "Meal-sack," the most inaccessible of the Fuglasker Isles, where generations of sea-birds have lived in peace, undisturbed by the hand of man; and all around it the sea lies smooth, and clear, and sparkling, broken only by the distant jet of water spouted up by some frolicsome whale. And, far away upon the western sky, the Snaefells Jökull looms like a great, white inkstand—the mouth being formed by the depression of the crater, on the brink of which the traveler of the future will probably descry, in bold relief against the snowy surface, a tall obelisk of black obsidian, erected by the grateful Icelanders, and bearing a gilt-lettered inscription to the following effect:

"Erected in tribute to the heroism of M. Jules Verne's illustrious friend, Professor Otto Liedenbrock, of Hamburg, who, with his nephew Axel and his guide Hans Bjelke, began from this point his Journey to the Centre of the Earth,<sup>2</sup> on the 29th June, 1863."

But, despite the brightness and clearness of the morning, the landscape is still as desolate as ever. Here the coast rises into steep, craggy hills, flecked with snow, and broken ever and anon by wide, barren valleys; there it falls away into dreary flats, grim with lava-dust, beyond which the distant mountains loom out, blue and ghastly, over acres of dark bog, in ominous warning of what we may expect on our inland journey. Cape Reykjaness itself, crowned with the black, jagged turret of the Kerl Rock, is of a piece with all the rest; and the impression yields only when we find ourselves at last in the sheltered roadstead of Reykjavik, with its two little islets acting as breakwaters, and the great mountain-wall of Esja blotting the northwestern sky like a thundercloud; while right in front of us, running like dominoes over the only level ground in sight, lie the little timber shanties and mustard-cruet cathedral of the capital of Iceland.

Reykjavik has been described so often and so well that a few words upon it will suffice here. A small plateau, bounded on two sides by sloping hills, while the remaining two are made up by the sea and a tiny lake; a street of log-huts running along the shore, with another drawn parallel to it a little far-

<sup>1</sup> This must be understood only of the summer months; from November till March, the communication ceases altogether.

<sup>2</sup> This dismal archipelago is said by local tradition to have been originally peopled by two runaway Irish serfs, who had "kilt" their master—a curious proof of the antiquity of the practice of landlord-stalking!

<sup>3</sup> As might be expected, a copy of this famous extravaganza holds a prominent place in the public library at Reykjavik.



ther back ; a few offshoots straggling up the surrounding hill-sides ; a hideous yellow church of plank as a centre-point, in the midst of a big, empty green ; a pervading atmosphere of tar and dried fish ; a knot of hay-bearded loafers at every corner, fraternizing with gangs of ill-kept ponies—such is our first impression of the quaint little metropolis, where the streets have neither lamps nor pavements, and the houses neither knockers, bells, nor numbers ; where tailoring is done by women, and hair-dressing not done at all ; where the honest burghers go to bed at ten o'clock, and such a new-fangled invention as an hotel has never been heard of.

In consequence of this last characteristic, we are driven to take up our quarters in the town-hospital, two rooms of which—happily free from infection for the time being—are kindly placed at our disposal. I suggest the town-prison (a neat, white, three-storied building, entirely untenanted *pro tem.*, on one of the surrounding hills) as an amendment ; but to this it is objected that, the jailer being absent on a holiday, there would be no one to wait upon us ; so there is nothing for it but to remain where we are.

Having bestowed what baggage we possess in the two little whitewashed *bicoques* assigned to us, and made a hasty meal of smoked salmon and black puddings fried in sugar, we sally forth to watch the delivery of the letters brought by our steamer—and a rare sight it is. The post-office is a queer little gray booth on one side of the cathedral-green, with a brightly-painted sign-board and letter-box, and a few paper-covered Danish books—including a translation of Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi," and another of the ubiquitous "Robinson Crusoe"—ostentatiously displayed in its two tiny windows ; and here, the moment the mail-bags are seen to go in, assembles such a gathering as any painter might love to copy.

Several ruddy-cheeked boys, with a broad grin on their faces, as if sure of getting what they want ; a thin, gray-haired man in spectacles, bending anxiously forward, as if doubtful what may be in store for him—perhaps longing for some news of an only son, who has gone forth from him to the great world beyond the sea ; two or three burly, yellow-haired tradesmen, drumming impatiently on the counter to hasten the clerks, who are quarrying into the miscellaneous heap of correspondence ; a stout, red-bearded, farmer-like man—probably some up-country "Bonder"—exchanging volleys of broad, native chaff with the jolly postmaster and his aides-de-camp, to whom he appears to be well known ; a trim, bright-eyed lass, in the national head-dress—a coquettish little saucer-shaped cap, with a long, black tassel drooping over the cheek<sup>1</sup>—looking, half shyly, half eagerly, at the diminishing pile of letters, as if expecting a word of remembrance from some strapping "Jan" or "Olaf" who is now serving his time at Copenhagen ; the inevitable English tourist, in a beer-stained suit of plaid, indignant at not being served before every one else ; a dear, old Catholic *curé* from the little chapel on

the hill, with his pale, gentle features framed in a border of snow-white hair ; a dapper little French sailor, who touches his cap respectfully to the old man before diving into the press, and emerges again in a twinkling, laden with crumpled newspapers ; and a mixed multitude of—

"Young lads and stooping elders,  
That wait to see the mail ;  
Matrons with lips that quiver,  
And maids with faces pale."

Meanwhile the perspiring officials, coming to the surface ever and anon, call out name after name, and put letter after letter into the eager hands outstretched from the weltering mass behind the counter ; and the postmaster's little daughter, who, with her pretty pink frock, and her long, golden hair hanging over her shoulders, might pass for Alice in Wonderland, looks on from the farther corner with round, wondering blue eyes.

And now, what next ? We cannot well start at once for the interior, as we would fain do ; for such a round as that which we intend to take—across country to Eyraðbakki, thence up the Hvita to Hec-la itself, and home by way of the Geysers and the plain of Thingvellir<sup>1</sup>—is a matter that necessitates some preparation. Guides have to be selected, horses hired, provisions bought and packed ; and all this, according to the average speed with which business is transacted in Iceland, will probably occupy two days at least ; for even the splendid simplicity of the Icelander's tariff—"charge a German twice as much as a native, and an Englishman or American twice as much as a German"—fails to simplify proportionately its translation into practice.

But breathes there the man with soul so dead as to settle down contentedly, even for two days, into a zoöphyte existence of three meals per diem, and a stroll round the lake or down to the landing-place, while there are miles of country on every side ready to be walked over ? Never ! As my friend Mr. Carlyle has said, in one of his finest translations :

"Keep not standing, fixed and rooted—  
Briskly venture, briskly roam ;  
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,  
And stout heart, are still at home !"

If we can do nothing else, we can at least go and climb Mount Esja, which frowns defiantly against the sky on the farther side of Reykjavik Bay, fifteen miles off ; and, when I suggest doing so, my companion, invalid as he is, valiantly announces his determination to go too, and, "if he can't go the whole way, to go as far as he can."

## II.

### THE DWELLER OF THE THRESHOLD.

THERE are few things which carry one more thoroughly away from the flat, monotonous routine of nineteenth-century travel than a day's journey

<sup>1</sup> The *falldr*, or white, helmet-shaped coif, which one sees in all pictures of Icelandic women, is worn only as a gala-dress.

<sup>1</sup> This is the true spelling of the famous open-air Parliament, which most travelers erroneously write "Thingvalla."

through Iceland; for in this remote region the past has held its ground against the present, and preserved to us, in actual being, all the details which we have hitherto known only from ancient, shadowy traditions. It is with the land of the Vikings as with Syria or Central Asia, where every mile of travel is like the disinterment of a buried city. Still, through the glorious summer day that has no night, men ride over moor and fell, with all their baggage strapped on a pack-horse, just as the sturdy Bonders of East-firth and Westfirth "busked them" for a ride to the national Parliament at Thingvellir nine hundred years ago. Still loom gauntly against the sky those black, jagged lava-ridges, whose gloomy recesses the weird fancy of the Northman peopled with cannibal Trolls, or with outlaws scarcely less ferocious. Still, on the bleak moorlands of the interior, the fogs and rain-squalls by which the sorcerers of olden time worked out their vengeance blot out the hoof-tracks and bewilder the lonely traveler. We cross bridgeless rivers to-day by the same gravelly fords where the old Icelandic pastors heard, mingling with the champing of the fierce current over its grinding pebbles, the ghostly music of the Water-Nix, "the being without a soul."

In a word, the life of this strange region, as it was a thousand years ago, is preserved to us as in a mould. Country and people appear to the traveler of to-day just as they appeared to Flosi and his confederate murderers when they rode forth on that bright, fresh morning which ushered in the blackest deed of Northern story.<sup>1</sup> On green meadow and rocky ridge the little turf-thatched *chalets* crop up like overgrown hillocks, unchanged since the days of Alfred; and the bowl of *skyr* (curds) with which we are regaled there is the same over the constant mention of which our childish lips have watered years ago in legends as old as the Heptarchy. Men kiss each other at meeting; ponies swim across rivers in the wake of the ferry-boat; women wear, at church and festival, the helmet-shaped cap which Thordisa and Hallgerda wore in the days of Charlemagne; whole families sleep in one room, in box-beds fitted close to the wall—every detail, feature by feature, just as it has been described by men who died before the Conquest. For here the far North has preserved the type of a forgotten age as imperishably as its frost preserves the corpses of castaway seamen; and the ninth century clasps hands with the nineteenth upon ground which frost, and fire, and earthquake, and pestilence, have snatched from the busy world forever.

Somewhat after this fashion (if we were not too hungry to think of it) might my comrade and I moralize, when, about two in the afternoon, we crouch for shelter from a sudden squall of rain under the lee of a huge boulder—such a one as might have befitted Sir Walter Scott's Mucklestone Muir—on a wide expanse of bare hill-side, and assail our provisions with the appetite of men who have been on foot ever since sunrise. And, in truth, our morning's

work might have given an appetite to the "most notorious evil liver" that ever returned incurable from India. For six hours, we have been leaping from tussock to tussock across acres of dark-green bog, crashing over wide wastes of ridgy gravel, footing it gingerly along stepping-stones barely visible amid the froth of a swollen torrent, picking our way amid scattered masses of rock that lie strewn as on a battle-ground of giants, and more than once obliged to strip outright, and, with our clothes tied on our heads, to stem the black, foaming rush of one of the countless streams by which the whole country is intersected.

And yet, after all, is not this the most enjoyable form of traveling, with all its troubles? Could the cramping of a stuffy cabin or an overcrowded railway-car give our muscles this elastic spring and our blood this buoyant lightness, which make the mere sense of *living* an enjoyment? Let foreigners laugh at it as they will, there is a pleasure, to men of Anglo-Saxon blood, even in "getting dirty, and wet, and tired, and starved, and all but killed, and calling the same 'taking exercise'"—a pleasure which our great Cambridge poet (himself an athlete of no mean calibre) might celebrate in verse of corresponding swing:

"Over mountains, over moorland, scorning wind, and rain,  
and dirt,  
Nothing with me but a sandwich—nothing *on* me but a shirt:

"There, methinks, would be enjoyment, more than in our  
morning calls,  
In the meerschau, in the novel, in the roll of billiard-balls.

"There the muscles, cramped no longer, shall have scope and  
breathing-space;  
I will do my *five* miles hourly—that's about a decent pace—

"Trammeled not by cumbrous luggage, bearing naught but  
lines and hooks;  
Not, like other tourists, 'wildered over Bradshaw's mystic  
books."

And now up and away again, over ridge after ridge of steep, crumbling turf, till, crowning the last rise, we look down into one of those charming little nooks of green meadow-land which half redeem the savage desolation of Iceland; and in its midst stands a tiny *baer* (farm-house) of the type which has survived here unchanged since Thangbrand preached on the Hill of Law.

A low breastwork of turf all round the premises; an approach between two earthen walls, admitting only one rider at a time; a little log-hut, thatched with turf, usually perched on the brow of a steep knoll, and with small, loop-hole windows: looking at all which details, one begins to understand the desperate fights of the old Sagas—Gunnar's prolonged defense of Hliithend alone against sixteen—the holding of Grettir's hut on the isle of Drangey by himself and his boy-brother, two to a dozen—the difficulty with which Flosi's overwhelming force disposed of Njal's troublesome sons—and many other instances of the kind.

At first sight, an Iceland farm-house looks like three or four dwellings patched together, each com-

<sup>1</sup> See Dr. Dasent's "Saga of Burnt Njal," vol. ii.

partment having a roof of its own ; but, in reality, the proprietor inhabits only the middle shanty, the others being used as storehouses for provisions, harness, fuel, household goods, and what not. The various cells communicate with each other by low, dark catacombs, where the breaking of one's nose or one's shins is almost a matter of course. As a rule, the whole family (and in most cases the servants likewise) sleep in one room, under huge feather quilts, in box-beds, such as one sees in many parts of Scotland. The interior is generally very dark, and anything but clean—a mixture of cellar and kitchen, with a strong dash of the stable—while the furniture consists chiefly of the beds above mentioned, chairs and tables being *articles de luxe*.

At this point my comrade—who, weak as he is from recent illness, has hitherto held his own most gallantly—shows such unequivocal symptoms of giving way, that I put a peremptory veto upon his going any farther.

"You know, old fellow, it's better to turn back while you can than to knock up somewhere where there's nobody to help you. Take what's left of the prog, and get back to the town as sharp as you can ; and tell the people that I'll be home some time tomorrow morning, if I don't break my neck in the mean time."

So, like Christian and Pliable—and amid an equally formidable Slough of Despond—we part company at last, and I am left to pursue my journey alone.

But the first part of it, at least, is nearly over ; for now the dark mass of Mount Esja stands out clear and distinct, within easy reach of the spot where I stand. A few minutes' brisk marching across the level greensward—a smart trot over the dreary waste of black sand, left bare by the ebbing tide which lies beyond it—and I stand at length at the foot of the famous mountain itself.

Into the details of the climb I need not enter ; for one mountain ascent is very much like another. You start with an ostentatiously jaunty step, and a general air of being able to scale Chimborazo or Dhawalagiri, but condescending to this little thing *faute de mieux*. After the lapse of an hour or so the jauntiness of your step is not quite so marked, and you find yourself singling out a rock every now and then as a landmark, to make the way appear shorter. Each in turn, as you single it out, seems to remove itself at once to double its former distance until you reach it, when it suddenly appears as if you had gone no distance at all. About half-way up you begin to conceive an absorbing interest in the scenery below, rendering it absolutely necessary for you to halt every two or three minutes, in order to turn round and look at it. And last of all comes a mood of gloomy and vindictive misanthropy, embracing by degrees yourself, your companions (if any), and the whole race of mankind.

Through all these gradations do I pass successively, long before reaching the top ; but, once fairly on the summit of the huge gray cliff which forms

the brow of the mountain, I find a view awaiting me which is a full compensation.

Right under my feet lies, in all the glory of the setting sun, the charming little green valley which I crossed an hour ago ; while countless torrents, their windings glittering among the dark ridges like a stream of fire, rush down through it into the wide, smooth estuary that ends their course. Eastward, the dreary wilderness of bog and moorland, over which we have been toiling all day, is melting fast into the darkening horizon. Far to the north rises a dark ring of pyramidal mountains, casting shadows of sombre purple upon the crimson sky ; while, on the other side, the picture fades spectrally into a dim waste of lonely sea.

But the risk of being overtaken by nightfall on a strange mountain is, as I know by sore experience, a thing not to be jested with ; and it behooves me to make haste. An acrobatic series of leaps and slides, together with more than one good roll of several feet, brings me to the valley again ; and, crossing it at the best of my speed, I come out upon the waste moorland once more.

But here, to my cost, I head in what I conceive to be the right direction without taking the trouble to examine my bearings ; and it is not till I find myself entering a deep, gloomy gully, of which I have no previous recollection, that I have suspicions of my "organ of locality" having played me false for once. There is nothing for it but to "try back" a little, and attempt to make a "bee-line" down to the sea ; but I have barely marched twenty yards in that direction when I suddenly find myself plunging over ankles in a seemingly boundless hasty-pudding of rich, brown mud, every step in which sounds like the drawing of a cork. Then, for the first time, it begins to strike me that I am lost !

Now, to lose one's way, even in the civilized streets of London or New York, is not exactly the most agreeable thing in the world ; but to lose it at nightfall on a lonely moor, in north latitude 65°, after a hard day's work, without food or covering, and in a country where you may often travel forty miles without seeing a human habitation, might make Democritus himself look serious.

The first thing to be done, of course, is to get out of the bog ; but this is no easy matter. Not till I am bemired from head to foot, and splashed through and through by the brown, gruelly water, do I at length come out upon a patch of firm, springy turf, sloping gently down to the border of a small lake.

By this time it is close upon ten o'clock at night, but in this strange region, where the night brings no darkness with it, every stone along the water's edge, every tuft of grass on the hill-side, are clear as at noon. But the light of this unnatural day is very weird and spectral—neither sunshine, moonlight, nor twilight, but a strange, uncanny mixture of all three ; such a light as might well herald the apparition of the phantoms of northern mythology, with "the stars dim twinkling through their form, and their voice like the sound of a distant stream."

Just at present, however—with nothing to eat,

and no covering save a light water-proof cape—I have other and more prosaic things to think of than the “cloud-borne ghosts” manufactured in such amazing number by Mr. James Macpherson. To go forward at hap-hazard, tired as I am, would only make matters worse, and there is evidently no getting back to Reykjavik to-night. The best thing to do is simply to stretch my mackintosh upon the ground, and myself upon it, and test the truth of the shrewd Frenchman’s concise axiom, “*Qui dort, dine*” (he who sleeps, dines).

I remember to have heard an old Pennsylvania farmer observe emphatically that, in his opinion, the unpardonable sin consisted in going to bed without one’s supper; and, in my present circumstances, this daring flight of speculation comes back to me with a new and startling reality. It would be too much to assert that I do not, for one moment, repent of having abandoned *all* the provisions to my companion; but the thought has barely passed through my mind ere I am fast asleep.

But my time of rest is a short one. After so many months in the scorching heat of the Caucasus and Central Asia, the raw chilliness of an Iceland moor at night is too violent a change not to make itself speedily felt. A little after midnight I awake, and go forward on my forlorn journey once more, cold and stiff in every limb, and feeling more empty inside than a ten hours’ abstinence ought to make any man feel who has often fasted four times as long without inconvenience. But it is now—

“ . . . the solemn, silent hour  
When night and morning meet,”

and when the forces alike of man and Nature seem to be at their lowest ebb. All is cold, leaden, unearthly; the great waste of moorland looks vaster and drearier than ever; the surrounding rocks assume strange and goblin forms; and, over earth and sky, a vast, desolate, tomb-like silence broods like a pall.

And this grim scene speedily receives a new and unlooked-for accession of horror; for now, keeping too far to the left, I find myself suddenly entangled in a gloomy labyrinth of jagged lava-ridges, black and dreary as an extinct planet—heaped with volcanic cinders, rent every here and there by yawning chasms, and walled in on every side by vast masses of charred rock, piled in hideous disorder. In such a place might the Heaven-branded Cain have wandered in the restlessness of his misery, longing for one word of comfort, or the companionship of one living thing—but seeing only, turn whither he would, the black and utter desolation that reflected his own branded soul and blasted existence.

Here I wander dismally (how long I cannot tell), climbing only to descend again, bruising myself upon the sharp rocks, slipping again and again into concealed clefts—my clothes and face grimed with lava-dust, and my hands bleeding from countless gashes—while, do what I will, I seem always to come round to the same point, like the ill-starred sailor who slipped his wooden leg into the hole of an iron

turn-cock, and walked round and round all night, thinking he was going home.

But at length my penance comes to an end. A kind of cairn of loose stones, piled upon one of the higher eminences, suddenly attracts my attention. I scramble up to look at it, and behold from this vantage-ground a deep, narrow valley at some little distance, with a tiny lake in the midst of it, and, close to the water’s edge, something which looks uncommonly like a cottage!

It is true that in Iceland it is easy enough to mistake a green hillock for the turf-thatched cabin which so closely resembles it; but to me, after so many hours of wandering in this dismal region, making me feel as if I were the only man left living upon the earth, even the semblance of a human habitation is welcome; and I at once set off toward it with what speed I can muster.

A little nearer and there is no longer any doubt. It *is* a cottage—and one which, judging by its unusual size and neatness, as well as the trim little palisade which surrounds it, must be the abode of a man of some mark. He has undoubtedly chosen his ground well, in this quiet little hollow, with the smooth lake in front, and the green, sloping hills behind; but the *outside* of the dwelling seems to be all that I am likely to see at present, for the door is fast shut, and the whole house as still as death. Let us see the time.

Half-past three!

Rather early for a morning call, even in Iceland; and with the certainty of food and shelter before very long I can afford to be patient. So I coil myself up on the smooth stones in front of the door—a “dweller on the threshold” in very truth, though in a different style from the agreeable offspring of Lord Lytton’s imagination—and a hungry-looking dog, after snuffing inquisitively around me, coils himself up at my side, and, thus sentinelled, I go to sleep for the second time.

The first thing that arouses me is the pressure of a heavy foot upon my prostrate body, and a stifled scream; and I look up to find myself surveyed, with glances of mingled compassion and astonishment, by a couple of strapping lasses in striped petticoats and tasseled caps—the group being completed by a queer, little, old farming-man with a very red nose, dimly visible in the background.

I raise myself with some difficulty, and essay to inform the trio, in what little Icelandic I possess, how I have come here, and what I want, but my tale is barely half told, when I suddenly find myself seized upon by all three at once, and carried, in a kind of triumphal procession, up the steep ladder-like stair—my wet clothes and boots whipped off in a trice by the vigorous hands of the young ladies, and myself thrust bodily into a kind of drawer full of blankets, which seems deliciously warm and comfortable after my cheerless couch outside. Before I can recover from my surprise at this transmigration, a jorum of hot coffee is set before me, which one of the native beauties sweetens by biting a huge “chunk” off a lump of sugar-candy, and dropping



it from her mouth into the cup ; while at the same moment a hearty voice bids me welcome in broken German, and I become aware of the presence of my impromptu host, Mr. Benedikt Sveinsson, of Ellidavátn.

I pass over the further events of the morning—the substantial breakfast of fresh salmon and excellent coffee given me by my hospitable entertainer—

his undisguised amusement at my account of my night-adventures—and his sending of me home on one of his own horses, with his son (a bright boy of twelve) by way of escort. Suffice it to say that I reached Reykjavik in safety a little before noon ; and that, although I afterward had a pretty large experience of the Iceland moors, my first scrape of this kind was also my last.

## PAST AND PRESENT ; OR, ROMANCE VERSUS REALITY.

### A DUET.

HE (*shutting his Froissart with a slap*).

" Oh, for the days of olden time,  
When, true to knightly duty,  
The champion roved through every clime  
To win the smile of Beauty !  
'Neath moonlit skies his midnight spent,  
In place of ballrooms choky,  
And through triumphal arches went,  
Instead of hoops at croquet ! "

SHE (*smiling maliciously*).

" Ha, ha ! nice figure *you'd* have made  
Mid Syria's heat and slaughter,  
Who growl at seventy in the shade,  
And long for seltzer-water !  
I think I hear you mutter, then,  
While through the sand-heaps wading :  
' Well, let me once get home again,  
And deuce take all crusading ! ' "

HE.

" You heartless thing ! but *you* have ne'er  
Perused, like me, their story—  
Who knew no task they would not dare,  
No pain when crowned with glory ;  
And, glowing o'er those pages, dear,  
I've wished, with heart o'erladen,  
I were a Spanish cavalier  
And you my chosen maiden ! "

SHE.

" O Fred, you goose ! I ne'er could bide  
Unseen behind a grating,  
Nor bear forever at my side  
A prim duenna waiting.  
And then this face you *say* you prize,  
Some horrid Moor might eye it,  
And whisk me off before your eyes—"

HE (*fiercely*).

" I'd like to see him try it ! "

SHE.

" Then, too, in that stern age, you know,  
No opera, ball, nor fashion,

No lovely sleighing in the snow,  
No novels filled with passion.  
In convent lone, or castle strong,  
It *must* have been diverting  
To stitch at tap'stry all day long,  
With ne'er a chance of flirting ! "

HE.

" Of course, that's *the* thing you require !  
But men had *then* a chance, dear,  
To win their spurs through gore and mire  
In Palestine or France, dear :  
And when the stubborn fray was done,  
His lady crowned the winner,  
And—"

SHE.

" Pawned the spurs his strife had won,  
To buy their Sunday dinner ! "

HE (*angrily*).

" Too bad, by Jove ! of all I say  
You *will* make fun—"

SHE.

" Poor fellow !  
He sees *en beau* our fathers' day,  
But ours in jaundiced yellow.  
Your knights, good sir (whose spurs of gold  
Were all the wealth they carried),  
Oft found their 'chosen maidens' cold,  
And lived (or died) unmarried !

" But never mind, dear Fred ; for, though  
I sometimes like to tease you,  
I'd never say a word, you know,  
That really could displease you ;  
And, though papa may fume and rage,  
And vow he'll ne'er endure it,  
Just wait until I come of age,  
And then—"

HE (*ecstatically*).

" The ring and curate ! "



## THE MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

"The wifes that we clepen destanye  
 Hath shapen hire that she moste nedes be  
 Pitouse, sad, wise, *trewe as stele!*"  
 LEGENDE OF GOODE WOMEN.

IT was quite dark in the little court where Tommy Lipscomb and I had been idling since the close of school; but in the broad colonnade that formed the imposing front of Haswell Institute, the dull glimmer of the February twilight still lingered, and, from our hiding-place behind one of the columns, we could distinctly see a figure standing in the wide doorway. The face was screened beneath a shawl, drawn like a hood over the head; but we knew that this could be none other than Blenda, the master's daughter, who stood there peering so intently out upon the long walk, now half lost in the gloom of the cedars; we were sure that this was Blenda, even before we heard her unmistakable voice, calling softly but anxiously:

"Lennox! Are you there, Lennox?"

At the sound of that voice, which none of us ever hesitated to obey, Cyril Lennox, a tall and handsome youth, came silently out of the shadows toward the steps; and Blenda, advancing to meet him, said, gravely, as she laid her firm, white hand upon his arm:

"Let me walk with you; I have something to say to you about Old Slow."

Then the two went down the walk together, and disappeared under the cedars.

Tom and I shrank farther within the shelter of the columns, and stared at each other in the dusk questioningly, as well we might; for had we not just seen and heard something of a strange, perplexing interview between the master's daughter and him whom we all called Old Slow? Not half an hour had passed since we, while loitering in the little court, had accidentally tossed our ball into the passage leading to Dr. Haswell's study. This passage was forbidden ground; but, knowing that the formidable doctor was absent, we dared to rescue our property. We entered stealthily, for there was terror in the very haunts of our stern preceptor, secured our ball, and were cautiously retreating, when the sound of voices in the study suddenly arrested our flight. A light was shining through the half-open door, and we saw Blenda in her father's great leathern chair, pale and motionless, while near her stood Old Slow, in evident distress and trouble.

"You know all now," he was saying; "and I do think that I ought to go."

"Yes, I think you ought to go," Blenda answered, turning her face away.

After a moment's hesitation, Old Slow said:

"I do not like the appearance of deserting my post while your father is absent."

"That should not trouble you," Blenda replied, in her kindest tones. "My father will not return for some days, and it might then be too late. Trust me; I can manage everything."

"Thank you," Old Slow said, simply, but with fervor, as he limped out by the other door.

Blenda had risen; but when he disappeared she sank back upon the chair, gazing vacantly at the undefined shadows on the wall, and slowly wringing her hands as they lay in her lap.

Tom and I were little fellows, much given to shirking our tasks, and to straying beyond bounds without restraint of conscience; but we had tender hearts, and we loved Blenda rather more than we loved our sisters in those days, and we loved Old Slow only less than we loved Blenda. Young as we were, we understood the signs of trouble. We were afraid, though we could not define wherefore, and we ran out and hid behind one of the columns of the piazza, where we forgot our next day's tasks in surmising what could be the meaning of the words we had just overheard. Could it be true, as that new boy, Dick Hoxey, had hinted, that Blenda was "making a fool of Old Slow?" No! Perish the thought! None but a new boy would have ventured such a supposition. It was not possible to doubt her who taught us our catechism Sunday after Sunday, admonishing us so faithfully that we fancied, as we idly noted the play of colored light upon the font and pulpit, that the great, white angel in the chancel-window waved its wings and smiled upon her.

Our master's daughter may not have been beautiful, judged by the canons of a strictly critical taste; but we did not criticise, we only loved her, for she had "a face like a benediction," and a heart that had "learned to glow for others' good, to melt at others' woe." In that great, crowded school she was the only softening influence brought to bear upon us. Her father was a selfish and pompous giant, whom we detested; her mother an invalid, whom we never saw; but Blenda lived among us, petted and trained us, and strove faithfully to guard us from evil. She had been carefully educated, and, although teaching was not her regular occupation, she often assisted in the school-room, stimulating the older boys to ever-fresh exertions, and encouraging the younger ones in their perplexities with a firm yet ever-gentle dignity. Her capacious apron-pockets were always filled with dainties which she dispensed with that strict impartiality boys know how to appreciate; and her memory was stored with an inexhaustible stock of good old songs that she was never weary of singing for our pleasure. What though I now remember—*et me mea memoria pudet*—that she sang with a nasal quality of tone obnoxious to the cultivated ear: has ever voice so charmed me since with the quaint, pathetic cadences of "Barbara Allen," or so thrilled me with the wild, indomitable spirit of "McGregor's Gathering?"

She was about twenty years old when I fell in

love with her. I remember well the first time I saw her. I was a new-comer, and very homesick. Jamieson, the junior assistant, had no patience with my tears and my dullness, and, when I failed for the third time in the declension of "*respublica*," he threw the grammar at my head, and angrily bade me go to Miss Haswell. Now, I had never yet seen Miss Haswell, and, hearing her name shouted so furiously, I not unnaturally fancied that she must be a very formidable person, and I crept with a quaking heart up-stairs to her room.

The door was open, and she was standing by the window, reading. She wore a pink dress, and a ribbon of the same bright hue was knotted in her dark hair. She looked up as I stepped upon the threshold, and, with a smile that assured me at once of sympathy, said :

"Well, my little fellow, what is the trouble?"

As I stammered, and blushed, and hung my head, she presently asked, to my great surprise and relief :

"Don't you hate Latin grammar?"

The answer to this unexpected question came promptly and emphatically :

"Indeed, ma'am, I do!"

"Then let us away with it!" she cried, gayly, sweeping the obnoxious volume from my hand. "It is so much pleasanter to eat cherries!" Then pushing me gently toward a table on which was a plate heaped with that delicious fruit, she bade me help myself, saying kindly: "Eat, child; they were put there for you. I have been expecting you, as I told Jamieson to send you up to me."

She did not lecture me; she encouraged me to talk about home instead, listening the while with unaffected interest; and having thus won my confidence, she told me that she claimed all the little boys for her own. She then exacted a solemn promise that I would never neglect to say my prayers, never tell a lie, never utter an oath, never strike a boy weaker than myself, and never fail to apply to her in every difficulty. This compact made, I returned to my studies, secure that she would be my comfort and support, whatever might befall.

But all this was long ago; and, though her kindnesses were manifold, I had almost forgotten her, when, as I was sauntering, last week, through the suburbs of a Western town, I heard a little child, with her arms full of roses, say to a young girl leaning over a garden-gate :

"These are for you, *Miss Blenda Schannor!*"

The names were most appropriately linked, for to remember Blenda was to remember also Francis Schannor, the lame tutor. We called him Old Slow, for in Haswell Institute no teacher was without his distinctive *sobriquet*. Old Slow's immediate predecessor was Nicholls, familiarly styled *Grip*, for reasons that need not be specified. Bitterly did we complain of him to Blenda; but she, while secretly exerting her influence to have our tyrant deposed, still exhorted us to respect and patient obedience; and under her guidance we were actually growing resigned to our fate, when, one morning before prayers, she rushed into the school-room, tossed up a

copy-book in playful conformity to our customs, and cried :

"Hurrah, boys! for Grip is gone!" Never had she called him "*Grip*" before.

We shouted a joyful pæan, and instantly proposed to chair our liberator; but to this she wisely objected that she weighed a hundred and forty pounds.

During the peaceful interregnum that ensued, Dr. Haswell himself, in dressing-gown and slippers, read prayers, *ore rotundo*, and extolled the departed Nicholls every day over the Greek grammar. Blenda took charge of our department, and many an envious glance did Jamieson cast toward us, for he had long loved the master's daughter. (Perhaps it was the state of his affections that inspired him to make night hideous with the sorrows of his flute; a practice by which he gained nothing but the euphonious title of "*Pipes*.")

This golden age, however, came at last to an end. One memorable day, immediately after prayers, Dr. Haswell informed us, in one of his set speeches, that he had secured the services of "a masterly scholar and thorough gentleman" whom he would introduce to us forthwith.

Although this announcement was not altogether unexpected, our hearts sunk within us, in anticipation of another reign of terror, in spite of the reassurance we read in Blenda's kind eyes.

After a delay that to our impatience seemed interminable, the double-doors, swinging slowly open, revealed a ludicrous contrast: first appeared the rotund Dr. Haswell, gorgeous in his dressing-gown, with head erect and chest expanded, shaking the room at every step; behind him, a shrinking figure, clad in a threadbare suit that hung upon his angular frame like clothes upon a rack, limped shyly along, turning nervously from our questioning glances, as he trod, with the air of a martyr marching to the stake.

By the time the poor fellow had reached the teacher's desk, a dozen pencils were busy portraying his lantern visage, his downcast eyes, his scattered locks, his rusty coat—salient points, all, for ruthless, schoolboy art.

Meanwhile, Dr. Haswell introduced Mr. FRANCIS SCHANNOR in terms that made the shy victim of his oratory writhe. The worthy master probably thought that we were taking notes, for, waxing eloquent, he began to urge us to diligence and the practice of virtue; and even made a pretense of tears as he closed his harangue, in orthodox fashion, with what we boys irreverently termed "*hacking the cherry-tree*." In those days the edge had not worn off the immortal hatchet.

Before the doctor's "oration" was over, a number of sketches, all more or less graphic, were accomplished. We knew, however, that no one could compete with Cyril Lennox in the art of drawing, and all eyes were bent eagerly toward that handsome youth, who sat in one of the high desks, his chin resting upon his left hand, while his right hand plied a pencil with rapid and vigorous strokes. But we never saw that sketch. Blenda, whose quick glance

and ready sympathy nothing escaped, had reached Cyril's seat before the classes were called, and covering the drawing with her hand, said, with all the severity possible to her benignant countenance:

"For shame, Lennox! How can you lend *your* pencil to such work as this? Can you see no deeper than his rusty suit?"

This was enough for Lennox: he tore the sketch to bits, and from that hour gave his generous sympathies to the new tutor.

It was evident that this was Schannor's first experience in teaching. His awkwardness and embarrassment during that first day were distressing. He dropped books, overturned inkstands, and no doubt would have upset the desk, had it not been screwed to the floor. In a few days, however, his embarrassment wore off, and we then discovered that he possessed a rare power of investing the past with a wonderful reality. Whatever dry bones his genius breathed upon, kindled into life. Often, while he discoursed to us over the pages of Homer or Virgil, Blenda would steal into the room to listen, with wonder and delight glowing in her eyes. But Jamieson, for whom no hexameter ever written contained anything more than soulless dactyls and spondees, was lost in amazement at what he was pleased to call "the profitless babble" of this man, whose dull, dejected looks gave no hint of the fire that burned within him. Old Slow—for he could not escape the nickname bestowed, however, rather in affectionate pity than derision—soon opened in our dog-eared text-books a source of genuine pleasure, and we began to find an attraction in study that hitherto we had never known.

But, while he brought us thus face to face with the past, he himself remained a mystery. Of his own affairs he never spoke; and when not engaged with the classes he generally sat alone, sad and silent. He never went beyond the school-bounds, except on Sundays, when it was his duty to marshal us to the little church just outside the institute gates. One thing we soon remarked: he was always expecting letters with a restless eagerness painful to witness; yet none ever came for him, which continually repeated disappointment excited our sympathies keenly, and led us to bestow many a kindly token upon our lonely tutor.

It pleased us not a little to find that Blenda, too, regarded him with compassion. When the shyness of their first acquaintance was overcome, she began to lavish upon him, as upon the boys, those little motherly attentions that came so naturally from her. Her own position was an isolated one. Unlike most girls, she had no girlish companions. Visitors she had, indeed, young ladies who came at long intervals, in fashionable attire, to pay formal calls, which Blenda in like manner returned; but no girl ever brought her fancy-work to pass a social morning in the pretty room, with its pink toilet-table, and the pots of bright asters on the window-ledge. I doubt, indeed, whether our master's daughter would have found such company congenial. She was a fine scholar, but she had no talent for fancy-work. Therefore,

perhaps, because of her quiet and isolated life, Blenda's heart warmed toward our forlorn Old Slow, so that he, by insensible degrees, thawed under her genial influence; and, before Old Slow had been with us a year, we boys had learned to love him, as I have said, only less than we loved Blenda.

The morning after the interview that took place in the study, Tom and I found on the play-ground a torn envelope, inscribed with startling distinctness, "MR. FRANCIS SCHANNOR." At last, then, the letter had come that poor Old Slow had been so long expecting. Eager to learn what tidings it had brought, we hastened to Lennox. We told him of the scene in the study which we had witnessed, and implored him to explain the mystery in which Blenda and Old Slow were involved. But Lennox was very stiff with us; instead of calming our anxiety by a full explanation, he read us a sharp lecture on inquisitiveness, and threatened us with Blenda's displeasure if we did not hold our tongues and restrain our curiosity.

Jamieson read prayers that morning with an ominous frown; and before dismissing us to our classes he stated, with severe brevity, that in the sudden and unaccountable absence of his colleague, meaning Old Slow, Mr. Lennox had generously offered to assist him in the labors of the school-room, adding that he hoped Mr. Lennox might not be long under the necessity of submitting to such a tax, but that he could not answer for the movements of so erratic a person as Mr. Schannor. At this we saw that Blenda's cheeks flushed hotly, and we marked afterward that she stopped Jamieson in the hall.

"Mr. Schannor's absence is sudden, but it is not unaccountable, sir," she said, indignantly; "though you are ignorant of the cause."

"Your father will be displeased, Miss Blenda—you will see, you will see," returned Jamieson, excitedly. "I know his sentiments. I have not served him these seven years in vain."

A giggle, that not even Blenda's presence could restrain, passed round the hall; but, for her sweet sake, we spared him the well-won appellation of "Jacob."

But now a change came over Blenda. Her cheeks grew pale and her eyes dull. Her elasticity of spirit and her hitherto unflinching gentleness forsook her: she was quickly wearied, and she started at the slightest sound. She no longer found amusement in watching our sports, but walked in solitary restlessness under the cedars that shaded the long avenue. Evidently some vexation preyed upon her spirits; but, unlike other girls, she did not seek relief by confiding her anxiety to her one intimate friend. For, though Blenda had no companionship with the girls of her own age, she had, we knew, one friend. We did not know her name, but we called her Miss Gray, from the color of the dress she wore. We had seen her several times riding in a handsome carriage; and once, on a rainy Sunday, we met her face to face in the little church by the institute gates. She was not at all like Blenda: she was older, a small, thin, faded creature, very shy and timid. Her large and handsome house was near the school, and Blenda had

been in the habit of going there every day or two; but now she staid away; whatever it was that vexed her soul, she kept her own counsel.

Old Slow had been absent rather longer than a fortnight when Dr. Haswell returned, in no amiable frame of mind. He made no secret of his indignation at Schannor's departure, expressing his sentiments in terms that filled Jamieson with exultation. Nor did he spare his daughter. I was studying my Herodotus under Blenda's guidance one evening in the little back-parlor, when the doctor burst rudely in, a newspaper in one hand, his spectacles in the other, and wrath in his eyes.

"Will you look at this?" he vociferated, unconscious of my presence. "This is what that vagabond Schannor brings upon Haswell Institute, *my* institute, the very best educational establishment in the country! Just read, will you?" he continued, thrusting the newspaper into Blenda's hands, and pointing to a paragraph which I could see was printed in capitals. "Just read that: 'HASWELL INSTITUTE ON THE DECLINE—LAMENTABLE LAXITY OF DISCIPLINE—ABSENCE OF TEACHERS—GIRL-PROFESSORS!'—that is you, Blenda—yes, you, *you*; do you hear? And you may thank your paragon, Schannor, for that."

Blenda, with a stupefied air, took the paper, while he paused for breath.

"And, as though that were not enough," pursued the angry man, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and drawing thence a number of letters, "here's more of the same sort. Read that, and *that*, and *THAT*! A pretty state of things, to be told, at my time of life, after twenty-two years of eminently successful teaching, that my school is going to decay! Anonymous letters, threatening exposure! And what is all this stuff?" he cried, with fresh vehemence, snatching suddenly at one of the letters. "All this about '*works that are never used in schools—Dante, Tasso, and Spenser supplanting Homer, Virgil, and Horace*'—what does that mean, eh?"

"I suppose," answered Blenda, without raising her eyes from the big yarn-sock she was darning, "that the writer refers to the fact that Mr. Schannor has sometimes read those authors to the boys."

"The deuce he has! And what business, I should like to know, had he to introduce his new-fangled notions here? Give me a man like Jamieson. You never find *his* wheels running out of the beaten track."

"No, sir," Blenda made answer, demurely.

"Ah, there is a model teacher! Seven years has he been with me, and you never knew *him* to seek an excuse for leaving."

Blenda smiled, for of course she knew the secret of Jamieson's persistency; but, as she bent over the letters to hide her face, the smile suddenly vanished, and a startled exclamation escaped her.

"This is—this can be—"

"Ah!" cried her father, "it alarms you at last—does it? I hope that you will now conquer your foolish prepossessions in favor of that Schannor and his vagaries."

At this Blenda seemed suddenly to remember my presence. She rose, and, telling me that I must go to Jamieson for assistance, led me out into the hall. She left me at the door of a little recitation-room, where her tuneful lover was striving to express "all those endearing young charms" upon his agonizing flute. Here, as I stood hesitating, I saw Blenda stop half-way down the gloomy hall, and clasp her hands with a gesture of despair.

"Oh, me!" she cried, faintly, "what shall I do—what shall I do?"

Miserable at sight of her distress, I darted precipitately into the recitation-room, where Jamieson greeted me with a scowl, and demanded my errand. When he learned that I came by Blenda's command, his brows relaxed slightly, but he accorded me no further notice. Turning immediately to his music-desk, he consigned me to oblivion.

Thus abandoned, as it were, in vain did I strive to fix my attention. Dazzled by the flare of the lamp-light upon the mystifying page, and stupefied by the monotonous gurgle of Jamieson's tuneless flute, I strayed insensibly from the wearisome shores of Hellas, and arrived suddenly in that enchanted island so dear to the fancy of every boy. But, just as I was staring in delight at Crusoe's goats feeding among the rocks, and his parrot perched upon the familiar bough, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls" grew abruptly silent, and I heard a voice saying—

"You have acted a despicable part. I never will forgive you—never!"

I thought that Friday had slain the parrot, or upset Robinson's canoe, and up I started, opening my bewildered eyes upon Jamieson, who was gazing in terrified dismay at the very letters I had seen Dr. Haswell show his daughter in the little back-parlor, and before him stood Blenda, erect and scornful.

"Miss Blenda—Miss Blenda!" gasped the wretched bungler, "does Dr. Haswell—does your father know—does he suspect?"

"He does not know. He does not even suspect," answered Blenda, coldly. "Neither am I so base as to betray you. But, fortunately, I have influence enough with my father to prevent the wrong you would have done a worthy man. Go; rejoice that you fell into merciful hands."

Then Jamieson went upon his knees, and, catching Blenda's dress in his clumsy grasp, confessed his love with all the jealous rage that consumed him.

Blenda turned indignantly away.

"I have had enough of this for the last three years," said she. "You will make me despise you. Let go my dress, Mr. Jamieson."

"Ah, Blenda! Ah, call me Bartholomew!" he entreated, lugubriously.

"For shame, sir! Get up!" cried Blenda, flushing crimson. "Do you not see that the child there is wide awake?"

The discomfited suitor scrambled to his feet, and turned his wrathful eyes upon me, sitting very wide awake, indeed, and keenly alive to the interesting scene; but in his awkwardness he overturned the



music-desk, the lamp fell with a crash, and Blenda escaped in the dark. But not I; the infuriated lover, seizing me by the collar, shouted in my astounded ears:

"You young devil, I'll teach you to play Paul Pry! I'll break every bone in your body!"

There in the dark he fell upon me with a fury that promised to make good his threat, while I, mindful that Blenda could not be far away, lifted up my voice in a tempestuous roar. Nor did I roar in vain, although I caught some heavy blows before relief came.

It was Old Slow, not Blenda, who rescued me from Jamieson's fury; and, sore and stunned though I was by that frantic dance in the dark, I nevertheless felt a thrill of triumph as the rays of the lame tutor's candle fell upon the under-master's hateful flute shivered by a blow which the music-desk had luckily saved my head.

The two looked at each other a moment, but neither said a word; then, as Jamieson hung his head, Old Slow took my hand and led me from the room.

I do not know what plea Blenda urged with her father, but Schannor resumed his duties as though nothing unusual had occurred. And yet he had evidently undergone a change. He was dressed in mourning, but, despite the crape upon his hat, he had the air of one relieved of a great anxiety; and he entered now upon his labors with a new zest, and sought Blenda's society without disguise.

But Blenda, too, had undergone a change. She came no more into the school-room when Old Slow lectured; she would not sit by with her work when he read to us in play-time; she would not linger in the halls and piazzas to talk with him. It was plain that this unwonted coldness and reserve vexed Old Slow. He grew restless and averse to solitude, and seemed to seek distraction in long and frequent rambles with us through the fields and woods lying behind Haswell Institute.

One sultry afternoon, as we were returning from one of these rambles, a little laggard of our troop wantonly shot an arrow into a cherry-tree overhanging a garden-wall. Calling to us to wait for him, the boy climbed the wall, reached the impending boughs, and was about to plant his feet in the tree, when Blenda's Miss Gray suddenly appeared among the shrubbery, and accused us of wishing to rob her orchard. This charge we indignantly denied, but I suppose that the little woman had not a very good opinion of boys in general, for she seemed to doubt our explanation. She was still remonstrating with us, when Old Slow came upon the scene, and she turned to complain to him; but he, having a very good opinion of boys in general, and of us in particular, espoused our cause with warmth. While Johnny Harden, with his arrow between his teeth, swung himself from the tree to the wall, and from the wall to the ground, Schannor denied the charge against us with such vehemence that our timid accuser shrank away abashed.

Old Slow did not speak a word as we trudged homeward, and we fancied, not without a sense of

great importance, that the recent attack upon our characters still rankled in his breast.

Blenda was standing in the hall-door as we came in, and Old Slow, seeing that she was about to go away, put out his hand with a gesture of entreaty, murmuring, hurriedly:

"I wish to ask—"

But what it was he wished to ask we did not hear, for just then the tea-bell rang, and, after the manner of ravenous boys, we rushed headlong to the dining-room. A startled cry from Blenda, followed by the sound of a heavy fall, arrested us in mid-career, and looking back, we beheld Old Slow lying helpless upon the floor. Of course we crowded around inquisitively, but Dr. Haswell, and Jamieson, and the fat housekeeper, pushed us away.

Old Slow did not make his appearance the next morning, and we saw with concern that old Dr. Jones's horse stood long at the door. Then we were told that our poor tutor was seriously ill; and as he remained ill for many days, two of us were detailed every morning to go up to see him. Sometimes we met the physician, sometimes the nurse, but never Dr. Haswell nor Jamieson. For my part, I was secretly glad that Jamieson did not visit the sick man; I had a fear, springing naturally from my own woful experience, that he might fall upon the helpless invalid and hasten his end: for that Old Slow's end was near, none of us doubted. How we did cower and quiver in the dark, at the thought of our lame tutor become a ghost, and glaring about the dormitories with his dreadful, fever-lighted eyes!

But Old Slow did not become a ghost. He was sitting up one morning, when Joe Innis and I were sent in to see him; and while we stood gazing at his bony hands and wasted face with a kind of awe, Blenda entered. She had been hard at work in the school-room, and she, too, was pale and worn. Old Slow observed the change in her, for he held out his hand, saying slowly and sadly:

"Ah, Miss Blenda, in various ways, I fear that I have been a great trial to you."

But Blenda, flushing and paling, shrank behind his chair without taking his proffered hand, and, after a brief struggle, burst into tears!

The sound of her sobs was worse to me than a blow. I had never supposed that tears were possible to this brave, bright girl; and as the painful conviction rushed upon me that she had ceased to be the fresh and buoyant creature she once was, I broke into such a passion of weeping that they hurried me from the room.

That afternoon I saw Blenda enter, for the first time in many days, the gate of her friend. It was dark when she returned, bringing fruits and flowers, which she herself carried to Old Slow.

Schannor's recovery was tedious. He walked a little every day with some one of the older pupils, but he continued very feeble until Blenda began to go out with him, from which time he rapidly improved, and Blenda, too, regained in a measure her color and her spirits.

But the end of the term was now approaching,

and our minds were filled with thoughts of home and the long vacation, to the exclusion of everything else, except, indeed, the dreaded examination. The day before that event, some of us, straying out of bounds, saw the church-door standing open, and two old women within, leaning on their brooms, gossiping with great earnestness. They had evidently been cleaning the church for some special occasion, and curiosity emboldened us to approach the ungainly sexton standing on the steps. But to all our questions the sexton only shook his bushy head, and said :

"It's for no wedding of yours, I say, boys ; and, if you don't scatter, I'll report you for straying !"

Now these significant words about a wedding made a great impression upon us. We strongly suspected that they must refer to Old Slow and Blenda, and our suspicions grew into certainty the next day, when, after the speeches were made and the prizes bestowed, the housekeeper admonished us to keep ourselves neat, as we were expected to appear in church that afternoon.

Accordingly, after the grand dinner, at which neither Blenda nor Old Slow was present, we formed a procession and marched into church with our heads very high, in contempt of the sexton, who nevertheless openly laughed at our airs. The bridal-party followed soon. First came Old Slow with the housekeeper in her best attire ; then Blenda and Jamieson ; and last, Dr. Haswell with the lady we called Miss Gray, who was dressed as usual in a soft gray silk. Blenda's dress was white, and we were glad she wore no veil, for her cheeks, we thought, were far too rosy to be hidden.

With beating hearts we stood up to witness the ceremony ; but, to our unutterable confusion, Old Slow was then and there married to Blenda's friend. Something surely had gone wrong, we feared, and we felt a hopeless impulse to protest aloud ; yet, dumfounded as we were, we held our peace.

After the blessing, Blenda turned toward us ; and shocked at our blank faces, frowned and said :

"O boys ! do look glad !"

Her command acted like magic. Smiles lighted our dismal faces instantaneously as we stepped into the aisle, making our best bows to Old Slow and his bride as they passed. Then we rushed out and sent up a feeble shout, in which, somehow, our hearts had no part. Dr. Haswell, with his hands in his

pockets and a frown on his face, stood gazing at the departing carriage ; while Blenda sat on the church-steps laughing hysterically at our cheers, and as she wiped her eyes, what strange streaks she left upon her cheeks ! I could not then understand, but years later I respected the womanly instinct that led our Blenda to paint her poor, pale face.

That evening, when all was over, and comparative quiet had settled upon Haswell Institute, Blenda told us the story of Old Slow's life.

"He was an active and prosperous young man," she said, "when Hester Jay, whom you boys call Miss Gray, promised to marry him. This," she went on to explain, "was fifteen years before any of us knew him. His step-mother had succeeded in prejudicing Miss Jay's friends against him to such a degree that the match was broken off. Soon after this Mr. Schannor" (Blenda had long ago ceased to call him Old Slow), "in rescuing his step-mother from a fire, received injuries that resulted in an incurable lameness. Mrs. Schannor never recovered from the fright, but lingered in an asylum for years, a wretched imbecile.

"He told me all this," continued Blenda, "the night the letter came which informed him that she was dying. I had heard the story before from Hester Jay, but I did not know, until then, that it was *his* story. When he came back—"

Here poor Blenda made a long pause, which doubtless was filled with some painful thoughts, for in the faint starlight we saw a few heavy tears drop upon her clasped hands. "When he came back," unquestionably Old Slow's heart had gone forth to the master's daughter in a mild second love, and she had resolutely crushed her young hopes to restore to him, so far as she could, the joy of his youth.

"I was much troubled," Blenda resumed at last, "how to reconcile them, for I knew that there had been some bitter passages between them : but I would not be daunted ; and now I hope that they will be happy. I am sure *he* deserves it." Then with a little sigh she left us. We never saw her again. She went with her invalid mother to a distant land, and there she died.

Old Slow and his wife removed to a Western town, where several sons were born to them, and one fair daughter, who bears Blenda's name, and over whom, I fancy, the Blenda in the skies lovingly watches.

## THE LOVERS' FATE.

SWEET Pelluca, oh bind your hair  
Within a golden net,  
That the dark, clinging, sensate coils  
I may forget.

And, Pelluca, beneath your hand,  
Hide those deep, glinting eyes,  
Which only when I dare not ask  
Will deign replies !

Yet if you cannot let me love,  
Then turn your figure's grace  
Into the shadow of the groves,  
A love-fit's space.

Nay, Pelluca ! for you and me  
A bold decree is writ ;  
And hiding of the lips nor eyes  
Shall alter it.

## AN ITALIAN PLAYHOUSE.

## AN ARTIST'S MEMORY.

I HAD been wandering about the streets in the late dusk, watching the black-winged fishing-boats dart in against the gray sky, and the candle-ends of the fishermen burst into light, one by one, above their baskets of sea-fruit.

I had passed the dreary autumn day in my room, high up in the garret of an old palace. From the window, the eye wandered over an undulating plain of red-brown tiles, broken by the white pyramidal top of a bell-tower or some marble saint standing above an invisible church-door. From the nearer roofs projected wooden terraces that in summer had been fair with green vines and hanging gardens of flowers, but now presented only a mournful array of wooden boxes filled with damp earth, and a perspective of clothes-lines with old coverlids hanging from them that shivered with cold at the touch of the wind.

That desolate expanse of sky, broken only by cold marbles, types of asceticism and aspiration, had held my fancy all day. It symbolized the life upon which I had entered, of intellectual endeavor and cold self-isolation—of mighty effort and small result—of fair ideal and sordid bread-struggle. As hard and loveless as that gray heaven, the imaginative life seemed to me. A feeling of supreme pity filled my heart for all poor, longing souls who were gazing out upon the autumn desolation with the fire of creation smouldering within them, and the numbness of despair paralyzing their utterance. Strange that the wintry loneliness should make me, young and strong and fresh, think so tenderly of those who had failed. Under that leaden sky failure became to me a hard, remorseless fatality, that would one day crush my life, as it had crushed others, in its grasp.

The white statues were blotted out in the twilight. The *angelus* rang through the streets muffled by the dampness. I laid aside my modeling-tools, wrapped my clay in its shroud for the night, and thought myself of the "Osteria degli Artisti," a small restaurant where I was in the habit of dining. I locked my door, and groped my way down the dark stairs across the court-yard into the dusky, narrow street.

The *osteria* stood on a small *campo*, with a shop filled with old books and music on the right, an advocate's sign on the opposite house, and on the left an old guildhall, or *confraternita*, with reliefs on the front of turbaned Turks and big-headed monsters. The house was entered by an arched gateway, which framed in a bit of charming grotesqueness. At either side of the gate stood a wooden Austrian soldier, life-size. Behind him rose masses of green growth. Oleanders and aloes were grouped about the foot of the staircase. A grinning wooden dwarf in bright motley crouched among the plants. Facing the gateway, weather-beaten busts of divers patriots stood on pedestals. The stairs wound up to

a long stone balcony, that had flowers blooming along the edge, and vines climbing the balustrade, and a triple arch crowning the windows.

I entered a vestibule which led to a small dining-room filled with tables. The windows were draped with long red curtains, filled with deep shadows in the gas-light that flared from two bronze cornucopias which projected from the wall above the desk where the hostess sat with her knitting in her hands. Above her head was a print of the king, with wide-spread mustaches and green, frogged coat. Above the monarch was a shrine—a smoke-blackened plaster-figure, flanked by dust-ridden paper flowers.

The walls were frescoed with scenes symbolizing the triumph of Nature—a very sport and riot of genius—an overflow of whimsical humor. Cupids and goddesses, large-limbed and warm-colored, with that physical robustness that marks the German conception of the antique, sported among colossal fruits and vegetables. Young Bacchus sat enthroned on his car, surrounded by votaries—leaping goats with fiery eyes—drunken, laughing fauns—young loves quaffing beer from mighty goblets. It had been painted—Rosina, the hostess, had often told me—by a *povero diavolo* of an Austrian painter, who begged her to accept his mad conceits in place of a large amount due her for beer.

I seated myself at one of the dingy tables. There was but one other customer in the room. He sat in a shadowy corner, with his head resting on his hand. Before him were the remains of a scanty meal of bread, and salad, and red wine. At intervals a deep sigh broke from him. Suddenly he raised his head and looked around with a strange, frightened air. He turned his haggard face full upon me. A ragged gray mustache and beard concealed the lower part. His gray hair was divided like a woman's, and fell in ringlets below his threadbare velvet collar. The eyes were bright and liquid, full of vitality, but with a certain introspective timidity in them—eyes that Nature never bestows upon a man but as the outward sign of a creative temperament. There was something lonely and isolated in the carriage of his head, some trace of weariness and disappointment in his bowed shoulders. A strange thought came to me, that this man had traveled all his life along the road upon which I was starting, and that the barrenness and void that lay before him would be my portion also.

He arose, took his hat, and went to the desk to settle with Rosina.

"Buon riposo, Signor Maestro!" she called out.

With a "Thank you, Rosina," and "Good-night," the gaunt, shabby figure passed out.

"Signora Rosina," I called to her, as soon as the room was silent, "who is that signore?"

"The Maestro Grimani, a musician, and as good a man as ever lived. But poor—poor; and a head

that turns!" She tapped her forehead. "*Pazzo! Mad!*"

It seemed to me that this plump, well-fed woman, with her monotonous handiwork, might fairly stand for the world in its relation to all enthusiasm and aspiration.

I made my way out into the streets. When the "*De Profundis*" died away over the lagoon, I turned to go home. My way led me across a bridge, spanned by an arch with a griffin upon it, from under whose wings protruded a gas-lamp. The light penetrated a shadowy portico on the opposite *fondamento*, whence came the sound of shuffling feet and hoarse voices. I passed through the crowd, and found myself at the door of a theatre. On either side hung a play-bill with "*Il Trovatore*" in large letters upon it. I paid my franc of admission, and entered the house by a corridor, in which stood dark-eyed boys with baskets of oranges. The load of doubt and dread that had been weighing upon me all day gave way before the first breath of the warm, gas-scented air that filled the theatre. I took my seat in the *platea*, and watched the people as they streamed in.

The theatre was small and bare, with tiers of dingy white-and-gold boxes rising to the ceiling, draped with curtains of faded crimson silk. The floor was covered with rough wooden benches. The drop-curtain represented an old Venetian noble accepting the doge's caps at the hands of a deputation of senators in red, while knights in armor, red-robed counselors, fair women, and young pages, stood around him.

Into the boxes came young girls with faces tremulous with the forethought of the music, and matrons with towers of hair and high-colored silks flashing about them, and great, waving fans in their hands. On the benches about me sat tired work-women with black veils drooping over their shoulders—sturdy peasant-girls with handkerchiefs knotted across their brows, or bareheaded, with silver pins fastening their braids. Whole families came trooping in—kind-eyed fathers and mothers with oranges tied up in their blue handkerchiefs; children who were sure to fall asleep between the acts and, perchance, with their drowsy cries, take all the pathos out of the "*Miserere*" itself.

Groups of young men sauntered in—the pale artisans of the town, the swarthy sailors from the lagoons, the wondering-eyed peasants from the mainland. They stamped their feet and cried out for the curtain to rise. Between-whiles they hummed the airs of the opera. It was to them an old, loved friend. No need of *libretti* for that audience. Not a gondolier but had plied his oar to the measure of *Di Luna's* love-notes. Not a girl bending over her lace-cushion high up in a garret-window but had dreamed herself a romance out of *Leonora's* passion-cry. Not a lad from the inland vines but carried his homesickness about his work in the gypsy woman's visions of her mountains.

In front of me sat the cheerful, smiling woman, bareheaded, with long, gold ear-rings, of whom I was wont to buy old books, rare classics, for my intel-

lectual recreation, and second-hand iron saucepans for the concoction of my dinner. Behind me rose the shaggy gray head of the old man who sold salad at the doorway of the house in which I lodged; I had many a time heard his mellow *baritone* ringing the length of the street in the "*Conspirators' Chorus*" of "*Ernani*," and the "*Liberta*" of "*I Puritani*." I knew that on the morrow the dingy passage would be glorified with the melodies of that evening. Near him sat the old woman who sewed mattresses for her living in the court-yard next door to me. God pity these poor souls! The curse of ideality was on them all. They had come from their dark shops and sordid homes, drawn by the hope of something better and purer than they could know in the dull round of their daily toil. They were waiting but for the signal to go out of their own weary lives into the old, sweet, thrilling romance of the troubadour.

The members of the orchestra crept, one after the other, through the little door under the stage—shabby old men, struggling for life and bread; haggard young men, with genius written on their faces; little lads with precocious foreheads and dark, wild eyes.

A familiar face appeared in the stage-box on the right. I recognized the old *maestro*, Grimani.

The curtain rose, and soon the troubadour appeared, lifted his helmet, and cast from him his floating white mantle. What did it matter that he was old, and worn, and gray, and had lines of pain on his face, under all the red and white of youth that had naught to do with his separation from *Leonora*? When he sang that impassioned love-song from his hiding-place among the trees, how could his listeners know that the only thought upon him was of the faded wife waiting for him in some cheap lodging-house, and of the day, not far distant, when his voice would fail him altogether, and snatch the bread from her mouth and his?

What did it care, that eager, sympathetic audience, that *Leonora's* *confidante* was thin and consumptive, and economized the remnants of a voice that had long left its best days behind, and had a color in her face that made the stage-paint a farce? How could they know that perhaps there were six children to be fed and clothed on the substance of that spectral voice and those hollow shoulders that mocked at the audience from their ghastly setting of white satin?

But would they have cared had they known of these things? I doubt. There was too much of this soup-pot struggle within the limits of their own experience to make them heed it there where they had a right to expect only beauty and grace. They had come to the theatre to snatch a moment's respite from sordid household care, and why should they trouble themselves that the court-ladies of Spain were jaded and weary, and had fallow faces and patient eyes, and shivered a little when the cold air from the wings blew over their bare arms, or that the followers of *Di Luna* were grizzled, and gaunt, and hard-featured?

Well for them that they should feel only the



poetry and the passion of life for one short evening. But to me the scene had a pitiful, familiar sadness. The young love and the faded bodies—the romance of the story and the dreary bread-winning that lay behind it!—it was a bathos but too well known to all artists.

There were two figures that the poverty and wrecked voices threw out into strong relief. What a glorious young voice he had, that wicked *Di Luna*! It thrilled through the house with a burden of youth and hope. He was no pitiful drift-wood of the theatre, but a bold young singer who tossed his curls back in defiance, and faced the lights as though he knew he could conquer the world. The people were very proud of him. The men applauded—"Bravo! Bravissimo!" the pretty veiled heads came together and whispered low praises. They cheered him on when he defied the poor, faded troubadour, and did his best to crush the latter's worn voice under the weight of his splendid notes.

He might have been one of themselves, some gondolier or fisher-boy, who in his first years had waked the arches at night with the old island ballads. They knew that for him there was a future. But did they know that, when the laurels should have faded, the night should have fallen, that strong young voice would perhaps come back to die in the shabby playhouse that cradled it? In these small Italian theatres, the old, old tragedy of genius is always beginning or ending—beginning in thirst for fame, ending in struggle for bread.

When *Leonora* entered upon the scene, a low murmur ran through the house. She was a girl in her first youth, who would have been beautiful but that study and night-watching had dug great hollows in cheek and shoulder. She began her love-plaint in a pure, fresh, young voice that deepened as the woman's dignity and steadfastness grew within her, when she avowed her love for *Manrico*. It swept on, growing stronger and richer, now with grief, now with happiness, while the slight figure grew instinct with majesty and self-poised womanhood. A fierce self-contained strength radiated from her soft face and uttered itself in the passionate intensity of her voice.

At last the stage was darkened and a hush fell upon the audience, and from behind the grated window of his dungeon the troubadour wailed his prison-cry. The death-bell tolled behind the scenes; the "Miserere" stole through the house.

You have listened to the *scena* a hundred times. To you it is hackneyed and commonplace. But, if you have not heard it in Italy, you know nothing of its beauty and pathos. You do not know that it means youth, and love, and dead dreams, and old echoes of happiness. But the Italians do. Why else do the young girls in the boxes shade their eyes with their hands? Why do the stout mothers shield themselves with their great fans from their daughters' gaze? Why do the peasant-girls draw closer to their lovers? Why does a great magnetic sob burst from the audience when the strains die away? Because it is music full of sweet, shapeless murmurs,

such as only women, and poets, and Italians, can understand.

The audience broke forth into clamorous shouts of "*Bravi! bis!*" and those ecstatic groans that indicate rapture bordering on speechlessness in the Italian heart. The foot-lights glowed on the face of the old man in the side-box. His eyes sparkled with the tears in them.

*Di Luna* strode on to the stage, and *Leonora* knelt at his feet and implored mercy with a wild despair that sent a shudder through the house. He answered her in strong, brilliant tones, and the two fresh voices soared high together. The people burst into cries of applause. From the boxes flowers were cast at the young girl's feet, tied with broad ribbons. From the box in which the old man sat a basket filled with white blossoms was lowered. I knew then why his dinner in the *osteria* had been so meagre.

The opera swept on through the prison ravings of the gypsy woman, the death-regret of *Manrico*, the agony of *Leonora*. The curtain fell, the lights were turned down, the members of the orchestra crept noiselessly back through the little door, the dark-eyed women in the boxes cloaked themselves in dreaming silence. The crowd surged out into the lighted passages like people awakened from visions. A whispered word, a shuffling of feet, some low, unconscious humming of the opera melodies, were all the sounds that broke the music-filled stillness.

I returned to my garret with a lightened heart. The music had had upon me the effect always produced by the utterance of genius. Under all the waves of emotion and passion, sounded the solemn, steadfast message of hope and courage which the work of high minds always carries with it. I knew that in garrets and cellars all over the town, the opera-melodies were stirring in the hearts of the people, mingling with their dreams, purifying and uplifting their toil.

I learned to look upon that shabby playhouse as a much-loved friend. When I was weary and discouraged I strolled into the *platea*, and the music won me back to repose. I studied the bills at the street-corners, and learned the names of the singers. In my solitary way of life I made myself friends of them, loved if unknown. I watched the chorus-singers flitting along the narrow streets; the men, with heavy mustaches, hats drawn over their brows, and gaunt frames enveloped in greasy cloaks, with one end thrown over their shoulders, while red-and-blue handkerchiefs, filled with boiled potatoes or heads of salad, protruded from under the sculptural folds; the women, with children clinging about them, and gardens of flowers planted high on their towers of powdered hair above their honest, red faces.

I traced the musicians to the little side-alleys, where they lived—snuffy old men, in bottle-green coats of twenty years back, who crept timidly along the wall; lean youths, who eked out their scanty pittance by joining their feeble instruments to the public band on the piazza.

The *maestro* Grimani I met at every turn, now strolling along the sunny side of the piazza, now sit-

ting in listless self-absorption at the *caffè*. Oftenest I marked him sauntering the length of the Giardinetto by the side of the young prima donna, and a white-haired woman, whom I judged to be her companion, or perhaps an old nurse. On the countenances of both the old man and the young girl was written a listless apathy that was almost sadness—an expression I have often seen in the faces of artists—which altered to a marvelous vivacity at times. A wonderful happiness filled the old man's face when the girl turned to him with any remark.

The girl was always dressed in black, threadbare and worn. She could not have been more than twenty years old. Her large dark eyes looked out from a thin, pale face. I read there the old struggle of genius and poverty—of the body fast wearing out—the sacred fire burning ever brighter. I knew that hers was the genius that will not stoop to the world nor cringe to its patrons, but bears the ideal of its art pure and spotless across the slough of outward circumstance. Her very isolation was indicative of this.

The only other person whom I ever saw with her was the *baritono* of the opera, the young *Di Luna*. Sometimes he joined the girl and the old man, and bent his lithe figure in a courtly salutation. The girl blushed, and never suspected that the chivalrous deference of his attitude was only a touch of stage-direction, and that from under his heavy eyelids he was glancing at the elegant women who passed, to see the effect produced by it on them. When he left her, with one of his bright, meaningless smiles, she looked long after him and grew silent.

I saw him frequently with the nobles of the town, strolling in knots or sitting in the *caffè*, laughing over their love-affairs. Often, too, I marked him walking by the side of some great lady. I marveled much at the disparity in the circumstances of the girl and the young man.

One morning the young girl and her nurse entered the *osteria* and seated themselves near the table at which I was taking my scanty breakfast. The girl turned to her companion and consulted her as to what she should order.

"*Cara*, we cannot afford milk in our coffee," I heard the white-haired woman say, softly. "Remember how many things are yet to be bought for thy gypsy dress in the *maestro's* opera."

I had seen on the bills that the *maestro* Grimaldi was to produce a new opera the following week. The young girl was to sing the principal *rolle*. She had evidently been studying closely. Her eyelids were red and heavy, her face more wan.

Suddenly the *maestro* entered, saluted the two women, and ordered his breakfast at their table. He began a low-voiced monologue, of which I could only distinguish the words *singara—amore—passione*. He was evidently outlining to her his conception of her part. A strong color swept at intervals over the girl's face. Her clasped hands trembled as they lay on her lap. At last she drew on her gloves and rose, with a new, abstracted brightness in her eyes. "*Addio, caro maestro*," she said, "*a rivederla!*" She passed out, followed by her nurse.

The *maestro* finished his breakfast, drew a cigar from his pocket, and rose to look for a light. I darted forward and offered him one. He accepted it with "*Mille grazie, signore!*" and beckoned me to seat myself at his table.

"I have noticed you for several weeks, signore," he began, "here and on the piazza. I have often wondered if you were one of us—an artist?"

"A sculptor, signore, or, at least, a student."

"*Cosa fa?*" All the arts are sisters—the artist-feeling is the first necessity, the exaltation and the sorrow. Look at me, *giovannotto!* I am thrice your age. I have suffered much, for all who create suffer, but I have also had my pleasures and my triumphs."

A childlike smile broke over his face, and his bright, liquid eyes dilated.

"I have many enemies, and you will find plenty who will take delight in telling you I have failed. But it is not true. Rossini himself told me when I was a lad that I could be one of the great composers of the day if I would. I studied under him, and brought out my first opera under his eye at Bologna. It was a grand success! How proud I felt! I was but eighteen, a beardless lad. I thought heaven had opened upon me. Success to the artist is better than anything upon earth—better than fame, for fame is but the echo of success. Yet some people told me that my opera had failed. Ten years later I wrote another, and that also received much praise; then a third at an interval of five years. They are not played now, because, you see, this *musica moderna*—the times are hard, the *impresarii* poor, the tastes of the people corrupted. And now next week I shall bring out my fourth and, possibly, last, for I am old, and, when one gives music-lessons for one's bread, the sacred fire does not burn as it should. But you will see that it is a grand thing. My *singara* I imagine an outcast by race, who loves a king in disguise. I found my *motivo* in the soul of that young girl who was here but now—a woman-artist soul forever struggling and aspiring. Did you notice her, signore? A genius of the highest kind, a worthy interpreter of my compositions. *Poveretta*, I knew her mother; she sang in my second opera; a magnificent woman, with a voice of silver. The daughter has more fire, more passion. It is wearing her out. She has genius enough to be the first *diva* of the age, but she has no strength. She will not last long. An orphan, with no one belonging to her but the old *balia!* This is her first season. But she will make her name! My opera will make it! She will create a *rolle*. Our names will go out to the world together!"

The bright child-smile broke out again on the old face.

A tall, lithe figure entered the room. It was that of the young *baritono*. The *maestro* stopped short and glanced shyly at the new-comer.

"*Maestro*," cried the singer, seating himself, "the town is wild over your opera. You may be sure of an immense success."

The color came into the old man's face.

"If I could only see my name placed in the list of the great masters of Italy, I should die happy!"

A singular smile played about the lips of the young singer.

The *maestro* rose, laid his hand on the youth's arm, and said, in a pleading voice:

"You will do your best, *non è vero*, Signor Vico?"

"Why, *caro maestro*, do you think I would try to make your opera fail?"

"No, but for you it is only one out of many. For me, it is the last work of a life."

"It shall be a success, *maestro*. I promise you that."

Grimani grasped the proffered hand, saluted me courteously, and passed out.

"*Povero vecchio!*" exclaimed the singer; "did he tell you, signore, of the marvelous success of his operas? I thought so. Well, the whole town knows that he is a little—you understand—on that point. They were terrible failures. One of them was hissed off the stage, and the *maestro* was carried out fainting, and was ill a long time, and in his ravings fancied himself crowned with laurels and hailed as the greatest composer of Italy. But his opera shall succeed this time—the first night, at least, or my name is not Vico. He shall have a glorious triumph. Some friends of mine are going to manage it. Of course, as I sing the *King*, I shall profit by it also; and Signorina Agnese, too, although, poor girl, she won't go far, for she has no beauty—and then she is so severe. It is absurd for a singer to be so prudish. The *maestro* and she are well mated—a pair of ravens." He ran his hand through his dark curls, and laughed a boyish, boisterous laugh. "*Per Bacco!* there is rehearsal this morning. I had forgotten it. *Addio, signore mio!*"

In the course of the next week I saw the *maestro* several times. Once I marked him drifting over the lagoon at twilight. Another time I found him kneeling in St. Mark's with the dusky sunset rays reflected from the bronze lamp upon his gray head. In the streets he walked as one in a dream.

On the night of the opera I strolled into the *platea*, and found the hard benches filled with young men, who, daintily gloved, stood up and ogled the ladies through their glasses. In the boxes sat patrician women, brave in diamonds and laces. Evidently young Vico had done his best to make the *maestro's* opera a success, and he, in the simplicity of his self-absorption, would never know out of what material his triumph would be moulded. What matter if he were too true an artist-soul to value the applause of such as these? A false success was better than a genuine failure, young Vico had thought, with the sophistry of the world-courting artist.

The talk and flutter of fans did not cease with the first notes of the overture. The motive dragged on wearily, with an occasional flicker of melody, or a despairing burst like a slave gathering up his strength to break his bonds—full of minor wails shrieking through the strained, high-strung effects, like the consciousness of feebleness lurking under artificial excitement.

The pretty women closed their eyes languidly. The men listened with downcast faces. When the instruments ceased, there was a pause. Then a measured round of applause broke from the gloved hands in the *parterre*, in obedience to a signal from the side of the curtain. Then the house relapsed into silence.

The curtain rose upon Francis I., King of France, lost in the Spanish forest, taken prisoner by a band of gypsies, and rescued by his attendants. In the band was a beautiful girl, with whom the royal huntsman fell in love, and whom he persuaded to return with him to Madrid, deserting her gypsy lover.

A tender, delicate melody mingled with the monotonous *recitativo* of the king's utterance. It ran through the opera, weird in the gypsy-choruses, plaintive in the love-duets, fierce in the anger of the gypsy wooer. Vico's duets with the gypsy-girl were loudly applauded. The poor, feeble tenor, who personated the deserted lover, received his due share of applause, for Vico had apparently ordered his *claque* to neglect no one.

The young prima donna sang with wonderful strength and passion. Her eyes glowed; her face was paler than ever under the scarlet turban and barbaric gold ornaments.

The opera dragged on, at intervals drawing a sympathetic murmur from the audience, but oftener disheartening them with a sense of its emptiness, until the *finale* of the third act was reached—the duet between Francis and the Zingara, interrupted by the entrance and angry protest of the gypsy lover.

The girl's slight frame grew grand and tall, and quivered with anger. Her face burned scarlet as she listened to the monarch whom she had loved, a poor captive; she was superb when she repulsed him, and then, softening, burst into an agony of tears, and clung to him with the weakness of womanhood. And he! How royal he looked, the handsome young fellow, when he knelt at her feet, and cursed his kingly blood, and wished himself a gypsy like herself! And when the pitiful gypsy chief, with his cracked voice and wrinkled face, burst into the palace, the audience had no eyes for him, but just tolerated his presence. The house rang from side to side with shouts of applause, and cries of "*Bis! bis!*"

Vico bowed, went to the back of the stage, and led forward the *maestro*. The old, bright eyes sparkled with triumph. An ineffable smile overspread his face. How carefully his gray ringlets had been smoothed! How carefully brushed his threadbare, white seamed dress-suit! Holding Vico by one hand, and the young prima donna by the other, he advanced to the foot-lights, bowed, and bowed again. A storm of applause shook the house. The men in the *platea* shouted, "*Bravo, il Maestro Grimani!*"

From the top gallery large sheets of printed paper—pink, and yellow, and green—sonnets in honor of the *maestro*, which Vico had caused to be composed for the occasion, fluttered across the house, into the boxes, and down on to the *platea*. From the boxes near the stage were rained flowers. From the flies

laurel-wreaths fell at the *maestro's* feet, tied with long ribbons, with the date, his name, and that of the opera, stamped upon them in gold letters.

The clamor grew louder. The people cried, and stamped, and shouted. The *maestro* bowed low again. The light flashed from his eyes, transfiguring his worn face. The age and weariness died away from it. He grew young and strong, full of the might of genius, his head thrown back, his frame erect and commanding.

Suddenly the light died out of his eyes. His face paled. He tottered and fell. He stretched out his hands to where the laurels had fallen. His head dropped on his breast.

The house was silent with horror. The young girl knelt by the *maestro's* side, and chafed his hands. A physician came from behind the scenes. Some chorus-singers bore the *maestro* away.

"He has fainted," the people whispered.

They gazed anxiously at the deserted stage with its brilliant palace-setting. They sat in frightened silence. There was no noise but the flutter of some sonnet caught among the gas-fixtures, or the rustle of drapery in the boxes.

A few moments later the *impresario* came to the front of the stage, and told the people that the *Maestro Grimaldi* was dead!

The lights were put out, the women cloaked themselves hurriedly. There was a sound of broken sobs in the house.

"*Povero! povero!*" the people murmured, as they passed out into the dismal streets.

I could not go home to sleep with the thought of that glorified soul for my pillow. I thanked God that he had died in that ecstasy of creative fruition. I cried out that such a death might be mine. I wondered if, in his new state, he would go on turning the light of his sacred lamp forever upon new marvelous objects—if there, in that far sphere, his genius would find the free, untrammelled utterance that was here denied him! I would gladly have followed in his footsteps that night, that I might have solved the great mystery which haunts the minds of all men, but penetrates deepest into the soul of the artist.

I wandered about the town all night, and at dawn I went home and slept. When I awoke it was with a sense of horrible void that haunted me for

days. I went to the *Osteria degli Artisti*, and found *Rosina* knitting as usual. Her eyes were red and tear-stained.

"I saw you there last night, signore. You know all. Yesterday he took his breakfast there in that corner. *Povero signore!* my husband knows one of the chorus-singers who heard him say, as he died, '*Son immortale!*'" (I am immortal!). "They will bury him to-morrow at San Michele. He leaves his old wife and sister very poor, for you know he only gave music-lessons, and had not many pupils. Shall you go to his funeral, signore?"

"No, *Rosina*."

I did not wish to think of his face with the light gone out of it. I had read there what told me, once for all, that some great compensatory power exists behind the dwarfed and stunted conditions of our lives. The mercy of God is great, and genius can bide its time.

The opera of the "*Zingara*" was never performed again. It went where so many operas go, year after year, in Italy—ships sailing down the black ocean of the past freighted with broken hearts.

The season went on as usual, and the people laughed and chatted as before in the theatre and on the streets.

I went north, and remained away a year. On my return I sauntered into the little *osteria* one morning, and took my old place in the corner. *Rosina* sat at her desk, fair and mild-eyed as ever.

"*Buon giorno*, *Rosina*. Do you remember me?"

"Ah, yes! You are the Signor Scultore who was here when the *Maestro Grimaldi* died."

"And what has become of that handsome *giovanotto* who sang in the opera?"

"Well, there was a painter here the other day from Paris, who said he was singing at a great theatre there, and was making a *furor*, and growing very rich."

"And the signorina, with her old nurse, who was always with the *maestro*?"

"*Ebbene, signore*, after the *maestro's* death, she went on singing to the end of the season. But she grew thinner every day, and at last she went out to some baths not far from here, and the next thing we heard she was dead. We common people all live, signore, and the great ones die!"

## BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY.

THE mind's deep history here in tones is wrought:

The faith, the struggles, of the aspiring soul;

The confidence of youth, the chill control

Of manhood's doubts by stern experience taught;

Alternate moods of bold and timorous thought—

Sunshine and shadow—cloud and aureole;

The failing foothold, as the shining goal

Appears, and truth, so long, so fondly sought,

Is blurred and dimmed. Again and yet again

The exulting march resounds. We must win now!

Slowly the doubts dissolve in clearer air,

Bolder and grander the triumphal strain

Ascends. Heaven's light is glancing on the brow,

And turns to boundless hope the old despair.



## A REMARKABLE BEACH.

"WHAT! not go to Switzerland?"  
 "No, sir; nor to France."

"Up the Rhine, then? I certainly relied upon your accompanying me."

"It was very thoughtful of you; but I certainly shall not leave England this summer."

"To Scotland, then? No? Why, what has come over the man? What do you intend to do, then?"

"I intend to visit England," I said, sententiously.

"What do you mean?"

"Listen to me, Henry," I said, oracularly, and with an instinctive assumption of my work-a-day professorial manner—"listen to me, commonplace, conventional cockney that you are! Human beings in the aggregate have in some things a strong resemblance to sheep. If a flock of sheep be driven along a narrow passage, and a stick be placed across it to impede the way, the leading sheep will leap over it, and all the following sheep will continue to leap at the same spot, even though the stick be taken away, and the necessity for leaping ceases. It is the sheep's mode of showing respect for the principle of 'red-tape,' which seems to be a kind of universal fungus overlying all Nature, when not carefully rooted out, like 'quitch-grass.'"

"Well?"

"That exactly illustrates the principle upon which our beloved countrymen act when they go off on a holiday. You run against them in strings in every nook and valley on the Continent in the holiday-season. As for your fellow-citizens, your charming cockneys, you meet them talking beef, mutton, and stocks, under the shadow of the Jungfrau; you hear them dropping their *N's* by the lake of Como; you see them—"

"Hold! my Celtic friend; I—"

"Obtruding their inane monosyllabics under your very nose, as you stand entranced before some masterpiece of art, which they are as capable of understanding as a frog is of serenading the moon. Therefore, my friend, this year I am determined not to play at 'follow my leader;' but to choose out my own ground, and for two reasons."

"Have you done? Allow me to compliment you on your newly-developed talent for melodrama. Your reasons?"

"First, because there are obscure corners in the south of England, which are replete with beauty or interest, and which I know as much about as I do of the interior of Australia; and a few of these corners I purpose this year to explore. Second, because, although I consider John Bull at home as the essence of everything that is admirable, my experience last summer convinced me that he—or, more strictly speaking, John Cockney—abroad, is a monstrosity as out of place as Caliban would be at a *levee* in Buckingham Palace—only that is not a strong enough simile. Now, on this occasion, *you* will accompany

me on my wanderings; and to-morrow, by way of prelude, and in order to reach the first stage of our explorations from a direction in which we may obtain a glimpse of the coast, we take passage in a certain sailing-vessel which is bound from Blackwall Dock to Bristol, the captain of which has agreed, for a modest consideration, to put us down at Weymouth. There! you need not say a word; it's all arranged. And—do you hear me?—I have a proposition to make, or rather an order to promulgate. We write out a record of each day's results in full, taking day and day about, from the day we start from Weymouth, and—"

"Pshaw! you must be mad, Cumming. You know that—"

"None of your modest scruples, my *protegé*. I know what you can do when you try. I was going on to say that we shall each of us write our morsel under the comprehensive folds of the editorial 'we'—you being my critic, and I yours—and, perhaps, my unsophisticated friend" (and here I screwed up one eye significantly)—"who knows?—we may steal a march on our Alp-scambling countrymen!"

"What do you mean?" asked Henry, in a mazed way, and looking at me as if he really thought I had "a bee in my bonnet."

"We shall publish a book and electrify returning England in the dim September days, you know!" I said, in a hoarse whisper, as I clutched him by the arm.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! my Quixotic Celt!" and the wretch roared incontinently for at least three minutes.

I soon browbeat him into compliance, however; and, when he had given me a reluctant promise to make at least one fair trial of his literary powers, we ordered a bottle of—never mind what—and launched into a stream of pleasant conversation beneath a cloud of bluest, most fragrant smoke.

Next morning, then, our pretty craft, her clean white decks and half-unfurled sails gleaming beautifully in the flickering sunlight, was towed down the river. The sultry heat of the day had burst over the city in a thunderstorm of blue-black clouds, but now they were passing away in rounded, billowy masses, leaving such a brightly-dappled sky as is rarely the lot of the Londoner to gaze upon. By evening we were well out of the bay, and parted company with our diminutive convoy. Soon the sky burns redly in the west where the sun has just set, and a drowsy twilight begins to steal over the distant landscape with its lofty white walls. Gradually all becomes indistinct and weird-like, a few ships and steamers glide silently past us, and a dim light in the little cabin suddenly throws shadowy streaks along the deck as the tinkling of a bell announces the hour of the evening meal.

When, next morning, my partner and I emerged

on deck, a charming picture met the eye. The sea was rolling in parallel, wavy ridges of an intense blue that was just penciled with lines of creamy foam; there was a press of white canvas filling the sky overhead, and far away to windward could be discerned the dark outline of the Channel Islands. On board a strange stillness prevailed among the crew. It was their breakfast-hour, and the low murmur from the fore-castle had an indistinct and buzzing sound, like the dreamy hum of bees on a warm summer noon. Not a soul was visible but the man at the wheel, with long, red cravat floating to the breeze—everything was suggestive of peace and subdued pleasure, and the vessel sped on with a motion so graceful and silent that it made one wish that the era of steamships lay yet in the future. And thus we sailed slowly, dreamily on, until at last we sighted the beautiful circular sweep of Weymouth Bay; and my friend and I, with our few incumbrances, were rowed from the brig into the quaint little town.

Here, after dining comfortably in a room which commanded a scene of exquisite repose—for the weather was unusually summery—we had a wrangle as to which of us should make the first, or rather the *second*, entry in our precious manuscript. After a sharp encounter, which had the unpleasant effect of imparting to our respective faces a sensation of warmth that was far from comfortable, we finally came to an agreement; and, in consideration of the fact that the spot we had put down for our first day's investigation—namely, the strangely anomalous beach of the isle of Portland—was of a character not easily described by one totally uninterested in pebbles, the burden of the first day's literary performance fell to the professor, who now respectfully merges his identity in the indistinguishable depths of "we"—first, however, informing the curious reader that it was agreed that scenery of a distinctively beautiful character, which could not fail of being marred in the description by the pen of a soulless scientist, were to be assigned to the sentimental London umbrella-manufacturer. May "we" now hope—since the æsthetic branch of the expedition is in temporary abeyance—that the reader will not be disinclined to accompany us, for we take him into our confidence, and may, perhaps, have occasion to ask him a question once in a while?

The day is fine and breezy, then. We have left the little town of Weymouth some four miles behind us, given a parting glance at those very common objects of the shore with which all sea-side visitors are so well acquainted, paid our halfpenny at the "ferry-bridge" which unites the beach and the mainland, and, having crossed, we stand ankle-deep in small pebbles. Before us is a steeply-sloping wall of shingle, rising some thirty feet above our heads; and, almost washing our feet, the calm ripple of Portland Roads breaks on this hither slope of the bank. Struggling with many slippings and sinkings to the summit of the bank, another sea stretches out before us, downward toward which again the beach

gently slopes. We stand upon a comparatively narrow isthmus of pebbles, the sea landlocked and quiet within; white, restless, and limitless without. At about a mile to our left the beach strikes the island of Portland, and is rapidly lost in its cliffs, while toward the right it trends away ten miles or more from where we stand, the gray-brown tint of the stones about us gaining a ruddier hue as they recede, till in the middle distance the shingle looks like a long, dull-red line parting the blue and white water; gradually this, too, becomes more aerial and refined, till it is finally lost in a reddened haze on the view horizon.

Strolling, as well as the nature of the ground will permit us, toward Portland, we soon become aware of a sensible increase in the dimensions of the bank; its height and width become greater, and the pebbles larger and larger, as we advance. In the opposite direction the reverse of this takes place: the beach dwindles slowly mile by mile, and we need only walk far enough to find the big stones dwarfed to the size of eggs, then marbles, and lastly gravel and sand at the Eype Rocks, some two miles beyond Bridport. It would probably take us many weary marches over this treacherous heavy ground before we could tell, within a long, long way, the position in which we stood upon the bank by reference to the size of individual pebbles; yet in days of high duties instead of French treaties, when profits on contraband goods were large, and smugglers many and cunning, the experienced crew found plainly-marked milestones in every pebble even in the darkest nights, and could tell within a very little at what distance from the island a run had been effected.

The *independent* position of the beach, you observe, is by far its most striking feature, continuing, long after its novelty has ceased to astonish, to suggest the inquiry, "How came this pebble-isthmus cutting the blue bay in halves, and leaving Portland, perhaps, the most problematic island in the world?" For we suppose that, judged by the standard of our geography definitions, the term is misapplied. If an island, to be worthy of its name, must necessarily be completely surrounded by water, then is Portland a peninsula; if, however, it is sufficient for the attainment of insular dignity that a patch of cliff, some seven miles long by three miles wide, should be detached from the mainland by an intervening space of five miles of blue water, bridged only by a thin streak of beach, then do we set both geographer and lexicographer at naught, and dub their technical peninsula a practical island. You agree with us? Very well.

The interest of this little philological difficulty, however, does not last us long in the immediate presence of the previous question: "How did these pebbles get where we see them? Did they rise one fine day bodily from the bed of the sea, and form the bar by some cataclysmic effort?" Then, too, setting aside this problem for a moment, we face another equally puzzling question: "Where did they come from?" And now an arduous task is to be surmounted before this question can be answered. We go

once and again over the white cliffs of Portland, narrowly watching every inch on each side of us; we look at them from above, from below, and from the water; we then lose some weary hours before we have examined the published geological sections of the island; yet nowhere within its boundaries do we discover a single stratum from which the stones about us could be derived. They are, for the most part, chalk-flints, with an admixture of darker-colored pebbles from some older formation than the island, sufficient to give the reddish tinge to the bank.

Let us now rest from our labors for a season, and draw upon the contents of our haversacks with an appetite that promises to perform enormous feats.

So! We now fare forth for a long, imaginary ramble with two or three representatives of the general contents of the beach in the receptacles where those unfortunate fowls erst were, and try again to track them to their original source. Recrossing the ferry-bridge, we find the mainland to be a continuation of the oolitic strata of Portland; and, following the coast-line, we pass Langton, Abbotsbury, Burton, and Bridport, with the same or allied formations beneath our feet—on to Lyme-Regis, with its famous liassic strata fruitful in fossil monsters, but barren of either of the objects of our search. Already we have traveled twenty-five miles from our starting-point, and have not found so much as a single flint-stone.

At last, between Lyme and Axmouth, we come upon chalk and green-sand, extending almost to Sidmouth, and yielding flints in abundance. We have reached the great storehouse of this material, from which our beach-pebbles have been derived; and this is the nearest possible point from which the greater part of the bank can have come. But the reddish-brown pebbles, where are they? Not much farther ahead. Leaving Sidmouth, we enter the new red sandstone, and, moving still westward, we shortly reach the pretty little village of Budleigh Salterton. Our march is done, and we halt upon a beach of which every pebble is more or less a counterpart of the specimen we have brought along with us. The sandstone, crumbling year by year, attacked by gales, and washed by water, drops on the shore an inexhaustible supply of these red-brown stones, whose travels begin only in the fall from the parent-rock, and end upon the strange isthmus thirty miles away. Matter, like man, you see, plays many a part before it leaves the world's stage. The flint and the sandstone pebbles are dug up again for modern uses by that inexorable utilitarian, Nature, after a measureless period of repose which has succeeded their last appearance. Both have helped, at least once before, to line the shores of a primeval ocean with red beaches such as those of to-day, for both come to their work rounded and water-worn, marked unmistakably with the badge of their previous employment æons ago.

Now, if the reader who has not lost his interest in the subject yet will take a map of England and glance at the towns we have named, he will see that we tax his powers of faith somewhat largely when

we bid him believe that every pebble which rolls beneath the feet of Portland fishers has crossed the West Bay, performing a journey varying in distance from thirty to forty miles, and been finally arrested where it now lies. Such, nevertheless, is the fact; and the southwesterly gales which blow upon these coasts throughout almost the entire year are the immediate agents in the work: these, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly, as calmer or rougher times prevail, clear out ton after ton of pebbles from the localities mentioned, and roll them along the shore, the exodus of the stones going on until some obstacle crossing the path of the prevailing wind arrests their progress—this obstacle is the isthmus in question. And thither, hiring a dog-cart at the inn, we now return. "But how did it first become an isthmus?" you ask. "Why, when once started, did the pebbles stop thus suddenly arrested in mid-ocean?" The reason is very simple, although not obvious. From Portland to the mainland there runs, at a few feet above the low-tide level, a bank of stiff clay, covered up deep in pebbles now, and hidden from all observation less searching than that of the boring-bar. By this the traveling stones were first checked, and accumulation begun. Through how many circling years the winds and waves have been about their task, we know not; yet, it is not probable that this action is a very slow and lingering one. The sea, which can patiently gnaw, century after century, at some refractory rock which falls at length, can prove itself a quick worker on occasion. At times there come fierce gales, with their attendant heavy ground-swells. As the quick waves strike the beach the hollow roar of rolling pebbles marks each receding column of water. Masses of shingle are scoured away while the hurricane lasts. One night of this fierce work will carry back into deep water from two to three and four million tons of stone; yet these, on the return of calmer weather, will all be thrown in again in the course of a very few days.

We, however, have chosen a bright summer day for our visit—a day when the West Bay is lazily flinging in its five or six waves per minute; when white-sailed yachts and tall ships glide between us and the horizon; when the gulls are wheeling peacefully about their nests among the cliffs; and all Nature suns herself and rests. The mention of ground-swells, however, reminds us dimly of some of the horrors recorded as taking place here when the mad sea is wrestling with the cruel wind. At times like those the bank is truly a fearful place: the long ridge of stone breasting the Channel rollers becomes with every storm a strong protection or a deadly danger to the seaman's life, just as it happens upon which side of it his ship lies. A terrible place for stranded vessels is this red beach when the southwester is fairly loosed; at such times the waves which fall in here are terrific—one breaker alone falling full upon a vessel of large size, which had driven on the bank, has been known to completely destroy and break her to pieces. Terrible as such a lee-shore is, however, some very remarkable escapes have happened here. The 23d of November, 1874, for instance, was made

memorable on all this coast by a night of severe storm. On that night a small sloop bound for Portsmouth found herself unable to "fetch" Portland Bill, and lay at the mercy of the gale, with the certainty of stranding upon the beach before her. With death imminent, which no human effort seemed able to avert, the captain tried one last desperate venture for life. Abandoning the vain attempt to make an offing, he put the vessel's head straight for the bank. Thus, with sail upon her, the howling wind driving her at speed toward the shore, the dark November night around her, she held on a steady course. During the few minutes which elapsed before she struck, the hard, tense silence of suspense reigned from stem to stern; there was nothing more to do now but await, with the grim, quiet courage of sailors, the coming blow. One chance for life remained, and only one. A lucky wave might lift the craft, with way upon her, high above the deadly hammer of the breaking seas. So it proved. Just when the black shore showed close through the night, one huge roller took the little vessel, aided by her momentum, rapidly onward and upward almost to the very crest of the beach. How the grip of that painful silence loosened, and what a thankful cheer rang out against the gale, as, with comparatively little damage, the good ship settled down, with her keel deep in the pebbles, out of the reach of anything more dangerous than the spray flung at her from the disappointed surges!

But this is only a reminiscence, one of many we recall on our drive back, while as yet we have not exhausted the interest of the bank itself, on which we soon find ourselves again.

It seems odd here—as, indeed, it does on any beach—to find that an inversion of what we should naturally consider to be the order in sizes of the shingle, from low-water line upward, takes place. *The biggest pebbles are always highest up, lining the high-water mark.* Now, having already shown that the pebbles are brought to shore by the action of the water, the inference seems clear that this element would be so far like most other bearers of burdens that it would take the first opportunity of dropping the heaviest portion of its load. We should expect, then, to find the large stones at low-water, and the gravel at high-water, line. This is precisely what does not take place; for we all know that it is toward the sea we must walk to come upon the finest portion of the beach. Here this is strikingly apparent, the shingle diminishing very regularly in size as we descend the slope.

We account for the paradox thus: where an advancing wave throws down upon the shore its load of pebbles and retires, it is evident that the discharged freight will lie more or less closely packed just in proportion to the size of the stones which compose it; that sand or gravel, for example, will form a comparatively flat floor, over which the following wave will roll the larger pebbles, until the smallest among these have packed into one another with sufficient approach to a level surface to permit the water to pass over them without any great ten-

dency to move them farther forward. The largest sizes, however, can never lie so closely together but that enough of their surface will remain exposed to allow of their propulsion by a wave of very ordinary force; hence their travels will not end till the sea, like a successful Sisyphus, has lodged them at high-water line.

This law, which is in force on all beaches, has a perfectly gigantic exemplification at Portland; for not only is it here true of the slope comprised between tide-marks, but its action is extended throughout the whole length of the beach or isthmus. It has previously been mentioned that both the general dimensions of the bank, as well as the individual sizes of the shingle, diminish from the island to the Eype Rocks: it seems natural to suppose that the gravel to the westward has been derived from the large stones east, presuming these to have been driven from east to west, and ground smaller and smaller with every mile of their progress. But the winds, to whose efforts the existence of the bank is due, blow—as has been shown—from the opposite quarter to that which would be required for this result (south-west); and the rule just stated furnishes the true explanation of the difficulty. Large stones and small are brought together to the beach; and whether between tide-marks, or along the whole length of the isthmus, it is the rolling of the larger pebbles upon the smaller in the manner shown which in the course of ages has produced the perfect sorting that we see.

Look! the black boats which dot the bank at intervals throughout its whole visible extent are assuming signs of life; huge and unwieldy as they look at close approach, they are picturesque enough, even in the deserted condition in which they have stood all the day, with their bows looking toward the West Bay. In the morning everything on board was neat and snug, with no sign of use or movement about them. A stranger's innocent ignorance might be pardoned for supposing that they were beached and done with for some time to come; that work was over, and no fish in the offing. Now, however, a crowd of men and lads, of the true fisherman type, come running along the beach, and form groups around each boat in our neighborhood. Something is evidently in the wind. It may be worth our while to get near a crew, and rest upon the clean pebbles while we watch them. How listlessly the men loll about in various attitudes of repose! A few oldsters—lookers-on like ourselves—sit apart in knots calmly chatting, while the lads, true to their instincts, are skylarking about the beach. Each of these groups in its way forms a strong contrast with the keen-eyed lookout, who stands alone high up upon the shingle, with quick eyes fixed seaward. For a quarter or, perhaps, half an hour, the whole keep thus, when, at a signal from the watcher, unmarked by us, every figure starts into action: the young ones run for a few moments rapidly toward the boat, but the older hands almost immediately resume their lounging postures. We turn to a neighbor to ask the reason for this sudden change, who points to the adjacent boat, which we see has been beforehand with our friends,



and is already on the water. "First come, first serve," is the rule upon the beach; and hence the returning inaction. No long time passes, however, before all are alive again; another signal from above, and the stout lads, already in the boat, seize the bow-oars. Some six men fall in line on either side with hands upon the gunwale. A shout! a bend of the muscular backs, and she grates rapidly over the pebbles, the men running at her sides till her bows touch the water; on the instant the bow-oars are dipped and her head kept seaward, while, with her momentum still upon her, the launchers have flashed knee-deep through the waves, and, with one quick spring together, are over the side, grasping each an oar. The steersman shouts, "Give way!" the blades dip, and, settling down steadily to their work, the crew soon leave the shore behind them.

The afternoon closes while we sit waiting the return of the boat; at length she nears us, borne on the summit of an advancing wave; the rowers back her toward the beach, a rope is flung ashore, and now, pull together men, and jump, eager boys, from her sides, waist-deep in the water to help her onward; lay the oars crosswise upon the pebbles; once more together with a will, and your craft is high and dry.

And now for the fish. Bobbing up and down with every ripple, a semicircle of cork-floats tells us the position of the net; the busy crew haul upon the lines, and every minute the dancing curve lessens in diameter. Women have come upon the scene, and creels are countless. Flash! A single white-belly glistens in the moonlight; the corks come closer and closer; fish after fish shows his glittering sides above the water, and in a minute more the red pebbles gleam with their living load; thousands upon thousands of jumping and writhing mackerel are lying on the bank, while men and women rush, creel in hand, upon them. Picking and sorting, however, though profitable, is poor work in a picturesque point of view, and so we leave our fishermen busy at their closing labors; not, however, without a tribute to the courage, endurance, and skill, these men have often shown in other work than their immediate calling. When the dark times of sea-life come, when the moonlit water of this placid evening has become the deadly foe with which to struggle for the dear life, then has many a shipwrecked sailor had cause to thank God for the bold and hardy life and training which have helped to make the beach-fisherman ever ready to brave danger, or even to face death when the need arises.

We have said nothing of the water on the inner side of the bank. This, after passing Ferrybridge, changes from an open bay to a creek, having the beach and mainland for its respective shores. At Abbotsbury the creek widens into a seeming lake of large size. Here there are a swannery and duck-decoy, while the water is the resort of wild-fowl innumerable. Over the wide, flat shores of the mainland the rudely-built swans'-nests lie thickly scattered; these are deserted now; but a stray egg here and there tells of addledom and parents' blighted hopes, while, hard by, the brood of brown cygnets,

essaying a first swim, speaks of successful sittings. At the right season, too, if fond of wild-fowl, we might find pleasure in watching the water black with coots, terns, and duck, or follow behind the sheltering curtains of the decoy the knowing tactics of the little dog who is so valuable an ally to the seductive tame birds. To all these things, together with the bank of whose chief points of interest we have endeavored to give some general idea, we bid farewell, trusting that our tramp over the pebbles has not tired our reader's mental legs. In these days of Alpine clubs and muscular science, it may seem presumptuous to speak of physical fatigue in connection with any explorations short of a hitherto unattempted glacier; still for those whose summer holidays or means are too scanty to admit of their joining the streams of tourists for distant parts we submit that there are many places within easy reach, which are ripe in geological and zoological interest, in picturesque beauty, and in everything that is requisite to make a holiday, however short, an epoch in our lives to be looked back upon with feelings of exquisite satisfaction.

It was dusk in the evening of the next day (we had decided to rest before proceeding on our next stage), and, after reading the above composition to my companion, with an unction that was sharpened by the certain expectation of his approval, I triumphantly threw down the manuscript, and turned my eyes toward him. He had been rather taciturn all day, but this I attributed to fatigue. Noting that he now made no reply, I exclaimed: "Now, what do you say to it? Don't you think we have made a good beginning, on the whole?"

"Pardon me," he interrupted, in a hard voice, and I thought there was a sneer on his face, "I would have you informed, old friends though we be, that I consider a thirsty march of forty miles along a broken coast full of pebbles, and yielding sand, to be anything rather than pleasurable or instructive, either. And if that is to be our method of procedure, then the sooner we split partnership the better. And let me also take the liberty of suggesting, in my capacity of critic, that that brilliant composition of yours may be all very well. I suppose you intend to electrify your juveniles with it on your return; but, know that you have completely under-estimated a cockney's discernment—yes, sir, a cockney's!—if you thought he could be gulled into acting Sancho Panza to your fantastic assumption of the character of an original."

I was thunderstruck. To be thus criticised by a cockney—and an umbrella-manufacturer to boot, who passed his days in reading maudlin poetry—it was monstrous! I looked at him. What is this I see under the table? A pair of bare feet—and such feet! The poor fellow's valued extremities were of such a portentous size, and in such frightful blisters, that it is no wonder both his good-humor and his poetry had evaporated at the same moment. I immediately laid down my offended air, resigned my professorial dignity, and turned nurse.

## ARACHNE AND PENELOPE.

A WOMAN at an embroidery-frame has been esteemed a pretty picture from the earliest dawn of the ornamental arts down to the present moment. How full are the pages of Homer of this picture! Down the stream of time we find it again and again; the dramatists have seized it and made much of it:

" . . . Once upon a time  
Sitting at a window, *pricking thy thoughts in lawn*,  
I did hear thee talk, far above singing!"

That is perhaps the prettiest paraphrase for sewing in them all, and comes from Beaumont and Fletcher. There is even an old scandal that Minerva, with all her wisdom, fell envious of Arachne, who did her *tatting* so much better than did Jove's daughter; so she changed her into a spider, making her forever after spin her web. Whoever first looked upon a spider and invented this beautiful legend backward must have had some lovely Arachne in his eye, who sat in a soft, lavender robe, spinning, weaving, or netting the golden flax, and entangling his heart-strings at the same time in a seamless mesh; the human interest must have inspired the poet's thought—as when did it not?

Sewing, knitting, netting, spinning, are all most graceful occupations. They become every age of womanhood. They are sweet, quiet, happy-looking things; they give a man rest even to think of them, and what have they not been to women? We will leave out "The Song of the Shirt," and all the painful side of the stitch—and the stitch in the side, too, the rose must have its thorn—and we will for a half-hour only think of the blessing which this gift has been to woman.

"His mother made him a little coat."

What hopes, dreams, prayers, visions, have not been sewed into little coats? What woman would give up that blessed industry? One of Bulwer's sweetest touches is in describing a boy of twelve. He says, "His mother still hemmed his ruffles."

No doubt this particular branch of heart-felt industry becomes too heavy for even the most loving of mammas in large families and with small incomes. No doubt the sewing-machine has saved many a headache; it was an indispensable invention. And yet one hates its stiff, unmanageable seams, its mechanical narrowness, its utilitarian, ugly, unpoetical, business-like manners. It has had its disadvantages, too, like all new inventions. They tread on the toes of lingering poverty—some handicraft is driven out from which a homely but sure livelihood is gained. The stocking-looms of Worcester, the carpet-looms of Spitalfields, were broken by an infuriated mob, who saw no compensation for present bread in the future increased prosperity of a great capitalist. We do not read political economy when we are hungry and cold.

But, fortunately for womankind, the sewing-machine cannot embroider rose-buds, cannot conduce

much toward the decorative arts. Women are returning now to Helen's industry as she sat—

" . . . In the palace weaving there  
An ample web, a shining double-robe,  
Whereon were many conflicts fairly wrought."

For, what parlor is perfect now without a spinning-wheel? Long-forgotten Arachne comes back again, showing that Minerva's jealousy is impotent, and must yield to that sweeter vision of the lavender robe, and delicate fingers again spin the flax for the fairy filaments of lace-work, or the wool for crewel-embroidery. We are going back to the goddesses. Venus would not find herself out of fashion to-day in the dress which Homer described three thousand years ago:

"And next she threw around her an ambrosial robe, the work  
Of Pallas, all its web embroidered o'er  
With forms of rare device. She fastened it  
Over the breast with clasps of gold, and then  
She passed about her waist a zone which bore  
Fringes an hundred-fold; and in her ears  
She hung her three-gemmed ear-rings, from whose gleam  
She won an added grace!"

The first three lines describe one of Worth's embroidered cloaks to admiration. Many a lady makes her own as well, inventing pattern of graceful arabesque, "forms of rare device," and, like Venus, fastens it with clasp of gold.

Lace-work has lately become ladies' pastime. At every watering-place one sees the graceful figure "in robe and veil of white," bending over the piece of green leather, on which is basted the foundation-pattern. These amateur webs of Arachne are sometimes as beautiful as old Venetian point. They emulate the wealth of cardinals. Well may it be called *opus araneum*, or "spider-work," and perhaps many an unwary male fly has been asked to "walk into that parlor," and has never come out the same free fly as before. It is elegant work, and not too hard on the eyes.

No longer do convents alone produce splendid specimens of this luxurious art. Never since the sixteenth century have ladies made such lace as they do now; and at the rooms of the Decorative Art Society in Twentieth Street, New York, may be seen some lace which was made by a lady of this city for her amusement. Its bold flowing-scroll pattern, the perfection of the workmanship, and the beauty of the *tout ensemble*, render it worthy of the purest styles of Louis XIV.'s luxurious reign.

As yet we import our threads, for none of our modern Arachnes can spin that flax of Brabant into such exquisite tenuity as those poor, pale women, who do it underground, lest the contact of the air cause it to break. There is an Arachne for you! Minerva's spite would have wrecked itself entirely had she changed the industrious nymph to one of these, instead of into a virulent spider, who adds on to her industry the fiercer joys of conquest. Lace-

making has been a boon to many a poor peasantry, to many a starving people. Strange that a mere luxury, one which the world could perfectly do without, should have crept into the Hartz Mountains, and preserved a hardy race from starvation! Even now at Annaberg one finds a tombstone inscribed thus: "Here lies Barbara Uttmann died on the 14th January 1575 whose invention of lace in the year 1561 made her the benefactress of the Hartz Mountains." Again, after the Irish famine, we find a noble lady doing the same good work for that innumerable peasantry in the Emerald Isle who now make some of the most useful and beautiful of laces.

It is a pretty, poetical, but not common industry—that which creates lace, or tapestry, or cloth, from the filaments of leaves and flowers. The lily-plants, the asphodel tribe, the fibrous coating about the silk-weed pod, the tangled mat of the pineapple, all these are presents from our lost sister Daphne, she who ran away from Apollo and was changed into a tree. A pineapple handkerchief, embroidered by deft fingers, is a hamadryad's gift, the most delicate textile in existence. Nothing but Arachne's web can be finer. Cotton, alas! vulgar, useful cotton belongs to this family, but only when sublimated into muslin can we admit its descent from Daphne.

But the modern Penelopes have taken cotton in hand, and have found that the coarse, common, cheap, unbleached cloth of Lowell looms makes beautiful draperies. Sometimes they throw three different-colored flannel bands across it, and embroider them down with cat-stitch—why so named nobody knows, for it is far more regular than the most well-conditioned Tabby could be expected to be—and lo! you have a Roman-scarf effect—the rich, creamy, *écru* tint of the cloth (or muslin as it is improperly called) coming out with wondrous effect. The modern Penelope goes back to the days of her great-grandmamma, and embroiders with crewel a vine of her own sketching, bringing in the wild-flower she has found in her walk, or pulling down the fruit-laden vine from her window for a pattern. It is a charming feature of women's work of to-day that it goes first-hand to Dame Nature for inspiration; all this pre-Raphaelite movement of the last twenty-five years has done that for us. No impossible or improbable stiff groups in Berlin wool, wrought in geometrical canvas, occupy the sweet Penelope of to-day. She makes a rose-bud from the depths of her own consciousness; paints it with her blushes, and in its deep-crimson cup hides the fragrant fervor of her thought and dream.

Women need much consolation in this world. Sometimes they are in love; indeed, this is so common a complaint with them that they should have a sublimated Pond's Extract, a metaphorical camphor, or spiritual arnica, to apply to that hidden wound. The needle is a good little lightning-rod; a conductor off for concealed disturbance. Many a heart-ache has been embroidered away. Sometimes women are poor. This is sadder still. They must so conduct the hidden sorrow through the needle into the satin that it may come back to them, bringing bread.

They must weave that enchanted carpet of Aladdin, which shall take them from place to place. They must earn their living by their accomplishments, a hard thing to do.

And here we come to trouble. Most women can do various pretty things well—but not well enough to sell. The thorough art-education of women is a thing which had not been thought of twenty-five years ago. Thus it came about that no being on earth is so helpless as the reduced lady; and it is to the assistance of reduced ladies that the South Kensington Museum Association has devoted itself, teaching women to embroider so perfectly that even the Roman Catholic Church, that great purchaser of embroideries, will buy the work, and she is a very particular purchaser. The ecclesiastical embroidery is a special art by itself. Chasuble, cope, and alb, robe, and carpet, and altar-cloth, and drapery, must be so deftly done that the microscope itself can detect no flaw. There is no finer, richer illuminating in an old missal than some of this embroidery. The face of Christ is painted by some devout needle-woman in silk almost as Leonardo da Vinci painted it in oils.

Tapestry is the work of both Arachne and Penelope. It is woven first, and then embroidered, or else in the weaving a shorter thread is thrown across, and the pattern comes out in fresh colors of a different weft. Many ladies now emulate Matilda in the Bayeux tapestry, and use, as she did, coarse brown linen for the groundwork, and design, as she did, their own patterns. Turkish toweling is a favorite background for these tapestries. A great tendency toward cheap things, and a sudden discovery that the cheapest fabric and the most perpendicular sunflower, or the straighter cat-tail, is more artistic in combination than the wreath of splendid lilies thrown across satin—all this is the surprising discovery of modern art decoration. Some of us take the liberty of doubting the wholesale assumption of the modern Eastlake, pre-Raphaelite, and South Kensington schools. Some of us still love luxurious French brocatelles and Japanese silks, heavy with gold and silver; but we are in an inglorious minority. A coffee-bag embroidered with cat-tails is "higher art."

Interior decoration does not stop with the works of Arachne and Penelope. Oh, no: are not half the women in the world painting tiles, and the other half dividing their time between wood-carving and dinner-plates? This ceramic revival has brought thousands of women a tasteful occupation. At Collamore's, in Broadway, may be seen a beautiful dinner-set, the work of an amateur. At the rooms of the Decorative Art Society may be seen another. On the plates are faces from Walter Crane's "Baby's Opera," surrounded with pretty rural adjuncts. On the vegetable-dishes are birds, and fruits, and flowers. All this work is good enough to sell, which is saying all that can be said, for only good work will be accepted by the china-merchants. Ladies here have to meet the stern competition of English china, such specimens as we saw at the Centennial Exposition, and

one must be an artist, a thoroughly-educated worker, if she aspires to sell her work.

Wood-carving would at first seem too hard and too severe for feminine fingers, but it is not so. Women do that work well, and, like Lady Jones in the epitaph, "send many pieces to the exhibition." A good wood-carver makes excellent wages, the constantly-growing fancy for the solid and real in furniture revives the old Grinling Gibbons work, or a feeble copy of it, which we have admired in old English mansions.

Then comes painting on wood: ebonized cherry, as smooth as a bit of Japanese lacquer, can be ornamented with gold-leaf in patterns to suit the artist. This is very easy (after one knows how), and a beautiful effect is quickly produced. White and black paint, put in to imitate inlaying, is also successfully done by women.

Painting on panels is a fashionable and pretty form of decorative art. The panel can be inserted in almost any piece of furniture, or it can well enough be left to stand by itself, a very pretty object, either leaning against the wall or suspended like a plaque.

It seems strange that women, supposed to be fond of jewels since the days of Queen Esther, have never tried jewelry-work. We read of no female goldsmiths. They could set rubies and diamonds, one would suppose, as well as men; but the fact remains that they do not: all the female goldsmithery seems to consist in the stringing of pearls, or sewing them into embroidery. That is done considerably in ecclesiastical embroidery; also on lace and tulle for ball-dresses.

"Wanted, a few young girls to sew on illusion," was a Broadway sign which attracted the attention of a passing poet. "What else do they ever sew on?" said he, sadly, as he passed on. A favorite ball-dress, a few years ago, was an illusion or tulle skirt covered with rose-leaves. This was a branch of industry which recalls Arachne, Daphne, and Flora herself, and might be called without sarcasm a pretty piece of business.

Shakespeare has no sewing-women; he "knits up the raveled sleeve of care," and speaks of—

"That which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;"

but he did not describe his heroine as—

"Sitting at the window pricking her thoughts in lawn."

He loved a splendid scold like Katherine, or a saucy wit like Rosalind, a gleam of fire and snow like Juliet, or a wise and witty woman like Portia. Beatrice was a favorite of his; something to tame, not a mild creature already broken, but an angry beauty, or a lofty saint like Isabella. His women

never could have had time to sit and sew; certainly while they were under his immortal inspiration they were doing something better! One can imagine Titania embroidering a pineapple handkerchief, perhaps, but nobody but Celia could have stopped to sew regularly.

But we are not all Shakespeare's women, nor are we always in that high glow of passion, be it love, or grief, or remorse, or coquetry, or devotion, or intellectual enterprise, or even in sweet musings in the moonlight, where we are apt to find Jessica, and Viola, and Perdita. There are rainy days in mortal life; we do not live in the forest of Ardennes: we must sew, knit, embroider, net, paint tiles, carve wood, work away at the decorative arts. Some of us must make our living by the same, and then comes in the business of learning how. The society formed in New York about a year ago (and called "The Society of Decorative Art"), by certain thoughtful and benevolent women, essays to help women to gain a good art-education. They selected artists to coöperate with them; they invited ladies to send and bring work. This work went through a severe and artistic examination; was, if accepted, placed on exhibition and sold. Already they are prepared with teachers who shall instruct women in painting on china, and other decorative arts; their very severity is a help to the half-good workers—they aim high.

Now they are giving us art-exhibitions, loan-collections—like those at South Kensington, and the poor girl who aspires to make lace is enabled to see the very best laces which money can buy; the tapestry-worker can see Arras of 1515 and Gobelin of the seventeenth century; Arachne studies the knitting of some patient nun of Belgium; and Penelope examines the Nibelungenlied embroidered on brown linen.

The china-maniacs roam at will amid old green crackle, Minton, Kioto, Moorish vases, old Dresden, majolica, *cloisonné*, Palissy, Spanish *faïence*, Thuringian porcelain, old blue, and Kaga ware.

The Americans are a very generous people. Scarcely any collector refuses to allow his pictures, his china, or his books, to be seen, if he is properly asked. To this exhibition, or loan-collection, ladies have sent their valuable lace fans; some others, lace painted by Watteau and Boucher, also their jewels, laces, and embroideries. It is a choice, rare, and learned thing, this exhibition, through the kindness of the tasteful and wealthy collectors of New York and Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and will help to make the Arachnes and Penelopes, those who have genius and those who have industry, better able to do good and artistic work, to the infinite advantage of the nation and themselves.



## SERMONS IN STONES.

I NEED not say how refreshing it was to get away from the melting heats of the inland regions, and drink in the cool, salt sea-breeze once more in the old fishing town and harbor of Skyanac.

"The sea—the sea—the o-pen sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free,  
The ever, e-er free!"

So I caroled in Barry Cornwall's old song, once so popular, as I slid down from the top of the stage-coach and stretched my legs. Having shuffled off my dusty baggage, and got ticketed for an attic in the crowded boarding-house, and done my best at the tea-table, I made a bee-line for the cliffs and the beach.

And here, day after day, I sauntered, fascinated with all I saw, and drinking in health and mental vigor from air, earth, and ocean.

I was interested now to observe how floral and animal life extends as far as it can down the rocky and barren slopes to the very face of the restless, plunging sea-waves. The hardy juniper of course you expect to see, sprawling about with its tough green arms—the constant evergreen companion of the gray-lichened rocks. But here, also, you meet the fragrant bayberry and sweet-fern, the yarrow and wild-rose, the golden-rod and immortelle, within the very dash of the spray. The field-birds twitter on the craggy precipice. Gay butterflies flutter about, and are tempted out so far in calm weather that they sink weary into the cold waves, and you find the warm beach strewn with their yellow, flower-like corpses. Lively wasps build their nests under the loose stones close to the water, and spiders spin their mathematical diagrams of webs against the sea-washed sides of the rugged cliffs. Life is so wonderfully persistent, and needs such slender conditions! The opportunities, of course, of animal as well as of human existence and enjoyment, must far outweigh their accidents; so that we cease to wonder why the people of Chili and Peru don't emigrate in hordes out of the reach of those horrible earthquakes and volcanic waves. A few weeks since I saw, on the coast of Manchester, the celebrated sea-cedar (by no means a *seceder*, but the type of loyalty and constancy), a venerable and picturesque tree, much sketched by the painters. Naturalists compute it to be a thousand years old, and we can easily believe it, to judge by the enormous trunk (enormous for a cedar), and the wonderfully twisted and gnarled branches. It stands at the top of a gorge of rocks above the sea, and bears marks of having battled with winds and waves for centuries. A king-bird fluttered apprehensively about its branches, where it had evidently built its lonely nest. As I looked reverently at the old tree in its solitary outpost, firm as the rocks in which it is rooted, I thought I had never seen such a sample of the survival of the fittest.

But, however attracted by such unimpersonal

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sea-side specimens, I said to myself sometimes while in Skyanac, "After all, the proper study of mankind is man." And perhaps this is about as favorable a spot for collecting traits of original character as it is for suggesting poems, or for furnishing the landscape-painter's portfolio with sketches of coast and ocean. And I soon after found an opportunity of testing the truth of the old household saying.

Somebody at the boarding-house said one day: "Oh, do you know there's a field-preacher named Cutler, who is going to hold forth Sunday evening on Sunset Hill? He is a sort of second-advent man. His subject is to be the origin of man."

"Good," I said; "I will be there for one. I never fell in with one of this sect, and I am curious to hear what the man has to say."

Sunset Hill was a place I often went to for pictures of sky, landscape, and water. But the chance of getting any diviner glimpses of truth and beauty than these, didn't seem very probable. However, I said I would go. So on Sunday evening I went. But there had been a great sea-fog all day, and the mist still enshrouded the landscape. There was no sunset to be seen from the hill, and not a soul appeared beside myself. Evidently the meeting (which in the best of weather would have been a very thin one) was wisely postponed to a clearer day.

For a week I heard no more about the second-advent man.

One morning I was wakened by the steady clank of a drill, and after breakfast found two laborers at work on some obstinate rocks in the public road, which had long been a nuisance to all drivers of vehicles that way. The younger of the two men sat on a rock, holding the drill with both hands, with a sullen but patient look, while the elder struck heavily and unerringly on the head of the iron. Patiently, and with little conversation, the work went on. By noon they had effected a hole about fourteen inches deep; the powder was put in, and the fuse; the hole carefully closed with pounded brick and sand, and the blast successfully took place. It was amazing what a quantity of stone they got out of that small space.

Soon after I saw the older of these two laborers at work on a hill-side road near the boarding-house, in a place which was particularly infested with rocks. He was not drilling, but working with pick and crowbar, hard and steadily. Two or three of the boarders were looking on, with their hands in their pockets, as if they were "bossing" the job, or lazily smoking their after-breakfast pipes. And Mr. Brown, an old farmer who had a strong interest in this particular piece of road (as it crossed his property), was contributing a little occasional help, assisted by a lank youth they called Jake.

I was struck with the activity and strength of this stone-extractor. He was a tough, wiry man, of about average height and a little under sixty years old,

a mason by trade, and was doing most skillful and effective work on the refractory rocks—which came out like old teeth from their sockets. He was an immense worker, and seemed to have prodigious muscular force. He knew all about the lay of the rocks—could tell at a glance where to wedge in his crowbar, just how deep the stone sank, and just where to strike on with his “hahmer,” as he called it. Now and then he would pause, and put in some observation either about his work or something connected with it. But I soon found the bent of his mind was in a far other direction than the labor before him. He was a great theologian, quoted Scripture as deftly as he smote rocks, and sometimes made some quaint and shrewd observation on life and morals, which showed that his mind was working on higher ground than this craggy hill-side. He was evidently finding a good many sermons in these stones.

“Thet’s a tough fellow, I tell you,” observed Mr. Brown, alluding not to the worker, but the stone. “But you’ve got him aout first-rate, Mr. Cutler. Wouldn’t think stones was so cheap when ye consider the labor of gittin’ ’em aout.”

“Thet’s so,” says the stone-breaker. “I can’t help thinkin’—puts me in mind o’ some o’ them cheap religions that’s about.”

This remark seemed to be less an answer to Mr. Brown than a meditative remark addressed to the bottom of the hole he was working in.

“But stop a bit,” I said to myself. “Didn’t he call him Cutler? Why, that’s the name of the field-preacher they told me about. Can this be he?—this rough laboring-man, with his earth-colored, overalls, and old straw hat, and hard, sunburned face?”

Thereupon I put in a question to draw him out with regard to his theology, but I found he would yield to the slightest touch.

“What do you mean, Mr. Cutler, by cheap religions?”

Perhaps he took me for a sectarian, for he paused a long time, as if he were considering how he should best answer.

“Wal—I mean—them folks as profess more’n they perform. Faith without works, ye know. Thet don’t cost ’em nothin’. Wot I want to see is—jest let me git my crowbar in there, Mr. Braown, an’ you jest slip a stone down for a wedge—wot I want to see is somethin’ solid; an’ when the Lord comes—an’ the day and the hour no man knoweth—he’ll find ’em all ready.” This was *sotto voce* and rather reverentially. Then, turning round, he called in a loud, secular voice: “Give me that hahmer, Jake! I guess I can break some o’ that feller. He hain’t no great foundation. I wish’t I hed my big hahmer; I lent it to Seth Williams. Wal, I guess this’ll do.” (Whack! whack! whack!)

“But what do you mean by the coming of the Lord?” I asked. Mr. Cutler paused for a while, then straightened himself, stepped out of his hole, and leaned on his crowbar, looking me full in the face.

“Why, ye hain’t heard, then, of the second-age people—hev ye? They hev somethin’ o’ the same

views as the second-advent people, but ain’t quite the same. They haven’t any distinct name as yet, unless it be second-age believers. Wal, they’re goin’ to hev a weekly meetin’ in the village, to commence a week from next Sabbath; and Mr. Jennings, who I consider about the smartest man in Boston, is goin’ to speak. He can tell ye more concerning these things than I can, an’ I believe he’s abaout got the truth. They’re goin’ to settle a lot o’ questions.”

“Such as what?” I asked.

“Why, this Rooshy question, for instance, and the settlement of the Jews in Palestine.—Take her more to the left there, Jake! ’Fraid I’ll hev to blast this here rock” (a few more blows of the crowbar). “Dunno—guess I won’t need to. He’ll come aout.” Then followed a series of struggles with the stones, and, as soon as he recovered breath, he resumed: “Wal, Rooshy’s hed a *re-verse*, ain’t she? Put her back some. But she’s baound to succeed. It’s all accordin’ to Scripture.”

“How do you make that out?” I asked.

“Eleventh of Daniel’s got to be fulfilled!” he replied, quickly, looking me steadily in the face.

“What’s that?” I asked, and Mr. Brown and the boarders drew a little closer.

“Why, don’t ye know? You’ll find it written—the king of the north is got to rise up against the king of the south, and come daown like the wolf on the fold, an’ the strong man to run a race. An’ the heathen must be broken to pieces—just like this stone” (whack! whack! whack!). I thought of old Händel’s “Thou shalt break them in pieces like a potter’s vessel.”—“That makes him fly. Guess ye can pry him up, naow, Mr. Braown. There he comes!—Jest heave a little on the left, Jake—that’s it!”

And the stalwart fellow rolled out by main strength a huge fragment of stone with incredible power of backbone and muscle. Pausing to get breath and rest a moment, he began again:

“Yas, sir; Rooshy’s bound to pre-vail! The kingdom of the Lord’s got to come; an’ the Jews will be restored, an’ rebuild the temple; an’ the waste places be tilled; an’ the Lord will receive his elect—for there are Jews who are not Jews. All are not chosen who are called. And ye know there are two seeds—the seed of Adam an’ the seed of the serpent, the seed of the bondwoman an’ the seed of the free woman. Ishmael must not be pre-ferred to the children of Jacob. There is a carnal body and there is a spiritual body; but, when the Lord comes, those that are his in the resurrection will hev spiritual bodies. This’ll be so, although it is a mystery.—Jest dig the earth away from that fellow, will ye, Mr. Braown? I want to see how far daown he sets. Ye’ll have to loosen this one first, I guess, to get a purchase on him.”

“Why, what a theologian you are, Mr. Cutler!” I remarked; “and I hear that you preach sometimes.”

Mr. Cutler straightened himself, and wiped the perspiration from his face. It was a face full of kind-

ness, modesty, and honest sincerity; and his voice had a half-hidden refinement in its tones, quite unlike farmer Brown's or most of his rustic associates, as if, back of his bodily contact with these prosaic country-folks, he had lived a life of inward thoughts and feelings to which they were strangers.

"Wal, ye see; I don't exactly call it preachin'—I'm only a disciple. My trade is a stone-mason. I've followed that many a year. There ain't any big job about here that I hain't hed a hand in. I've laid the foundation of many a haouse in Skyanac—that's my business; and I guess I understand it pretty well. But, wal, I *hev* talked some to the folks abaout here abaout my views—when they'll listen. But I can't explain things as Mr. Jennings can. You wait till you hear *him*. I consider him abaout the smartest man in Boston; and there'll be a week's meetin' soon where you can hear him."

I had one or two subsequent talks with Mr. Cutler, and found myself growing a good deal interested in this simple, honest enthusiast—interested in *him* and his way of talking; though, if I had seen as much of him afterward as I at first desired, I should doubtless have grown weary of his fanciful application of Bible-texts to real life and history. It amused me for a while; but sometimes, while I was beginning to imagine him a sort of second-hand Hebrew prophet, I suddenly perceived in his frequent and indiscriminate quotation of texts an odor of Israelitish old clothes. As, often, when I strolled by the rocky cliffs and beaches of Skyanac, my olfactories caught an alien odor of cod and mackerel spread out to dry, which came to me mingled with fragrance of hay-fields or the pure, salt sea-weed, even so, in the midst of Brother Cutler's fresh and racy country talk, was mixed an occasional ancient and fish-like whiff of old Hebrew times, which seemed strangely out of relation to any practical concerns of to-day.

The weekly meeting of the "coming-agers" announced by Mr. Cutler turned out to be a great failure. A large tent was erected on a grassy plot near the post-office, with rough plank seats, a platform, kerosene-lamps, and one or two large maps of the seat of the Turkish War. When we went in, Mr. Jennings was walking up and down (*solus*), awaiting his audience. But no interest seemed to have been excited in the Skyanackers by the preparations. About a dozen persons straggled in one by one, whom, after waiting a considerable time, Mr. Jennings proceeded to address. The purpose of his address was to tell what the belief of the coming-age people was. He was a fluent speaker, and had the Scriptures at his finger-ends; and, though he gave evidence of some sound common-sense on many points, and of absence from narrow sectarianism, he somehow spoiled the effect of his speech, and damped all hope of any-

thing broad or original in his views, by his mental habit of grounding them all upon a literal interpretation of disjointed Bible texts. Besides, he cramped all ethnologic science into his preconceived forms of obsolete thought in a way to set a disciple of Darwin or Spencer laughing or grieving, as the case might be. And, above all, there was nothing practical to dignify his views with the name progressive or reformatory. There was no *raison d'être* in his speculations.

So, on the whole, the discourse was dull, and I didn't wonder why his audience was not larger; but I did wonder how he could fill up a whole week with this kind of talk.

Mr. Cutler, who was of course one of his hearers, sat with his hands clasping his knee, and his face fixed in absorbed interest on the lecturer. But I thought to myself I had much rather hear him than Brother Jennings. He had precisely the same views, and his talk was much more racy. There was the difference between them which one finds between a wild and a hot-house fruit. Brother Jennings's talk was dry and professional; Brother Cutler's juicy and spontaneous. The slender amount of book-learning of Brother Jennings was much outweighed by Brother Cutler's native mother-wit, with the added spice of a thorough down-East pronunciation.

It was curious, in this nineteenth century and on these New England shores, to find among the laymen of the laboring-class so sincere a textualist holding such a peculiar extra-popular theology, and, in the midst of his Scriptural dreams, so faithfully grubbing away at those obstinate rocks as if they absorbed all his faculties. As I recall him there with his pick and crowbar, with his perspiring, sunburned face, old straw hat, and mud-covered overalls, against that landscape of bare hill-sides sloping to the sea, with their surfaces unshaded by any trees, and only broken by monotonous reaches of gray rock and humble juniper, and then the vast blue distance of ocean beyond, I cannot help seeing in this rough working-man, with his rugged face, yet sweet, benevolent smile and enthusiastic eye, and habitual interior life of unworldly visions, fed by Biblical poetry, a type to be found nowhere perhaps but on the sea-coast of New England. He was a Hebrew graft on a Yankee stock. One might almost imagine him one of the old Puritans, toned and softened by more liberal surroundings, left behind and forgotten by Death and Time; and that he might even be destined to illustrate bodily his own belief, and be some day translated in the clouds.

Sure I am that, whether taken away in his brown overalls or in his ascension-robos, or by the more prosaic method of death, he will be found watching and ready, like a faithful servant.

## HOW I GOT MY TITIAN.

CHANCE, which has its moments of control in most lives, took me to Pieve-di-Cadore—Titian's birthplace—a second time, and for the most trivial purpose; but it brought to me what I had never dreamed of getting, an original picture by Titian! I thought I knew everything of value to be seen in Pieve; and I went over the old ground glad to renew my first impressions, but with no expectations of a new thing. I went into the church of Cadore to see Titian's picture above one of the side-altars. It is not a remarkable church, but Titian's picture there is remarkable, for it has Titian's own portrait, and it is painted in his most suave style. From the picture I went to the sacristy; I found the sacristan obliging enough to show me all the treasures of the church—a great gold-and-silver cross designed by Titian, and vestments of great value, the most remarkable of which was a dalmatica of the thirteenth century, heavy and crusty with curious figures, wrought with silk and gold-and-silver threads, rich with designs such as you can see in Bellini's or Cima di Conegliano's pictures. My delight and wonder before this admirably-preserved piece of work, the vivacity of my expression of appreciation of its style, and the fact that I was a painter, rendered the sacristan most friendly. I ventured to ask him if he had any of the stuff for sale. "No, caro signore; all the old *roba* belongs to the church, and the church has refused three thousand francs for this very robe which you see. As for the pictures, no money could buy them. But there is an old picture near here; perhaps you can tell who painted it? Will you come to-morrow and see it?"

"I am here for a few hours only. Can I not see it at once? I will wait here half an hour."

The sacristan was not sure; perhaps he might get it; he would send for it. In about ten minutes a little boy brought to him a small picture in a black frame, and placed it before me. It was sadly damaged in three places, but it was still beautiful, a Madonna and Child, manifestly a fine picture of the Venetian school?

"Is it for sale?"

"I do not know."

"Say I will give so much"—mentioning the amount I was willing to offer. The picture was carried off by the small boy, who soon came back saying the owner of the picture was not at home; would I wait? she would soon come from the fields. I said I would go to her house and await her return.

Urged by my delight in the slightest remains of the noble art of the Venetian school, interested to find so fine an example near Titian's own home, and sure that I had uncovered a lost picture of great beauty, I went with my little guide, and reached the door of an old house close by the church, and as I did so, a strong-faced Italian woman came up; the mistress of the house greeted me, and we went into

the house together. She had hurried home, and both of us were alike interested. She at once asked me if I knew who painted the picture. I said: "It was surely by a Venetian painter; it is sadly damaged; but I like it; I will give you so much for it; I would like to take it away as a memento of Cadore."

"Yes, I understand well. You would like to have it; it is beautiful; but you must give me my price for it." I soon consented to give her what she wanted, fearing she might even refuse to sell it at any price.

We were in her bedroom, a low, paneled ceiling over us; the space above the bed was empty. The picture had been taken from it for me to see it. The whole family was present—several children and a grown-up son. I asked the woman some questions; I deplored the damage which had been done the picture; I asked her how long she had had it. The picture had always been over her bed; it had been there ever since she could recollect; it came to her by inheritance; her family was old; she was a Vecellio—probably a descendant of some branch of Titian's own family, I thought. My interest in the picture was intensified; I paid her and took it up; I stepped to the threshold with it; all her vivacity had gone. She had become very pale—that dead pallor of the Italian—her eyes were lustrous and woful. The smiles of the whole family had disappeared, and I saw a group sad, pale, silent, inquiring. Before I reached the door the woman sprang forward, and with tears in her great, dark eyes, with a glance not to be forgotten, with an irresistible emotion, with the grace and ardor of an Italian, she stretched out her arms, saying, "*Permesso!*" seized the picture, and, with a sob, kissed the face of the Madonna! Then with an action—a gesticulation which expressed fatality and regret—she surrendered the picture to me.

I had a dreadful moment of hesitation. I felt I was taking from her not only a precious picture in the sense of art, but a picture consecrated by the piety and devotion of a life. Every sorrow and every wish, perhaps, of her Catholic Italian heart had looked through the eyes of prayer upon that Madonna and Child! Perhaps the serenity of a life had grown into strength under the very influence of the tender and gracious type of motherhood which the hand of a great painter had placed there. I realized instantly what an emptiness, what a want, the lack of its soft and serene presence would be in her home; for a beautiful picture expressive of something potent like religion, benignant like beauty, cannot be withdrawn like a piece of furniture from a life, and leave no sense of moral loss. The tears which filled the Italian woman's eyes were not the last she would shed for the absence of her Madonna and Child. But the picture was mine by the double right of knowledge which let me know its merit and origin, and the money which I had



paid for it; and, whatever sensibility I might have for the woman's loss, I knew the picture would be best cared for in my hands. Left where it was, later it might become the property of a picture-dealer from Venice, and then be at the mercy of a picture-restorer (!), who probably would ruin it. I hastened with it out of the house, and no words could express my delight. I had hardly dared to look at the painting while I was burning with covetous desire to possess it. In spite of ill-usage, of the defacement of ignorance—for at one time it had evidently been *folded up*!—I had seen at the very first glance that it was the work of a master, that it was Venetian, that it was beautiful. I dared not say to myself that it was by Titian. I waited until it was mine to answer that question. I soon drove from Cadore, and in three hours I was in my room in Ampezzo with my treasure. I gloated over it; I saw I had a Titian—the pose of the Madonna's head, the type of face—the face of a woman often painted by him—the solid and luminous painting, the rich and harmonious color—all—to one acquainted with Titian's pictures—manifestly his work. I had not only a beautiful Titian, but an admirable lesson before me of his best method. The Madonna loomed out of the deep tone of the picture, still a lovely thing, full of the sweetness and dignity of the great master's art. She had survived all the injuries of ignorance, and appeared in the dusk space a gracious and lovely woman:

"She in her infant blessed, and he in conscious rest."

That the picture should have been found in Pieve-di-Cadore, in a house of a descendant of the Vecellio family, that its authorship should have been unknown, that it should have been lost in the house of a peasant-woman, is, after all, the most natural thing in the world. It is a not uncommon fate for pictures in a country rich as is Italy. They rot in the dampness of neglected chapels, they are ignored in sacristies, and they blacken in the low rooms of peasants; they are hidden behind the tawdry ornaments of altars, and from time to time they are brought out of ruinous obscurity by some one who has made a special study of the Italian masters of painting. While, perhaps, nothing is more difficult to conceal than a famous picture by a famous master, nothing can more readily be lost sight of than a minor work which has always been in private hands; for no one is authorized to trace it when it passes from one person to another. These reflections were naturally occasioned by my picture, which, however, in no sense needed their support, for its authenticity was apparent in every trait—in the tone, in the style, in the arrangement, in the dignity and sweetness of the Madonna. The picture has been long enough in my possession for me to have reached all it has to tell me of itself, and it is a fine and serene presence in my room. It is full of repose, and it always means that which is the supreme sentiment of Titian's art. The Madonna is seated facing me, her head is turned toward her right shoulder, and with an ineffable, downward glance she looks at her child who sits upon her lap. She is clad in crimson-and-green drapery.

I had been more than rewarded by my second visit to Pieve-di-Cadore. I had been enriched. Titian's house, Titian's monument, Titian's work, were all a part of the associations of my precious little picture, which, perhaps, had passed directly from his hand as a gift to some kinswoman more than three hundred years ago, for it is a work of his best time.

War, conquest, fire, had ravaged Cadore; German and French soldiers, rapacious men of the poorer North, had poured like a swollen torrent through it, and but few things had been spared; yet this one little picture, as the tutelary protection of some humble household, had been left unmolested like the more important altar-piece in the church of Cadore.

Cadore itself is most charmingly situated, and it is a fine halting-place on one's way through the Dolomite country, and more especially that section of it which furnished Titian with the noblest motives of his grand landscape backgrounds. It was a fine day of summer when I pushed on up the Ampezzo Valley from Cadore, and saw the characteristic landscape which had often charmed the great painter. A few hours brought me directly before Antelao, an enormous pyramid of rock wedged up against the evening sky. Its mighty mass, and the long flow of its grand lines, seemed to me the most remarkable rock-form I had ever beheld; and later, when I had seen it from the side of Cortina in the morning, when it made a sublime silhouette of purple-blue, the very color which one sees in Titian's pictures, I was immensely gratified: the mountain-color, the strange form, the vastness of the beautiful lines, the solemn sentiment of the great master's backgrounds had been directly inspired by Nature. The trees of these slopes, too, are Titianesque, rich with "solemn foliage," as Titian's foliage has been called. Of course, I do not allude to the vast slopes of larch and pine, but the clumps of thick-leaved ash which here grow very beautifully, and contrast admirably with the vivid green of the clean-shorn pastures over which tower the bare and fantastic peaks of this most fantastic mountain-world. Not the least part of one's pleasure in this scenery is the consciousness one may have of what it was to Titian. The sense that his mind was formed, his imagination quickened, by these great and curious shapes of naked rock seen against the morning and evening sky; that these slopes and trees and brooks and torrents were familiar to him, and became a part of the most vital and impressive expression of his genius, gives them a significance, charges them with a meaning to the heart and mind above and beyond any interest of merely grand and impressive landscape. What is mountain-scenery but so much brute matter until it is consecrated by association with the endurance or the gladness, the suffering or the sweetness of life, to men dear to our memory? Walking through "Titian's country," with but slight knowledge of his work, one can see how close it was to his creating hand, and that his genius was dominated by the grand and solemn sentiment of these fantastic and enormous pyramids and pinnacles of sky-piercing rock, by these long, full slopes, by these streams of foaming water.

Tintoretto, born and bred in Venice, touching human life at every step, is manifestly dominated by the sense of humanity, its struggle, its passion; hence the dramatic character of his works, and his supreme expression of its "passionate attitudes;" but Titian's is dominated by something different, something which came from this very nature of his native mountains—it is something solemn, something full of the dignity of rest and beauty.

From the deep peace of these high-lifted valleys,

from the silence of these great woods, from the shade of the dense foliage of these clumps of mountain-ash, he drew the lesson of peace and sought to express the calm of contentment. His men and women are still and self-contained; the struggle of the world may have touched them, it has not dispossessed them of the majesty of brooding quiet with which they look at you from the dusk depth of sombre backgrounds; and from such a background my Madonna looms, soft and serene, a lovely expression of peace.

## PARAGRAPH FIVE.

### A PLAY FOR THE PARLOR.<sup>1</sup>

A CLEAR, cold day in December; a bright, clear fire of crackling hickory; a pleasant parlor lighted by the last rays of the setting sun—are not these creature-comforts enough and to spare? And yet as Mrs. Montague sat in the parlor before the fire, she hardly seemed contented, and she could hardly have told you why. A widow, young—not thirty—rich, a partner in a great South American firm, with nothing to do but to consult her own wishes—ah! perhaps *that* was why she was restless. Even a charming woman may have too much of her own society.

And she did not know that the something remarkable which it was the purpose of these pages to record, was about to befall her.

There came a sudden and hurried ring at the door of the apartment. A tidy maid opened the door, and there burst into the room a human tornado.

"The deuce take New York!" roared the tornado; "New-Yorkers are a pack of ninnies! fools! idiots!" and he seized a cheap vase which the nervous maid brought him, and smashed it upon the hearth furiously. Then he rushed from the room.

Mrs. Montague had taken but little notice of this boisterous eruption. She knew her uncle, Captain Culpepper Coldspring, and she was accustomed to his violent ways.

"I shall never get used to the captain, ma'am," said the maid, nervously. Her name was Rose, and she looked it.

"I suppose he has been quarreling again," remarked her mistress, calmly. "I hope he has not killed anybody. Pick up the fragments of the vase, put them in the basket with the others, and get a fresh safety-valve ready for the captain."

As the maid was obeying, the uncle entered and cried:

"Rose!"

"Sir?"

"Take this money and give it to that waiter of Delmonico's outside!"

"Yes, sir."

"Go at once!" he shouted, as the girl left the

room.—"Ah, she irritates me," and he laid hands on a handsome vase on the mantel.

His niece quietly interposed:

"Excuse me, uncle, take one of the plain vases, if it is the same to you."

"I have no preference," said the captain, "besides, I am calm now!"

"What has happened?"

"Very little," and Captain Culpepper took up a favorite masculine attitude before the fire, with his feet apart and his hands in his pockets. "Very little. Only this: I was puffing a partaga in Broadway and I met Pacheco Gomez. You remember Gomez, eh? Not a bad fellow at all—for a greaser. They hanged him three times in Paraguay during Lopez's day."

"Is he well?"

"Bad cold. 'Coldspring,' said he. 'Gomez,' said I. 'Yes,' said he. 'Come and dine,' said I. And so we walked into Delmonico's and had a good dinner—except the fish—too old; and the sherry—too young. I call for the bill and wait ten—fifteen—twenty minutes—by the watch. At last the bill comes—"

"Yes?" asked Mrs. Montague, gently.

"It was not for me, but for a gentleman who dined near us. I told him very politely that I had asked for my bill before him, and I forbade his paying before me, or I would break a bottle on his head!"

"Well?"

"Well, he pays, and I present him with a bottle of claret on the head—Château Margaux, '49."

"You killed him?" questioned Mrs. Montague, tranquilly.

"Good claret never hurt anybody. He returned my favor by a Duc de Montebello, extra sec. A battle is waged in the champagne country. Row; shouts; everything topsy-turvy; the waiters rush in; Gomez and I seize two slaves and hurl them through the window; general astonishment; more row; police; smash! Dinner, twenty-five dollars; other luxuries, eighty dollars; total, one hundred and five dollars. Things are so dear in New York. Ah! Juliet, you had better come back to Brazil!"

"Never again! I love New York too much."

"Then acknowledge," said her uncle, as he took

<sup>1</sup> This slight sketch is taken from a comedy in one act, copyrighted by the writer, and suggested in turn by a little play of Henri Mürger's. It is presented here as a suitable trifle at this holiday period for amateur actors.

a seat by her on the sofa, "that I'm a pretty good specimen of an uncle. Your old husband exploring the pampas is bitten by a snake; in twelve minutes you are a widow; in twelve days you are consoled."

"Oh, uncle! Oh!"

"My dear, we are alone. You curbed your sorrow carefully, I can certify."

"I assure you—"

"You wept for your husband twelve days—you might have finished the fortnight—you didn't; that's your lookout. On the thirteenth day you cried: 'I am free! dear uncle, good uncle, kind uncle, I want to see New York!' And here we are!"

"You dear, good, kind, old uncle!" and Mrs. Montague gave him a kiss.

"Exactly. For you I have abandoned my adopted country, my dear Brazil! And to think that you can give me back all this—all that I have given up!"

"How?"

"Remarry! Try Cuttyback!"

"A commonplace commission-merchant?" said Mrs. Montague, rising in indignation. "Never! besides, I don't like Mr. Cuttyback!"

"He is rich—and yet young; only thirty-two. The mean of human life is thirty-three. Cuttyback has only one year more. In another year you are again a widow. That doesn't matter. You make a jolly little widow!"

"Uncle, you are a wretch!" and Mrs. Montague blushed.

"If Cuttyback is not amenable to these statistics, just return to Brazil; inoculate him with a taste for botany; he wanders over the pampas; and then—pop! The happy serpent that made you a widow has probably brought up a struggling family."

"Uncle, you are atrocious!" And this time she meant it. She felt he was carrying the jest too far; but he only toasted his feet and chuckled.

"Ah ha! I must have my joke. Poor Cuttyback—Josiah Cuttyback! Has he been courting to-day?"

"No."

"Perhaps he forgot it—he is so absent-minded. Perhaps he called while you were out.—Rose! Rose!"

"Sir?" said the girl, as she opened the door.

"Has Mr. Cuttyback called to-day?"

"No, sir."

"He forgot it—absent-minded Cuttyback!" said the captain, as he rose and took his hat.

"Are you going out?" asked his niece.

"For a minute only. Gomez and I are going to have a mocha and fire-water together at the Hoffman.—Ah, by-the-by, Rose, have they brought my coat?"

"Not yet, sir."

"If the tailor comes, tell him to wait." Sharply: "Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir, of course." And she jumped.

"These servants are so stupid! In Brazil, where they are black, you can sell them; but she is white—you have not the right!"

"That's a very good thing!" said Rose, to herself.

"This girl—this Rose, now, is insupportable! Now, if she were only black, she'd bring a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars! Indeed, I should think so!" said Rose, aloud this time, and very indignant.

"Let's see your teeth. Whew! Perhaps twelve hundred. But she's white; you haven't the right." And he put on his hat, and went out.

"My uncle goes out very often," sighed Mrs. Montague, as Rose lighted the gas and closed the shutters. The room seemed even more pleasant by gaslight, and the widow looked even prettier. She played a few bars on the piano, and closed it impatiently.

"Rose, do you know what *cunui* is?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Rose, promptly; "it's a French word." And she put the lighted lamp on the centre-table and left the room.

Mrs. Montague drew a chair to the table, and took up a French novel. Before she had read many pages the bell rang.

"Rose, if that is Mr. Cuttyback, ask him in," said Mrs. Montague; and, as the maid left the room, she thought that even Cuttyback was some relief to her monotony. She could make him miserable at any rate, and, even if he did not like it, she would be amused; then Rose returned with a smile on her lip and a card in her hand.

"It's not Mr. Cuttyback, ma'am."

"So I see. 'Mr. Frank Wyld.' I do not know him; but perhaps he is some friend of my uncle's. Ask him in."

And a few seconds later a tall, handsome man, of evident good-breeding and education, entered. He had a light overcoat over his arm and a note-book in his hand. He bowed to the widow.

"I have the honor of addressing"—with a glance at the note-book—"Mrs. Montague?"

"Yes, sir."

"Haight House, second floor, No. 2."

"Yes, sir," answered Mrs. Montague, thinking it all rather odd.

"Then, madam," said Mr. Wyld, gravely, "I have the honor to offer you my hand and heart."

"Sir!" said Mrs. Montague, in intense surprise.

"It is abrupt, I'm aware. You do not know me, and I do not know you. If we knew each other it would no longer be so queer."

"A lunatic, an escaped madman, in my room!" said Mrs. Montague to herself, but without excitement. It took a good deal to excite her.

"You see, madam," said Mr. Wyld, trying to start a conversation, "I—"

"Leave me instantly, sir!"

"But—"

Mrs. Montague touched the bell on the table, and when Rose entered she said, firmly:

"Show Mr.—show this gentleman to the door."

"Yes, ma'am."

"The deuce!" said Mr. Wylde, hastily, as he left the room, bowing profusely.

As the door closed, Mrs. Montague's merry laugh rang out.

"Ah, ah! there's a way of proposing! 'I have the honor of offering you my hand and heart.' Ha, ha!—Rose, I ought to have let this eccentric being remain; he might have amused me!"

"Perhaps he might, ma'am," said Rose, as she left the room.

"He asks nothing better, madam," said Mr. Wylde, as he returned through the half-opened door, and stood before her.

"But, sir, to whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"Certainly, madam, you are entitled to know that. I am Frank Wylde." And he drew a chair to the table and sat down. "Frank Wylde by name and nature—my friends say I'm frank, and my most intimate enemies say I'm wild. My age—a certain age! I have arrived at years of indiscretion. My weight, one hundred and thirty-three in the shade. My fortune, twenty thousand a year. My profession"—and he said this sadly—"unfortunate!"

"You have a lucrative practice?"

"I'm a gentleman of elegant leisure. My father unfortunately left me a fortune, and I have nothing to do except to spend money and time, and I find it very hard work, indeed. Do you know, I think a man who has nothing to do is a nuisance to his friends and himself? At least, I find it so."

"So do I," said Mrs. Montague, quietly.

"I am glad you agree with me. Yes, madam, my life is very monotonous. I get up; I breakfast; I read the papers—nothing new, of course; I drive; I dine; I go to the club or the theatre; perhaps I have supper; I go to bed; I sleep; and the next day—the next day I begin again."

"I sympathize with you."

"Thank you, madam. You see, having nothing to do, I naturally want to do something. Riding as I do daily in the Fifth Avenue omnibus of monotony, I need novelty. Please pay attention, madam; I can only give you but a few minutes more. Listen! I was at a reception yesterday; I left early, and took the wrong overcoat by mistake, and in the pocket I found the novelty."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, madam. I found the long-sought novelty bound in Russian leather. 'Tis here," and he held forth the note-book.

"Cuttyback," read Mrs. Montague in gold letters on the cover.

"Josiah Cuttyback, a commission-merchant. An absent-minded gentleman, too, for he has written overnight all his intentions for the next day."

"Ah! ah!" laughed Mrs. Montague. "I see."

"Madam, you are perspicacious! My life bored me. I said: 'Suppose I try Cuttyback's life? I have nothing to do. Suppose I do what Cuttyback has to do?' Here is the programme of his day's work. I have sworn to follow it faithfully."

"I confess my curiosity."

Mr. Wylde opened the note-book, and read: "First, buy forty bags Java coffee and seventy-five barrels sugar." It is done. You may well say it is too much for a bachelor, but my morning coffee is assured for the rest of my life. It is done. I erase. 'Second, at 7.30 P. M. offer Mrs. Juliet Montague, Haight House, second floor, No. 2, my hand and heart.' I beg you to remember that at exactly thirty minutes past seven I suspended myself on your door-bell. 'Third, don't stand any nonsense from the uncle, old Culpepper. If necessary, be disrespectful.' This paragraph is illustrated."

"Illustrated? How?"

"An horizontal leg is directed toward a gentleman looking the other way. A dangerous paragraph. Not fulfilled yet. I do not erase."

"What, sir? Would you dare?"

"Madam, I have sworn a solemn oath. Lastly: 'Fourth, at eight o'clock take a Turkish bath. Remember and have Mustapha rub me down.' Gracious Heavens! Is your clock right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Eight o'clock! Excoriated at the idea of leaving you, madam; but duty calls. I will, of course, return."

"That will be unnecessary, sir. If this is a wager, you have won it."

"It is not a wager, madam. It is an oath. I swore—I obey; but I return. Mustapha must not be kept waiting. The purification completed, I return." And Mr. Wylde again bowed himself out.

"He's a lunatic," said the widow, left alone.

"And here my uncle leaves me exposed to— Ah! ah!" and she laughed merrily again. "Decidedly, he is eccentric. I hope he will not return, and yet—"

What more she would have said was lost in silence; and, after a moment of meditation, Mrs. Montague was about to return to her novel when she was again aroused by the door-bell.

"There's Mr. Cuttyback," said Rose, as she went to answer it. "Shall I ask him in?"

"N—no. Say Mrs. Montague is not very well, and desires to be excused." And, laying down her novel with a yawn, she left the parlor.

When Rose opened the door, Mr. Frank Wylde walked in.

"I am furious! Mustapha has gone to Kalybia, to Ujiji, to look for Stanley, and will not be back for a year. It is really too bad!" Looking around, he perceived that Mrs. Montague was not present. "Why, where is she? Well, I like that. She knew I was coming back, and yet she does not remain. Some people really have no idea of *savoir faire* or *savoir vivre*."

"Mr. Frank!" said Rose.

"My name."

"Don't you recognize me? I am Rose. I used to be lady's-maid to Miss Montmorency, the leading lady at the Manhattan Theatre, who married the tenor."

"I—I remember you now, Rose," said Mr. Wylde; "but you will understand that I scarcely



wish to discuss Miss Montmorency now, when I offer Mrs. Montague my hand and heart."

"You're going to marry her?"

"Marry her?" asked Mr. Wylde, in surprise. Then he looked in the note-book. "No, I think not, no; I only offer her my hand and heart. That's all."

"Why not marry her? She's a widow."

"Oh! ho! it's a second edition, then.—Who's that?" asked he, taking up a miniature from the table.

"That's her portrait."

*Per Bacco!* She's pretty, very pretty, quite pretty. I had not noticed her," and Mr. Wylde put the portrait in his pocket.

"Mr. Frank," said Rose, "you mustn't take it."

"Why not? I'll send back the frame."

"Oh, no! Mr. Frank, give it back at once."

"Rose, who's this?" queried Mr. Wylde, taking up a photograph.

"That's her too."

"Indeed! Her *carte de visite* by Kurtz. You don't say! Why, she's an angel! A houri! I'll keep this too."

"Please give it back."

"I'll return the frame."

"But, Mr. Frank—"

"Don't bother; it isn't yours," said Mr. Wylde.

"That's true," remarked Rose. "It's her look-out, not mine."

The door was thrown open, and Captain Culpepper Coldspring rushed in, more like a tornado than ever.

"The deuce take New York! New-Yorkers are nothing but a pack of fools, ninnies, idiots!"

"Here you are, sir," said Rose, bringing him a vase, which he smashed, as he has smashed one before; and then he rushed out of the parlor into his own room.

"Who is this typhoon?" asked Mr. Wylde.

"It's old Culpepper, her uncle," said Rose, gathering up the fragments of the vase and taking them away.

"Old Culpepper, her uncle—the illustrated Paragraph? *Per Bacco!* it won't be so easy," ejaculated Wylde, as the uncle in question returned.

"Here, Rose!" said the captain, "take this fifty-dollar bill! I say—is there nobody here?" and he threw his cigar-stump on Wylde's feet.

"Look out there!" said that gentleman.

"You're a nuisance!—Stay! Can you understand a simple story?"

"I think so."

"I was in the *café* of Delmonico's. Some fellows were talking about shooting, and their skill. It annoyed me."

"Why?"

"Don't be inquisitive! I say, it annoyed me. I drew this revolver from my pocket—"

"I say, there!" said Mr. Wylde, uneasily, as the sea-captain flourished a large navy-revolver. "It isn't loaded?"

"Oh, yes; one barrel!"

"That's enough!"

"When the waiter brought me a light for my cigar—bang! I snuff it at twenty paces."

"Ah, ha! And you killed a mirror?"

"Dead! Fifty dollars! How dear things are in New York!—Rose! Rose!—That girl will never come!" Putting his revolver on the piano, he gave the bell a pull, and it broke. "Oh, these servants!"

"Horrible! aren't they?" said Mr. Wylde, in a sympathetic voice.

"Rose! Rose!" shouted the captain.

"You are rather lively," remarked Wylde.

"No; I am calm. I only get wrathful for sanitary reasons. If I was calm for more than a quarter of an hour I should fear a stroke of apoplexy." Adding with great anxiety, "Am I red?"

"Very!"

"That girl will be the death of me!—Rose!"

"From a cursory examination," said Wylde to himself, "I should say his character was a cheerful compound of cayenne and curry! Still, I'll help the old boy." So he took the captain's revolver and fired it up the chimney, whereupon Rose entered at once with the question—

"You rang, sir?"

"Ah! ah! That's an idea," said the captain; "thank you."

"Don't mention it." And they shook hands.

"Rose, give this money to that waiter."

"Yes, sir." And she left the room to do so.

"Ah, that's better," said Captain Culpepper.

"Now I have a quarter of an hour to be amiable."

"Ah, ah!" thought Wylde; "he is amiable, and the pistol is not loaded. Now is the time for Paragraph Four." But he looked up and saw the captain slipping five fresh cartridges into his revolver, and he could not refrain from asking rather nervously, "I say, there, what are you doing?"

"I always keep it loaded for contingencies!"

"It won't be so easy, after all," thought Wylde.

"I prefer not to be a contingency."

Just then Mrs. Montague came back.

"Good-evening, uncle," said she; then, when she caught sight of Mr. Wylde, she laughed, and after a second she said quite seriously: "You here still, sir?"

"Yes, madam, I—"

"Indeed, sir, this persistence is peculiar! What do you want? I do not know you."

"You don't know him?" burst in Captain Coldspring. "I don't either. Ah! ah! Here I've been talking to him for half an hour."

"He is a gentleman who offers me his hand and heart."

"Indeed? But he is laughing at us."

"I assure you—" began Wylde.

"Rose," said Mrs. Montague, coldly, "Mr. Wylde's hat!"

"Certainly, madam, but under these altered circumstances I have no longer the right to keep anything that belongs to you—here is your portrait."

"Your portrait?" asked the captain, in astonishment.

"But, sir—" queried Mrs. Montague.

"I had taken it."

"Why?"

"To keep it. Here's your photograph, too. Please excuse me. I have executed every paragraph—except one—and that was only owing to unforeseen circumstances beyond my control. I have done my best, at least. Here is Mr. Cuttyback's note-book." Mrs. Montague took the note-book, and Captain Culpepper ejaculated in surprise:

"Cuttyback? I don't understand!"

"That's unnecessary," said Wylde, turning to Mrs. Montague.—"Good-by, madam; I hope your future but absent-minded husband will not forget to make you happy."

"He will not fail to do so," said she, "if he carries out Paragraph Five!"

"Excuse me," said Mr. Wylde, hastily; "there is no Paragraph Five!"

"There is—over the page. It is indispensable!"

"What is it, madam?" asked Wylde, anxiously.

"You should have turned the leaf," said Mrs. Montague, calmly. And then she put the note-book in her pocket, ignorant that Rose had taken the liberty of reading over her shoulder.

"Paragraph Five? What can it be?" queried Wylde.

"Are you going?" asked the tornado, in his most tumultuous manner.

"Ah! your quarter of an hour is up? Well, I also am excited. Paragraph Five shall be executed! I shall find it sooner or later. In an era when telegraphs and telephones have been invented, I at least can discover a paltry Paragraph Five. I must find it!—Rose, show me out." And Rose showed him out.

"Thousand thunders!" said the captain, furiously. Then he added calmly: "I like that fellow. What is it all about?"

"Merely this: that fellow found Mr. Cuttyback's note-book, in which he had written his work for the day."

"Well?"

"And that fellow swore to carry out Mr. Cuttyback's programme."

"Indeed? Let us be on our guard," said the captain, as Rose returned; "perhaps he is a sneak-thief!"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Rose hastily. "He is rich and generous!"

"Be still!" said Mrs. Montague.

"How do you know?" asked Captain Coldspring.

"I was once with a lady he courted—Miss Montmorency."

"He is allied to the aristocracy of England," said the captain. "Montmorency is a very aristocratic name." Then he looked at his watch. "Eleven! I did not think it so late! Good-night."

"I do not need you, Rose," said Mrs. Montague.—"Good-night, uncle."

"Good-night, my dear. What a day!"

"And what a night!"

"Oh, yes; the note-book." And the captain laughed. "Poor Cuttyback!" and went into his own room. In a moment the parlor was deserted; Rose only remained to put out the gas. The room was left empty and in darkness.

The clock struck the half-hour, and, not long after, Mr. Frank Wylde cautiously opened the door, entered the parlor, struck a match, lighted the gas, and put a small box on the table. It contained Paragraph Five. Rose had told him what the paragraph was as she let him out. And he had returned to fulfill his oath and to carry out all the provisions of Mr. Cuttyback's day.

"Cuttyback," said Wylde, to himself, "Josiah Cuttyback has excellent taste. The widow is a very pretty woman. And I am glad I have an excuse for returning to see her again. It is perhaps late to present one's self in a respectable house, especially where one has not been invited. But an oath is a solemn thing."

Just then Mrs. Montague returned to the parlor; not feeling sleepy, she had come back for her novel. When she saw the lights and Mr. Wylde, she was angry.

"You, sir? Again?"

"Again—and always!"

"Leave the room, sir!"

"That is impossible, madam, until I have fulfilled my self-imposed mission."

"You will force me to call for aid," said she, pointing to the door of her uncle's room.

"If you but open that cage, madam, you will read in the papers to-morrow: 'Yesterday evening a horrible and heart-rending catastrophe occurred in one of our new apartment-houses. A young man, moving in our best society, was devoured by a blood-thirsty wild beast from Brazil, in the parlor of Mrs. Montague. It is supposed that the wounds are fatal!' Let in the lions, and, like the old gladiators, I shall die saluting thee!"

"I like eccentricity and originality," said the widow, smiling in spite of herself. "Yours might please me, but not at an hour like this—"

"I understand and appreciate your scruples, madam," said he, and, taking a large screen, he opened it and placed a chair on each side of it. "This divides the room. You remain at home—and I remain at home. We are neighbors, each in his own house. I only ask for five minutes to explain the cause of my return."

"Five minutes? Well—will you go after that?"

"I will."

"Well, then, it is now five minutes to twelve; at midnight you withdraw," and she took her seat.

"In five minutes I will have fulfilled Paragraph Five."

"You know it, then?"

"Yes, madam," and he handed her the box. "Here it is!" Then he sat down.

"A box?"

"Paragraph Five: Burn my love-letters before Mrs. Montague."

Mrs. Montague took the note-book from her pocket and glanced at it.

"How did you discover?"

"A clairvoyant told me on the staircase. Now to business. Read this," and he took a letter from the box and gave it to her.

"I scarcely think that I ought to—"

"It would be neighborly," insisted Mr. Wylde, "and it is very instructive."

Mrs. Montague cast a hesitating glance at the letter.

"It begins with a burst of passion—"

"Is there a 'P. S.?' " he asked.

"Yes," and she laughed. "It says she is to be married to another."

"There is always a 'P. S.' and generally they do marry another. Number two!" said Wylde, producing a second letter.

And Mrs. Montague read:

"I accept your invitation to supper; one P and two R's."

"She has since married a scene-shifter, rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of Stubbs Smith. Number three!"

"Number three is older, I should think."

"Yes; she was a widow—grass-widow in weeds, and wanted me to go without mine—I couldn't do without smoking, so I gave her up. Is there a 'P. S.?' "

"Two!"

"Of course. The second is merely to keep the first company. And it was not a good year for post-scripts, either." He rose and walked to the fireplace, and held the bundle of letters in the flames.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I have lighted the *auto-da-fé*. Now Paragraph Five is executed. Mr. Josiah Cuttyback's day's work is done. My love-letters have gone to blazes! Good-evening, madam." And Mr. Wylde was about to bow himself out when the captain's voice was heard: "Thousand thunders! Where are my slippers?" and this was followed by the report of a revolver.

"It is only your uncle calling his slippers," said Wylde, calmly.

"Fly!" said Mrs. Montague.

"Fly? Never!"

"He will kill you!" urged she.

"You think so? All right. Now I am fixed!"

"Here he comes!" cried Mrs. Montague, greatly

excited. "If he should find you here! Now, for Heaven's sake, fly, sir!" Wylde did not stir. "For my sake, Mr. Wylde, hide yourself!"

"Ah, an idea!" said Wylde, suddenly, and he only had time to fold the screen around him as the captain entered.

"How's this—you are up?" queried the uncle.

Mrs. Montague was confused.

"Yes—I—I—couldn't sleep—and—and I had troubled dreams—I—I am not at all sleepy!"

"Nor am I! Let's have a cup of tea!"

"A cup of tea!—at this hour of the night?"

"Yes—Rose!"

"Sir!" said Rose, answering his call.

"Make us some tea!"

"Tea?" queried Rose.

"Yes, tea!" shouted the captain. Rose left the room and the captain approached the screen, knocked and asked:

"I say, sir, will you have a cup of tea?"

"I'd prefer chocolate," said Wylde, poking his head over the screen. Then they both laughed.

"Young man, I like you," said the captain.

"Indeed! Why didn't you say so before?" asked Wylde, coming out of the screen. "Ah—hem! Sir, as the guardian of your niece, to whom I have already offered my hand and heart, I ask your permission to pay my ad—"

"I understand—but my niece's year of mourning won't be over for twenty-two days yet."

"We can mourn eleven each," suggested Wylde.

"Ah, ha! I really like this boy!" laughed the captain, and then the bell rang again.

"A visit—and at this hour!" wondered Mrs. Montague.

Rose went to the door, and said:

"It is Mr. Cuttyback, ma'am."

"Probably he had forgotten what time it was," hinted Wylde.

"I don't want to see him," said Mrs. Montague.

"His arrival is opportune," said Wylde.—"Here, Rose, give him back his overcoat."

"And his note-book," added Mrs. Montague.

"Permit me," said Wylde, as he took it and wrote rapidly: "Paragraph Six: Don't bother Mrs. Montague again."—"Here, Rose, take it to him."

While Rose was taking the coat and the note-book to the waiting visitor at the door, Mr. Frank Wylde turned to Captain Coldspring and said:

"There is one paragraph there which refers to you."

"Is there?" queried the captain; "what is it?"

"You may learn some day. I cannot tell you now. Besides, here is Rose with the tea."

"WE WOMEN."

Heart-ache and heart-break—always that or this:

Sometimes it rains just when the sun should shine;

Sometimes a glove or ribbon goes amiss;

Sometimes, in youth, your lover should be mine.

Still madam frets at life, through pearls and lace

(A breath can break her pale heart's measured beat),

And still demands the maid who paints her face

Shall find the world forever smooth and sweet.

## "CHERRY RIPE!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE," "AS HE COMES UP THE STAIR," ETC.

## CHAPTER XLI.

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot;  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remembered not."

AT Mr. La Mert's club, the name of which Adam discovered by means of an old army list, he was so fortunate as to be able to obtain that gentleman's present address. A heavy bribe had somewhat to say to his good luck, also the chance that he had addressed his inquiries to the only person there who could have answered them; nevertheless, a fierce throb of satisfaction at this first slight victory over circumstances stirred in his veins as he sped, as fast as horse's feet would carry him, along the way that he had but newly come. For, on looking down at the direction with which the man had furnished him, it had something surprised him to find that it was a place but two miles distant from Lilytown. So, his wife's lover had been living almost at her gates all this time, probably ever since her marriage, and doubtless she knew it, therefore manifested no surprise whatever on the occasion of meeting him with Flora in Bushey Park. It had been for him, then, and not for Muriel, that she had refused to leave Rosemary and staid on there alone; it was that she might have opportunities of meeting this man at her leisure that she had been so anxious for her husband to depart for the Highlands; it had been from fear of the knowledge being communicated to him that she had kept the fact of his neighborhood a secret from even Prue; and it had been the knowledge of his own speedy return that had caused the guilty pair to hasten the arrangements for their flight and carry them out on the very eve of his arrival.

He did not expect to find them there—he knew that it was the very last thing likely or possible—but he hoped to get a trace, a clew, that might enable him to commence his pursuit of them in the right direction.

It was close upon midnight when he arrived at one of those low, picturesque cottages by the river that seem peculiar to the banks of the Thames.

Not a light was visible in the windows—the household, if any, had evidently retired to rest; repeated and loud knocking, however, presently drew forth a sleepy and reluctant personage, half-dressed, who owned to being the coachman, while his wife, who followed at her leisure, was plainly enough the cook.

Was Mr. La Mert at home?

No, he was not. Master had left the preceding day, or rather, night, and they didn't know at all when to expect him back.

He (the coachman) had driven his master to Lilytown the preceding evening?

Certainly, it was his duty to drive Mr. La Mert when he used his carriage, which wasn't once in three months.

Where had he driven him after going to Lilytown?

That was *his* business. (Hesitation, consequent on a meeting of palms.) Well, master hadn't give no orders to him to hold his tongue, and there wasn't much to tell. After taking up a young lady at Rosemary, he'd drove to Brentford Station, and then he got his orders to go home, which he did. Mr. Coles, Mr. La Mert's man, had accompanied them as far as Brentford, and had returned with himself, home.

Mr. Montrose would like to see Mr. Coles? This somewhat doubtfully; he (the coachman) would do his best, but Mr. Coles did not like being disturbed, and he was not in the best of tempers—and would Mr. Montrose come in and wait while he went upstairs?

No; Mr. Montrose would not wait within, but stood without, apparently as patient as the steaming horse, or the driver who, with arms folded on the top of his hansom, slept with one eye and one ear open.

It was a long while before Mr. Coles appeared, elegantly arrayed, his whole manner and air indicative of immense disgust at being disturbed at his slumbers at such an hour.

He was not without an inkling of the state of the case, but whereas in all previous affairs of the kind his master had treated him with a certain contemptuous confidence, leaving all minor details to him for arrangement, in *this* instance the confidential servant was as much in the dark as everybody else, and he resented the lack of information very keenly. For the first time during the ten years he had served Mr. La Mert, that gentleman had elected to manage his own affairs, absolutely to depart on a journey without him, and the vanity and the heart of Mr. Coles were alike insulted and wounded.

No need to tell him that another outraged husband stood before him; he had seen a good many first and last, and he knew the manner, the look, even the voice, by heart. Nevertheless, no such knowledge betrayed itself in his bearing as he replied to Adam's questions.

He could give no further information than the coachman had done. Luggage? His master had taken none. And then, utterly baffled, Adam had asked himself, Were they all in a conspiracy to deceive him, and did they withhold from him some knowledge that would make of his vengeance a sure and swift certainty, instead of leaving him, blindly groping hither and thither, a giant bound by withes, the forces that should hew down and destroy poured



out like water in the utter negation of impotent helplessness?

No; these people were speaking truth. Was it likely that their master would willfully set the seeker on his track? But, as he drove rapidly away, he asked himself, with clinched hand, all gashed and bleeding with the force with which it struck the iron before him, what should be his next step in this thing? He must think, he must plot, he must contrive, when he was conscious of but one raging thirst, of but one headlong impulse, the thirst to slay, the madness to overtake, the crying requisition of body and soul that he should come face to face with this man, who had taken his hand in friendship, who, in the sight of God, had vowed the blackest, most damnable lie that liar ever took between his lips; to find him *now*, with this wicked delirium strong upon him, with hand, heart, purpose, all willing and set to the same deed—not later, when they had cooled by reflection or aged by time, but *now*.

He lifted his bleak face to heaven, and cried aloud that this craving of his heart was good and righteous in God's eyes, and that he would not dare lift his head again among his fellows if this thing came to his hand and he refrained from it—refrained from crushing the breath out of this man accursed, whose life had been the scythe before which fell the sweetest, fairest flowers of youth and innocence, who existed but to destroy, to pollute, and to deface, knowing neither ruth nor pity, but even defying all instincts of Nature in his pursuit of the object of his passion; for might not the heart of a devil, thought Adam, have been satisfied with the ruin of the one sister without accomplishing that of the other young life also?

The morning was early yet when he reached Scotland Yard, and placed in the hands of the authorities such information as might lead to the tracing of the steps of the missing pair.

Having communicated all that was necessary, and given a written description of the personal appearance of both lady and gentleman, he proceeded to ask a few questions.

When might news of them be expected? What would be the likeliest place in which to seek them—in the Continent or beyond?

And then his hand had involuntarily closed, and the inspector, looking up keenly at this calm young man, whose flaming eyes seemed the only living thing about him, decided that this was the husband, not the brother, as he had at first supposed, judging by the age given of the young lady.

"They have had time to get out of the country," said the inspector; "in all probability they have safely reached the Continent; but by noon to-day (since your instructions are so liberal) inquiry will be on their track; and, looking to the peculiar circumstances of the case, the youth of the lady, the fact that they are without luggage, and one or two minor things you have mentioned, I should say that we shall in all probability have news of some kind for you to-morrow. Your present address?"

"I leave England to-morrow morning," said

Adam, "to pursue this search myself. You will send any information you may acquire to me wherever I may be."

"You actually meditate such a wild-goose chase?" said the inspector, calmly; "then let me tell you, sir, that you err. You can do nothing. You run a strong chance of missing valuable information that might enable you to overtake them, and you have about as much chance of finding them as if, to use a homely comparison, you looked for a needle in a bundle of hay. If you will remain close by, within almost instant reach of news, you will then have some reasonable chance of success. There is absolutely nothing for you to do but to wait."

To wait! To sit calmly down for days, perhaps weeks, with this lust of hatred burning out his heart, this undying hunger eating his life away; to wait—while they two went their way unhindered, unlet! He stood perfectly still, a short, swift battle between passion and reason going forward in his mind; then his clinched hand relaxed, his bent brows straightened.

"I will wait," he said, simply; and nothing proved the gigantic strength of this man more than those three little words, that, with his blood boiling within him, each muscle, nerve, and vein, strung to extremest tension of action, he could elect to calmly sit down—and wait.

To wait, until a messenger should come to him, when he would rise up and go his way, and do that which he had set to his own right hand, neither hasting nor faltering, but knowing what would be at the end of his journey, and—prepared.

All that day he sat alone in his deserted house, and none came to or disturbed him, for none durst, until night fell, and brought to him—Colin.

What comfort could this poor fellow offer, what words of healing could he speak, to a man who uttered no railings against Heaven, spoke no word of complaint, but just sat grimly waiting there until the summons should come that would take him straight to the presence of his wife's destroyer?

The simple words of love and sorrow that he had been about to speak died upon his lips; in the intensity of this man's absorption he felt himself blotted out and swept aside, and the presumption of those little souls who are abashed at nothing not being his, he was fain to stand silent, though perhaps that unspoken language of love that can convey itself without words unconsciously reached and soothed the lonely, stricken heart of the silent watcher.

Importuned and wearied by Flora to take her away out of all this wretchedness and discomfort, for the breath of tragedy sickened her small soul, and she was really afraid of what Adam might do in his haste, she carried her point so far that, on the next morning but one, the Dundases set out for Glenluce.

"For God's sake!" Adam had said, when his hand met Colin's in a farewell grasp, "keep my father away; and don't come back, old fellow—you can't help me now; no one can do any good." Then the two men had looked hard in each other's face,

as not knowing how long a farewell they might be taking of each other, and Adam was left in unbroken silence till the end.

At intervals food was brought and set before him; it remained for the most part untouched, but now and again he took and ate sparingly, as one who knows that all his strength will be required in the days that are coming.

Prue ventured not into his presence, the weight of his unspoken condemnation lay heavy upon her; yet keener even than this was her sense of personal loss, and, like a lioness robbed of her whelps, she wandered up and down the house and garden, resting neither by night nor day, fiercely longing to set out in search of her mistress, yet held inert by the same inexorable necessity that rendered her master powerless, looking out with eyes weary with watching for the letter or message that her little mistress had promised with her parting words to send.

It seemed to be the girl's unhappy lot to age and wither all those that loved her best, and this poor, faithful serving-woman lost all her comely look of second youth, and grew quite gray and middle-aged, in the days that followed immediately on Mignon's departure.

All through the long hours of the day and night sat the master, moving neither hand nor foot, and waited and endured.

There are men who, when a great calamity overtakes them, are able in a measure to pass it off in philippics against Fate, in fury against the cause of their punishment, in loud-voiced floods of lamentation, that washes away a large portion of the burden imposed on them; there are others who make no effort to shift or remove it, who, whether it crush them or not, accept it in all its utter dead weight, and, sitting passively down, endure it. And even as there are men that, in their hour of supreme agony, are capable of receiving comfort and support from the hand of a friend, so there are others, the mighty of heart and strong of will, who, when God's hand lies heavy upon them, are absolutely alone; in whose intense isolation of soul no man or woman can enter, and to whom the combined sympathy and love of the people they value most on earth is idle and worthless as the breath of summer wind that caresses the summit of a lofty rock.

It was with Adam as with these latter: a curse had fallen upon him from heaven; he desired the help of no man to enable him to bear it; full front he sat down with his ruin and disgrace, and abated no jot of its magnitude to his conscience.

It has been said that "personality, as the universal characteristic of man, advances to the phenomenal in the form of individuality." Now, individuality is prone to get its owner into trouble, since the laws of human nature forbid the exaggeration of any of its characteristics without incurring the penalty of danger.

Thus Adam's dogged determination, that in its higher form is strength of mind, in its lower profound and wrong-headed obstinacy, was, backed by his intense individuality, likely to hurry him into the

error of arrogating to himself the sole right of the Creator, and of charging his soul with the sin of bloodshed.

A weaker man had been cowed by his punishment; this one rose above and mastered it, nor reckoned his life over because he had gotten a bad blow; rather he dared to look forward to the time when, his vengeance taken, he would map his future out and do good work in it, finding in the fruits of ambition that which had been denied to him by love.

So he thought in his ignorance, not knowing that as yet between him and his calamity was reared a high wall, that one breath of human pity, one touch of Nature sweeping across his soul, should cause to fall in ruins about him. For the shame of this thing that had befallen him had not come home to him; the intense creeping shame of body even more than of mind that is that man's portion whose wife has dishonored him in the flesh had not once run like madness through his veins; hitherto, indeed, he had not once *thought* of the woman who had betrayed him.

He had spoken of her; he had provided against her; had acknowledged her existence to himself by so doing—but she had not once been consciously present to his mind or eyes.

As an incarnate wrong, as an embodiment of shame, she found part in his outlook; but, as the living, breathing, winsome maiden whom he had loved and married, he knew her not, nor would she ever again be before him in the old familiar guise until the death-throes of his love for her were upon him, until he took his last gaze upon her ere closing the coffin-lid of memory upon her forever.

About the middle of the third day the purely physical hunger to overtake Philip La Mert that had devoured him departed; his eyes were no longer dim with blood and passion; his pulses beat more slowly; and in his veins the liquid fire slackened and grew chill: yet now that the fever had left him, that he was able to regard things with the eyes of reason, his judgment deliberately ratified the decision at which his heart had arrived. And if the immediate passionate desire for his enemy's life had grown fainter, less urgent, it was but the liquid metal transformed into a hard, resisting mass, even more terrible than the other in its solid strength.

If his landscape no longer contained out of all the world but two figures, Philip La Mert's and his own; if he were able to look ahead and see aught but the one picture stamped upon his brain, of they two face to face, with death for the portion of the one or the other, it was not because the picture was any the less sufficiently present to his mind, but because, now that light was returning to his eyes, he was able consecutively to *think*, and thought entailed the starting forward to those shadows of which he had been dimly conscious into vivid and hateful life.

At the same time he began to observe outer things, recognized the familiar faces of his books—familiar, yet surely absent from his sight for a very long while; and then, with a sudden sharp shock that was the beginning of his awakening, he remem-

bered that he had only been absent from them three weeks that very day.

"Only three weeks," half absently he said to himself, with reference to that abstract creation that stood in his mind for Mignon, "that she passed quickly through all the great crises of her life, and that she had apparently found it just as natural to fall into sin at the first opportunity she got as she had previously found it easy to marry at a moment's notice the man who had come forward to protect her." His thoughts straying toward her were cut short by the entry of letters. During these three days there had come to him a great many, all of which he had flung aside save those from Scotland Yard, and these, too, he had, when perused, dashed down with a balked and utter sense of failure; for, let the wording of them be as it might, the gist of each was precisely similar. Not the smallest clew had been obtained to the missing couple, and the matter, that had at the first flash appeared so simple as to call for no special skill or address, was fast resolving itself into a baffling puzzle that absolutely defied solution.

Mr. La Mert and his companion had been traced to Waterloo Station; beyond that point all was darkness. It was quite certain that they had not left England; and in this, the last bulletin received by Adam, he was informed that there was reason to believe they were still in London, waiting their opportunity to get safely away.

In London! Close to him, within reach of his hand and vengeance, and he idly waiting here—the thought nearly drove him mad, and for a space relit the furnaces of fury in his heart. And yet he knew that to go and search for them in the great Babylon yonder was worse than useless; that skilled searchers were at work; nevertheless, he said to himself, that but a little longer he would wait, wearing the semblance of a coward's shameful acquiescence in his own disgrace.

To-morrow—ay, to-morrow—he would rise up, and, no matter how great the folly and uselessness of it, he would himself assist in the prosecution of the search.

It was one of those bright, early October afternoons, when life seems at its keenest and brightest, when the sun's rays strike one with a sense of tingling and warmth, when the air heartens and freshens body and soul, and every leaf, and twig, and late-tarrying flower, stands out vivid and distinct as though our eyes had suddenly grown clearer, and the world in which we had walked had been hitherto looked at by us through spectacles. But Adam, who was usually so quick to note and comprehend each one of Nature's moods, heeded her not to-day; he could not have told whether the day were fair or foul, and yet it was to affect him; for as he sat, fixedly staring at the books and mass of papers before him, a sudden shaft of sunshine pierced between the drawn-down blind and the window, and lit upon and burnished the edges of some shining object among the dusty heap before him.

Mechanically he leaned forward to see what it

was, and stretching out his hand he lifted this shining object and held it before him.

It was only Mignon's little thimble, that he had seen on her slender finger so many, many times, as it flitted over her needle-work, or, oftener still, remained in mid-air while she talked. Only a little, old, battered thimble; but the homely, familiar thing did that which nothing else had had power to do—it brought the living Mignon up before him, and for the space of a moment he saw her, not as the guilty accomplice of an unlawful lover, but as the merry, mad, lovely little hoyden who had ridden in her wheelbarrow with such wild glee, who had eaten his cherries, taught him English history, presented him with half a crown, and three weeks ago, in gentle token that though she did not love, her heart was full of kindness for him, thrust into his hand a tiny knot of flowers. He took from his breast-pocket a minute package, then from another pocket he drew a second, and proceeded to unfold both. The first contained what had been a small bunch of flowers, the other a plain gold wedding-ring. These he laid beside the thimble, and for some seconds sat looking at all three.

Then for the first time it all came home to him—all the shame, the sin, the loss, and, last and greatest of all, the pity of it.

The mists of passion and revenge no longer obscured his vision, the veil that had for a time been mercifully drawn between him and his calamity was rent in twain. Now was the hour of his weakness and suffering to begin, and before it he bowed, helpless and unresisting as a child.

He neither abased his head nor stirred, but sat staring straight before him at the thimble, the ring, the withered flowers, in his eyes the strained, agonized look that in a man outweighs in its piteousness all the rivers of tears that have ever been shed by women. Hitherto he could not truly be said to have suffered. The first stunning blow of misfortune had been so instantly excluded by the overmastering longing for revenge, that his own sense of personal bereavement had been in abeyance; but now in the flesh he suffered, although possibly not in the same degree that he would have done had this girl been veritably and truly his wife.

In name, at least, she had once been his; she was now Philip's—the first fact had been washed out in the last, which was eternal; for come what would, happen to Philip what might, she could never, though both dragged out their lives for a hundred years, be anything to him again.

He might slay this man who had betrayed her. Ay! but would that give back to him his lost Mignon? Would it make white her robes again, or restore to her so much as the shadow of that which had gone from her?

He might punish, but he could not undo; he might destroy, but he could not create; all the vengeance on earth could not make whole that which was broken, or make void the terrible deed that Mignon, not knowing, had committed.

For she knew not that this, the last, the most

fatal of all men upon earth that she should have loved was he to whom was owing the ruin of her sister's young life, although when she awakened to the knowledge, as all too surely she must awaken some day, whither would she turn, and what would become of her in her extremity, having no friend in the wide world to whom to turn, save him whom she had outraged and forsaken? Surely, surely she would come creeping homeward to the only home she had ever known, as do all spent and wounded creatures—to die?

For it was only a question of time and accident; nay, when this man wearied of her, as he had wearied of all the rest, might he not tell her the truth with his own lips, and so rid himself of her in a moment?

Still gazing before him, as the shadows fell in the quiet room, and the books before him grew faint and indistinct, he seemed to see this Mignon, a lonely and pathetic figure, unconscious and innocent even in her ruin, wandering, as a child may, into peril, smiling, unsuspecting, happy, until the great gates of sin clanged heavily behind her, and she awoke by slow degrees to the consciousness of the thing that she had done.

Muriel's chance of salvation, Philip's one hope of self-respect and reformation, his own strong life and hopes—among these the girl had lightly moved, shattering all, herself the only unconscious actor in the tragedy. Oh! God help her when her awakening should come—when the mists fell from her childish soul and eyes; when she discovered that by her own act she had consigned to never-ending shame the sister she had so deeply and wildly loved that their two hearts had seemed to make but one between them!

It was quite dark now, but as in letters of fire written before him he read his own self-condemnation and hearkened to the stern reproof spoken by his conscience. Bad as this thing was, said his mentor, was it not of his own doing? Had he not taken advantage of this girl's inexperience and forlorn position to surprise her into the false step of becoming his wife, leaving her not a moment in which to take counsel of her heart or learn her own mind; and when he had obtained her, instead of carefully watching over and protecting her (aware as he was of her girlish fancy for Mr. La Mert), had he not deliberately left her, without one word of warning, exposed to the temptations and wiles of a man whose life had been spent in the practice of beguiling foolish women's hearts from them?

She was but a child; she should have been cared for as such; he should have been gentle with her, instead of which he had been harsh, even violent, scaring her into that refuge of all weak creatures—deceit, and driving her to repose herself, when the opportunity arose, upon one whose love seemed to assure to her love and protection. And yet this deceit, this palpable premeditation on her part of the whole affair, did not tally well with his conception of her innocence and transparent simplicity of character.

Her absolute silence to Flora on the subject of her previous acquaintance with this man, her meeting with him on the very morning of his own departure, her interview alone with him when he came to the house, her subsequent walk, and the fact that she knew her husband might return any day, and that therefore the time for action was short—did not all these circumstances point to the conclusion that she had all along nourished a secret guilty feeling for her former lover, and that his arrival upon the scene had only been the light set to the torch that had long been in waiting for the burning touch?

Nay, if Flora spoke truth, she had deliberately sought out and striven to attract this man to her own misdoing; with the untutored instinct of a child, she had looked, longed for, and stretched out her hand for the forbidden fruit, heedless of all, so that she grasped it securely.

After all, had he erred in the reading of her character, and was the innocence for which he had loved her but sheer silliness and folly, the simplicity of heart that he had so often in his thoughts designated by the old Scotch term of "æfaldness" but pure stupidity and ignorance? The love-letter that she had written with such eager haste to Mr. La Mert, in reply to his own—might not the impulse that prompted her to such speed have taken its birth in a spirit of nascent coquetry, and were the words of Silas Sorel true words, after all?

Then, if it were so, if he had misread her from first to last, if that upon which he had poured out his whole love was but a dream—woman created by his fancy, while the reality was this poor and miserable thing, then he should surely thank God with all his heart and soul that he was rid of her, that the first-comer should have been the touchstone to test her lightness, or her purity, and so rid him of her forever: and yet—and yet—her face rising up before him, as he remembered it last, pure and childlike as it had looked to him in her slumbers, shamed him in his thoughts, and sent them slinking out of sight as though they had been incarnate lies.

There came into his mind those exquisite lines of one of the good Hare brothers that had always seemed to him to be written for, to exactly typify, Mignon, that had seemed to explain her character so well, since he, better than any else, knew of the intense powers of loving that underlay her simple exterior:

"Leaves are light and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable, they even dance, yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing he has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the lightness without."

He had watched her growing up, he had jealously hearkened to her every word, because he knew how often the fairest face is belied by the black heart within, and from first to last he had found her a school-girl indeed, and over-young for her years, but emphatically "without guile." He had even fancied he saw growing up in her one by one the delicate blossoms of these "seeds of truth which exist naturally in our souls," and he had believed



that the instincts of such a one could not possibly lead her far astray, but that she must inevitably turn toward the light, obeying the voice of her heart.

He had been mistaken—but no, to-night, to-night he would think of her, not as this incredible and frightful thing that she had become, but as he had known her always; to-morrow he would put her out of his thoughts forever, and she would be as one who had never lived to him, one whom he had never known—but to-night, ay, to-night, she should come to him in her girlish robes of purity and loveliness—all the future was his in which to forget her, to-night he would—remember.

There passed in array before him every kind look she had ever given him, every gentle word that had fallen from her lips, every hue and tint that she had ever worn, and through the silence and darkness of the room he seemed to hear the patter of her little feet coming and going, nay, the very touch of her slender hand crept out of the void and fell upon his like a flower, and once more he felt upon his lips the fleeting kiss that she had so rarely yet so lightly laid upon them.

In this retrospection of Adam was no maudlin, unhealthy sentiment, or paltry self-pity. It was his last, deliberate, conscious regard of that which had once been precious to him, his last backward look ere rising up to go his way, to act his part, whether well or ill, in the battle of life, and henceforth to live, if life were his portion, as though no Mignon had ever existed unto him, as though the folly of love had never found place in his thoughts.

Through the long hours of the night, then, her spirit abode with him, and in that space he lived over again all the bitter-sweet of the past four months, all the longing, the disappointment, the fierce jealousy, the acquiescence in his fate, lastly the renewed hope and courage with which he had returned, resolved to make one last determined struggle before he resigned himself to an ignominious defeat.

It was strange how little of the bitterness that a man usually feels toward the woman who has disgraced him found place in Adam's thoughts. Of the foul ingratitude of her conduct to himself, who had so nobly and generously given her all, to be rewarded thus, he never thought; his condemnation was all for her betrayer. As well might one scold a child who ventures barefooted on red-hot ploughshares, believing them to be but painted red, as turn the engines of his fury on this creature who had been but an instrument, put to vile uses, of a wicked man's will.

Perhaps it had been his own fault that she did not love him. Somehow, all his life long it had seemed to be his fate to miss love, and, save his mother, he could not remember a soul who had ever loved him—stay, there had been one other, but it had been love guessed at, not spoken; moreover, he had not coveted it, and we all have a cruel way of reckoning as no love at all that which we do not care to take. And after Mrs. Montrose had been

calmly and politely snubbed out of life by her husband, her son had loved nothing and nobody until he had met Mignon; and although it had been some time before he set his whole heart upon her, and not until watching her narrowly at all times and places, he had, his mind once made up, loved her with an intensity, a devotion, and an unselfishness, that she might have looked for in vain from any other man.

For as yet there was nothing in her to awaken such a passion, although indeed it is true enough that it is not always the people who are most deserving of it who get the best and noblest kind of love, for some of the profoundest passions with which the world has rung have been inspired by a totally inadequate power, a miserably insufficient cause, the real secret being that these lovers, whether men or women, have possessed a capacity for love so grand, and deep, and large, as to be able to cover with glory those who have inspired it.

The beauty, the sweetness, the goodness of the person beloved has been but of secondary importance; it is not these that have worked such grand results; the passion, the sublime excellence in loving was there before, and though outward influences might bring it to the light, even as the sun calls out the flowers, the germs existed in the man's or woman's own heart.

And so this poor fellow had given to the girl all the pent-up love for which he had never found a vent, and he had been rewarded as such men usually are. And yet he suffered less than if his love had been selfish, or had at any time been returned, for the only love that can be termed absolutely free from the alloy of self is that which is entirely without response of any kind.

For, if we go to the root of things, what is love, for the most part, but a deification of self? The love of a lover: it demands an equivalent; it loves because the loveliness or charm of a woman is grateful to it, and communicates to him a sense of pleasure—therefore he loves the cause. The love of a mother for her child—does she not cherish it because it is hers, a blessing and a delight, that gives to her far more of happiness than she gives to it? If it dies, does she mourn it so passionately because of the little life so rudely swept, or because she is so intensely conscious of her own personal bereavement? She mourns it thus wildly because the touch of the little lips was joy to her; because the feeling of ownership and protection of the helpless creature was sweet—in a word, self is largely mingled with the sacredness of all sorrow, and they only can be said to mourn as to love truly who mourn without any selfish reflection, or who have loved without return.

"Desires absorb; affections give out." All the giving had been on Adam's side, yet was he none the poorer.

As the night wore on, by degrees the image of Mignon, as she had been, faded, and Mignon as she was rose up before him. He had done with his regrets, with his memories; what he now had to do was to look this new woman in the face, and recog-

nize her with all her loathsome shame, and treachery, and deceit upon her, to accustom his eyes to her features, her mien, to indelibly imprint her upon his mind, then, then it would be easy enough to root her out of his heart and life, and go his way to do his work in the world as well as if she had never existed. Fool! fool! as though the slow growth of years is capable of being plucked up in a moment, as though by one supreme effort a man may overcome his ruling passion; rather will he do so by slow degrees, with many falterings, backslidings, and halts by the way, while in proportion to the strength of the nature that it dominates will be the duration and fierceness of the struggle.

One by one the objects of the room came out before him in dun, in gray, in chilly shades, that made familiar things look ghostly and unreal. One by one the sounds that usher in the daylight made themselves audible to his ears, and his senses came back to every-day life. Mechanically he bent forward to gather up the three relics that remained to him of the dream of his manhood. The wedding-ring and withered flowers were there, but what had become of the thimble? He looked at them in bewilderment for some moments, then his clinched right hand relaxed, and to his own surprise he found within it the missing bit of silver. At what period of his agony had he clutched and held fast to it? He could not remember; but it was unaccountable, because he no longer feared or desired to touch anything that had been hers. The long battle of the night was over, and he had conquered. Henceforth his heart was empty of love (he thought), and let him meet her as soon as he might it would be with absolute indifference. So much for the opinion of a poor mortal who had discovered a royal road to that to which no man has ever discovered a royal road yet.

Then he rose, unbarred the hall-door, and went out into the free air of heaven.

#### CHAPTER XLII.

"... When Phœbus doth behold  
Her silver visage in the war'ry glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass."

THE morning was yet young, and the sky had that marvelous clear intensity that almost pains the eye as one gazes, so pure is it and cold, as though the light were but the sun's messenger, which he himself followed from afar.

How many of us are there who know what these early mornings are, how hushed and still, and even solemn, a brief space of breathing-time in which to think ere the common, crowded day claims us for its own?

For the most part, we know them not—no, nor desire to; we prefer sleep—sleep, of which we shall surely have more than enough when, our brief span of life over, we lie down to a slumber of which the limits are not known.

Something of the old intense love for and sympathy with Nature that had from his boyhood made her his true and loving disciple stirred in Adam as he gazed upward and abroad; he seemed to have been long away from that familiar friend whose teaching had always seemed to him to be so much sweeter and better than any that came to him from the lives or lips of man. He loved every one of her works, he rejoiced in her every footprint; the nearer he found himself to understanding her, the nearer he had approached his Maker, and the calmer and more steadfast his heart had grown.

"The ways of Nature are the thoughts of Nature, and these are the thoughts of God."

For a while Adam stood and looked around him, then he passed on to the inner garden. He walked slowly round it, pausing when he came to Mignon's chair, and looking upward at the bunch of wallflowers that still flourished in their old place. His eyes next fell on the wheelbarrow, that looked dirty and disconsolate, and harbored a snail or two and some withered leaves.

He had meant to make a thriving, fruitful place of this neglected, shabby garden by next spring, while at one end should be the prettiest flower-walk that a lass ever stepped between.

The solitary rose-bush that the garden contained, and that seemed to have got in there by mistake, stood bare and unsightly; it had borne but one rose that summer, and this he had plucked and given to—her.

As he stood before it there came to his mind a verse of one of the songs of his country:

"Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine,  
While ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose—  
The sweetest on its thorny tree;  
But my fause love has sto'en the rose,  
And left the thorn behind wi' me!"

Once more Adam gazed around as may one who doubts when he will see it again, then he went slowly away, and reëntered the house.

For two hours he busied himself in his study, sorting and arranging books and papers, and writing certain letters and instructions.

At nine o'clock his breakfast and letters were brought to him. Of the former he ate; the latter, contrary to his rule of the past few days, he opened and began to read without exception. There was no news from Scotland Yard, but he had given up expecting any. He had made up his mind that, if this man were to be found, then that he, and he alone, would find him, and he was athirst to be gone on his quest.

"I am sorry," wrote his father, "that you have expressed so decidedly your refusal to see or communicate with any member of your family, and you will pardon my remarking that there is an obduracy in the way you have received this chastening blow of Providence that strikes me as being in the highest degree impious and unbecoming. Instead of view-

ing the late lamentable occurrence in the light you do, you may fairly congratulate yourself on your good-fortune in being rid of the extremely forward and improper young person whom, in an impulse of mistaken kindness, you made your wife.

"You will, of course, sue for a divorce immediately, and time and change of scene will doubtless assuage the natural concern you may experience at so very abrupt and disreputable a termination of your first experience of matrimony."

Adam smiled bitterly as he laid the letter down. He knew the thoughts that had been in his father's mind when he penned that letter as well as if they had been set in black and white before him. Once this luckless, guilty wife were put away, what was to hinder the long-desired match between the houses of Dundas and McClosky from being brought about?

A divorce!—Adam laughed again, and even more harshly at the thought of it. Let this search of his, upon which he was bound, be successful, and there would be either none to sue, or none to respond. Even if this man escaped his vengeance, were his own hands so clean, his conscience so pure, as to seek to put her away for what, after all, was mainly owing to his own neglect of her?

He rose, went to a book-shelf hard by, took down a volume, and read the following: "The law imposes upon the husband the duty of watching over the society, conduct, and habits of his wife, and holds him answerable for every act and omission of his that may expose her purity to hazard, or render her the more easy prey to the seducer. . . . A husband is bound to give his wife some superintendence when she is placed in dangerous situations."

He put back the book and resumed his seat before the rest of the unopened letters.

Had he not left her exposed to every risk? Worse still, had he not omitted to warn her and those around her against the possible danger she was in from Mr. La Mert? He had given her no superintendence; on the contrary, his very neglect had laid her open to the hazardous situations that had ended in her ruin. And even if he were not to blame, he still would not sue for a divorce. What! enable the foul traitor to make eternal the link that bound him to his victim, so that he would be furnished with legal authority over her, so that he would even be able to compel her to go back to him, even if she escaped from his side on discovering who and what he was?

This triumph at least Mr. La Mert should not have, and, as he had said to Flora, Mignon should never be wife to two men. He turned to his letters. The next that he opened was in a woman's handwriting, and a somewhat familiar one. For a moment, recognizing yet not knowing it, he drew back, half thinking that it might be from *her*, with some childish, pitiful plea for forgiveness that would move him to very pity and self-scorn that he could have loved so poor a thing. The next moment he saw that it was from—Phillis.

In all his life before, though he had seen her handwriting many times, he had never received a

letter from her. What could she possibly have to say to him now?

"I have dared, at the risk of displeasing you" (she said), "to write you one line, to beg of you not to believe this story about your Mignon until you have heard more; there may, there *must*, be some explanation, for, if she is all that you told me she was, she might be heedless and willful, though that she would so deceive you I never can believe. She may have thought he was taking her to you, or he may have beguiled her by some falsehood; he is a bad man, and she is so young and simple—only if you believe harm of her, some day you will be bitterly sorry—and I am, your friend,

"PHILLIS."

His heart failed him a little as he read the little, romantic, girlish letter. After all, had he been too hasty, had he judged his wife without reason?

But no, reviewing all the circumstances, his momentary doubts faded—noble, pure-hearted Phillis, who judged all women by herself, how could it be expected that she would understand? *She* would never have so acted—why had he not loved and wooed her instead of the girl whose weak hands had failed beneath the weight of her husband's honor?

He separated this letter from the rest, and placed it in his breast-pocket. The others he glanced through and destroyed.

At ten o'clock he left the house, and was absent about an hour. On his return he sent for Prue. She came quickly, believing that the morning's post had at last brought news of her mistress; but her hopes fell at the sight of her master.

"Prue," he said, "I am leaving here to-day, and before my departure it is necessary that certain directions should be given and arrangements made."

"You're going away, sir?" she said, twisting her fingers restlessly round each other; "and won't you take me with you, since 'tis after her, I'm thinking, that you're going? For oh! my heart will break if I sit waiting here for her much longer!"

"No," he said, sternly, "I do not go in search of your mistress, but of—him!"

She caught her breath, drawing back a step—something in his face making his errand clear to her, as it had done to Flora.

"God grant ye may find him!" she said, some of the old dark color flashing into her pale cheek; "God grant ye may punish him as—"

He held up his hand as though impatient of her words, then went on again:

"You will discharge the two other servants to-day," he said, "but *you* will remain here."

She made a gesture of surprise and despair, but he took no heed.

"For you to go in search of her," he went on, "would be worse than folly; but if you desire to do her good service, you will wait quietly for her here, where, sooner or later, it may be almost immediately, it may not be for a long while, she will return."

Prue looked at him as though stunned, then a

glance of intense relief spread over her features—relief mingled with surprise, and perhaps—who knows?—a little womanly contempt for her master.

"She will return," he said, calmly, reading the thought in her mind, "but not to me. Henceforth I shall not reside here; but this house and all within it will remain precisely as it is, and, until other and permanent money arrangements are made, I shall deposit with you a sum of money for your maintenance, and for hers should she arrive unexpectedly."

"And you say she may come soon, sir?" said Prue, her brain still in a whirl, but holding on fast to the thought that there was a definite chance of once more beholding her adored little mistress.

"She may come at any time—at any hour, even. So soon as certain facts come to her knowledge, she will probably make her way hither to you, as being the only friend in the world to whom she can turn; therefore, see that you are always at hand to receive her. As my movements will be uncertain for some time, I can give you no address; but I shall deposit in your hands a sum of money for your own use and hers, and a hundred pounds (that I have this morning drawn out of the bank in your mistress's name), which is absolutely and entirely her own, having been bequeathed to her by the late Miss Sorel. All my personal belongings—books, papers, clothes—will be fetched from here this afternoon by a person whom I shall send for them. I think that is all."

"And your letters, sir," said Prue, timidly, "what shall I do with them?"

"I shall make provision against them," he said, "and none will be sent here. You are not likely to have anything to communicate to me save the intelligence that your mistress has returned; and, in the event of her doing so, I shall probably be aware of the fact as quickly as yourself. If my father comes here asking for my address, you will say that you do not know it."

He would not be pursued everywhere, he said to himself, by letters of condolence, of pity, of advice; therefore his safest plan was to let no one, not even Prue, know his future whereabouts.

"And if she comes," said Prue, trembling and turning aside, "I'm to tell her, master—"

"Tell her," he said, "that the shelter of this roof and home is open to her always, that she may live out a lifetime here, ay, and repent of her sin at her leisure, if she so wills. Tell her also that if she seek me out, or ever force her way into my presence, she will compel me to leave England, and thus debar me from the honorable toil that, from the day she disgraced me, is the one thing left to me in life. Tell her that henceforth we are as much strangers to each other as though we had never met; but that I forgive her, because I feel that the guilt of her wrong-doing lies as heavily upon my head as upon her own."

In the pause that followed his last words, Prue crept a step nearer.

"And not one little word, sir," she said, "(she being so young, and led away by a bad man and all), to ease her poor, breaking heart?"

"Not one word," he said—"not one syllable! The words that I have spoken to you are the last that will ever pass from me to her; for, should we come face to face with each other—as I pray God we never may—she will be to me as one dead, and the living exchange not words with the dead. You will tell her this."

An hour later and he had left the house.

Toward evening a man came and took away all his belongings, opposing to Prue's questions as to whither he was taking them an impenetrable silence that entirely baffled her.

On the following morning—this being the second exodus of servants from the house in the space of four months—the cook and house-maid departed, and Prue was left alone to watch and wait, to start, shuddering at every sound, to wander restless through the shrouded and deserted rooms, to hear strange voices waiting with every gust of wind that arose, strange footsteps coming and going on the walks without, to ask herself if the watching for *this* sister was to be as long and dreary as had been that of the other—nay, to feel her heart stand still as the thought struck her that perhaps after all it would be Muriel who would return first, and to whom the story would have to be told of why the little sister, who had so long and patiently waited for her, was missing.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

"... No azure vein

Wandered on fair-spaced temples; no soft bloom  
Misted the cheek; no passion to illumine  
The deep, recessed vision—all was blight."

MIGNON's moonlight flitting had fallen on a Friday night; the departure of Adam had taken place on the following Tuesday.

On the next day but one, Prue, sitting below in the kitchen, her work lying unheeded in her lap, heard, at about six of the clock, the sound of footsteps, light, uncertain, and slow, ascending the stone steps that led to the house.

She did not stir, but her head turned slowly, her eyes remaining fixed with horrible intensity on the open door. Whose were those footsteps, and on what errand did they come? It was incredible that her mistress should return thus early; therefore, instinct telling her that they were not those of a stranger, it must be—Muriel.

Muriel—and she would have to be told the truth. Even as the one sister had been told the story of the other one's probable shame, so must the elder now be acquainted with the certain ruin that had befallen the younger.

The hall-door was open, Prue had no fear of robbers; and she distinctly heard those wavering footsteps cross the threshold and hall, pause at the dining-room door, turn the key in its lock, and pass in.

A few moments later they sounded again on the tiles of the hall, and, after another short pause, en-



tered the drawing-room. Again the patter recommenced, and this time Mr. Montrose's former study was visited, and here there was a longer halt than there had been at the other rooms; then they recrossed the hall and went noiselessly up the carpeted stairs.

All this time Prue had sat like a woman bewitched, absolutely mastered by one of those purely unreasoning fits of terror that now and again have held men and women powerless when a murderer has been creeping upon them, while there actually remained to them time to escape.

All the expression of her body seemed concentrated in her eyes, and these were fixed upon the open kitchen-door.

She faintly heard those uncanny steps moving about far above her, heard doors open and shut, once even fancied that a window was raised; then they came down again, ever so slowly and lightly, and sounded again in the hall.

They advanced to the top of the stairs, and the sweat broke out upon her brow, as, still mastered by that perfectly unreasoning horror, a moment later she felt rather than heard some one coming down the stairs.

With that the power of movement returned to her, and, throwing herself upon her knees, she flung her apron over her head in an ague-fit of fear.

The steps came nearer to her, ceased, a hand touched her on the shoulder, a voice that she had surely never heard before said, "Prue!" The woman slowly drew the apron from before her face, and saw standing before her—Mignon!

"Where is your master?" said the girl, still in that odd, starved voice—the voice of one from whose life has been withdrawn every influence that goes to nourish and support it.

But Prue, dumb as the dead, made no reply, falling back before the new-comer, all her superstitious fears cast out by a fear infinitely greater.

This thing that stood before her, that had stolen her mistress's features but not her voice, her garments but not her expression, *this* was not her mistress; rather would one say that it was a body that had once lived and died, and being suddenly recalled to life had, with all its horrible experiences yet upon its eyes and lips, been set free to wander once more among familiar scenes and people that already had grown strange to it.

The blood curdled in Prue's veins as she looked at her. Besides the sin and the shame, *what* had come to the girl in the brief space of this one week?

"Where is your master?" said Mignon, patiently, and still in that same lifeless, strange tone. Yet there was a ring of command in it to which Prue's natural instinct of obedience responded.

"He's gone away," she said, fearfully; "but, oh! Miss Mignon, Miss Mignon!"—all her great, yearning love expressed itself in those few words, they meant a whole world of things, but the girl to whom they were addressed neither heeded nor understood; she only looked at the woman as from a great way off, and said:

"And why did he do that? I suppose you mean that he has not returned from Glen-luce?"

Prue passed her hand over her forehead, then rubbed her eyes. Was she asleep or bewitched? But no, the substantial kitchen surroundings were no figments of the brain, and that was her mistress, or her mistress's wraith, standing before her, in soiled, draggled clothes that looked as though she had not taken them off once during the past week.

"I thought he would have come back before this," said the girl, finding that she received no answer, and fixing her blank eyes—eyes that suggested the idea that they had become thus through long gazing at some terrible sight—fixed upon Prue.

"He'll never come back any more," said Prue, with a gasping, long-drawn sob, "because—because, oh! Miss Mignon, Miss Mignon," and the poor creature held out her arms, "I don't love you a bit the less; you'll never be anything to Prue but her own darling little mistress, and she'll stay with you all your life long, for p'raps you'll find her better nor nobody—"

She had folded the girl's passive form to her faithful breast, and was weeping and sobbing over her, kissing her hair and uttering the broken words of love that come rugged and unpolished straight from the heart.

The girl gently withdrew herself from the woman's clinging arms.

"And why will he never come back?" she said.

"Miss Mignon," said Prue, turning aside and growing desperate, "can't you guess—don't you know *why* master's gone away—and how could he ever come back when—when—"

"I must go to him," said the girl, monotonously; "if he is still in the Highlands I will go to him, for I must see him, and that at once."

The first sign of life that had appeared in her voice appeared as she uttered the last few words.

"Tis not in the Highlands you'll find him," said Prue, sadly, "no, nor any other place where that you can go to him, Miss Mignon— He's just gone out in the wide world to look for them as deserves to be killed for what they've done; and God grant, say I, that he may come up with him, and give him his deserts—"

A flame of fear seemed to be suddenly kindled in Mignon's eyes; her hand suddenly clutched the woman's arm as in a vise; it was as though a corpse had been suddenly galvanized into life, and Prue shrank from her as she cried:

"He has gone after him—to *kill* him?"

"Ay," said Prue, doggedly, "he's gone to do even that."

"To kill him," said Mignon, in a whisper, relaxing her grasp of Prue, and looking straight before her, as though she saw some deadly scene being enacted—"to kill him! When did he go?" she cried.

"The day before yesterday."

"He left a message for me?"

"Ay," said Prue, hanging her head, "but don't

ask me for it; I'd best not give it you to-night—not yet awhile."

"You will tell me now," cried the girl, seizing the woman's arm again, "this instant, quick—quick!"

"He bade me tell you," said Prue, slowly, "how he'd left me here to take care of the house, so as when you should be wanting a home to creep back to, as he feared you'd be wanting one afore long, you'd always have this one to come to."

"Yes, yes," cried Mignon, impatiently; "go on."

"Also how he'd left in my charge a sum of money to pay our way, for the house and such; but for your own use a hundred pounds that was all your own to do as you liked with, 'cause Miss Sorel left it to you."

"All this is no message!" cried Mignon, wildly, and shaking Prue's arm; "what did he say for me?"

"Don't ask me!" cried Prue, trembling and turning pale; "leastways, not to-night, not to-night—"

"Do you wish to drive me mad?" said the girl, in her eyes so strange a look that Prue dared trifle with her no longer.

"He bade me say that if ever you sought him out or tried to get speech with him in any way, he'd leave the country, and never set foot in it again, for you was strangers to each other now till you died; and if ever you come face to face with each other 'twould be as if you was already dead, 'and live folks,' says he, 'exchanges no words with the dead.'"

Oh! why did not Prue pause ere it was yet too late, ere the last stroke was given that sent the already tottering mind off its balance? Why did she not read the signs of that ghastly, terrible young face looking into her own, aright?

"And he hoped you'd repent of your sin at your leisure," said Prue, "and he blamed himself sore for all that happened, for he reckoned his guilt was nigh about equal to yours."

"His guilt equal to mine," repeated the girl, slowly, "and I should have time to repent of my sin!"

"Ay, your sin," said Prue, solemnly; "for your sin in loving Mr. La Mert better than master, for your sin in forsaking master for him—" The woman paused, arrested in her speech by the expression upon Mignon's face.

"Because I loved him better than my husband," she said, in a low, intense whisper—"him—O my God!" She tossed her arms above her head, breaking out into a peal of horrible laughter, stopped in it abruptly, gazed around as though frightened, pressed her hands hard against her head—then something seemed to snap in her brain, her rigid arms relaxed and hung by her sides, a foolish smile gathered slowly about her lips, she sighed and looked downward, plucking with restless fingers at her soiled, disordered dress.

"It is a fine spring morning, Muriel," she said, "and the wind-flowers will all be creeping out—let us go out into the woods and have a merry day together."

[CONCLUSION NEXT MONTH.]

### "CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES."

**A** GAIN, after the lapse of ages, has the question as to the intention of the Egyptian obelisks arisen. The Ptolemæan kings, moving them from their original sites for the adornment of their own capital, set example to Roman emperors, who in turn decorated Constantinople, Arles, Rome, and many other cities, with these spoils of Egypt. At still later date popes disinterred them from half-buried positions, exorcised, dedicated to the cross, and re-erected them as decorations of Christianized Rome. But not until the middle of the present century have their secret inscriptions been interpreted, and their dates somewhat definitely assigned.

Egyptian architecture has been divided into the Pyramid period, the Temple period, and the Obelisk period. The Egyptians have been called an unchanging people, but development can not only be traced in their government, but through their architecture. Fergusson speaks of them as essentially a building people, who, better than any other nation, understood how to use sculpture in combination with architecture. The character of sovereigns and people is revealed through the public works of their age. Jarvis says, to get the prevailing life-motive of any epoch we must read its architecture, and to

Egyptian he ascribes a deep and grand symbolism of lofty and soul-elevating tendency. The fame of certain dynasties is inseparably connected with certain architectural forms: through the sovereigns of Egypt the building-taste of the people found expression. The eighteenth dynasty, though essentially the obelisk period, did not originate this form of decoration. It lasted fifteen hundred years, reaching its culmination under Queen Ha-t-asu, though continuing a thousand years after her time. From the eleventh to the seventeenth dynasty little is known, but the eighteenth burst from the darkness of the preceding six dynasties in a perfect blaze of architectural splendor. This dynasty is known as the golden art age of Egypt, in which sculpture reached its culmination, not only in the fullness, freeness, and exquisite fineness of its details, but in the profuseness with which the whole country was decorated.

The most powerful sovereign of this dynasty was a woman, the Ha-t-asu of the Vatican tablet. Her reign was the period when obelisks arrived at perfection, the finest ever erected being directly traceable to her, her name and the year of her reign being still extant upon them. Wilkinson speaks of her as Amun-nou-het; while, under the chronology of

Manetho, she is known as Amensis. She was a famous, powerful, and warlike queen, whom the sifting of authorities shows to have sat upon the throne twenty-two years. A certain confusion has arisen in regard to the events of her reign from her having, at different periods, associated different persons with her in the government. Though a portion of this time entirely alone, she successively connected with herself Thothmes II., the Princess Ra-neferu, her daughter, and finally Thothmes III. Her vast military expeditions and architectural works rendered necessary the appointment of those viceroys. Neither of these persons held supreme power during her lifetime. Whenever depicted, they are shown in an inferior and subordinate position. Thothmes III., who succeeded her upon the throne, and whom Egyptologists recognize as one of the greatest Pharaohs, possessed no real power until after her death, and the reputation he now possesses does not justly belong to him, for he built much of it upon an attempted destruction of Ha-t-asu's name and fame.

The white cap, or crown of Upper Egypt, worn by him when in act of adoring Amun, did not even represent a division of power between them, as many of Ha-t-asu's most magnificent works, and hieroglyphic description of her conquests, are found in Upper Egypt. She was a very warlike character, conquering many nations, carrying her wars far into Asia and Africa. During her reign it was that "Egypt set her frontiers where she would."

Thothmes III. is supposed "to have reigned for a short time after her death," and to have incorporated her reign in his own, taking credit to himself for everything she accomplished. No sooner was she dead than he set artisans at work over the whole kingdom, chiseling her name from the monuments erected by her, and substituting his own in its stead. So hastily was this nefarious scheme executed, that many inscriptions, says Wilkinson, were left to read, "King Thothmes, *she* executed this work to *her* father Amun."

In attempting to obliterate the memory of Ha-t-asu Thothmes but exhibited the envious spirit which had found its play many times in the past. Egypt stood at the apex of her civilization during Ha-t-asu's reign. Such, indeed, was her importance, says Wilkinson, that she has been supposed to be a princess who conquered the country—perhaps Semiramis—her grand title, "Uben-t" ("In the Foreign Land"), also giving credence to this idea. But Wilkinson declares this supposition a mistake; and that she was a native Egyptian, possessing more direct right to the throne than Thothmes. Diodorus says queens in Egypt were more honored, and possessed more power, than kings. Ha-t-asu's title, "In the Foreign Land," had reference to her great and numerous foreign conquests. We find corroborative testimony in more modern times, warriors having adopted the name of countries subdued by them—as Scipio *Africanus*.

The two obelisks known as "Cleopatra's Needles" date back to her reign, but are far from being her most magnificent works of this kind. They

weigh but two hundred tons each, and each is only about sixty-eight feet in height. Obelisks have usually been found in pairs. The "needle-ship" of iron, expressly built for the transportation of one of these obelisks to England, was not as large in size as the vessel built by Caligula for the transportation of "The Vatican Obelisk" to Rome, which Pliny describes as "nearly as long as the left side of the port of Ostia—the largest ship ever built." This obelisk stands one hundred and thirty-two feet in height, and is one which has been exorcised and dedicated to the cross; its shaft is but eighty-three feet.

Although it is not quite certain that Cleopatra ever saw the obelisks known by her name, it is a fact of much probability that the Ptolemies removed them to Alexandria. In Cleopatra's time they were already fifteen hundred years old; the term "needle" comes from the Greek signification of obelisk—a spit. The obelisk of largest shaft now known to be in existence is St. John Lateran in Rome, moved there from Heliopolis about the commencement of the Christian era. It belongs to Ha-t-asu's reign. Though it has been broken, and portions removed, its height is now over one hundred and five feet, its weight four hundred and fifty tons. It shows marks of the desecrating hand of Thothmes III., his name being found on its face, that of Thothmes II. in the lateral lines—a most transparent forgery, as these two kings were in no way associated together.

The most beautiful of all obelisks ever set up in Egypt were the two erected by Ha-t-asu before "The Divine Gate" of Karnak. They are of rose-colored Syene granite, are ninety-two feet in height, each weighing three hundred tons, and are broad enough for one hundred men to stand upon. They were brought from the quarry a distance of one hundred and thirty-eight miles, more than three thousand four hundred years ago, and are the largest ever cut from a single stone; their summits were formerly surmounted with caps of gold—spoils from Ha-t-asu's conquered enemies. One of these obelisks has fallen, the other still remains, a magnificent monument of Egypt's greatest queen in that country's palmiest days of art.

Napoleon's engineers took the measurement of these obelisks with great exactness. Eighteen human figures of life-size are sculptured upon the standing one, with others in bass-relief; also a lion lying down, several varieties of birds, the cross—which in Egypt was the sign of eternal life—and many other hieroglyphics. Even in sculpture these obelisks are unique, as no others are found in Egypt decorated in the same style, and no monument gives us equal knowledge of the artistic taste and skill of that country. The sculptures are in the highest style of art. No graver's tool of the present day can cut such work in granite, it more closely resembling the finest *intaglio* of the Greeks than monuments for out-door decoration. Rossellini says, "Every figure appears rather to have been impressed with a seal than graven with a chisel."

Although Cambyses, in his insane raid over Egypt, devastated the country with fire, destroying:

many obelisks as well as other monuments, the exquisite beauty of these two proved their salvation—he contented himself with merely carrying off their golden summits. Their beauty not only preserved them from Persian destruction, but had, a thousand years previously, been the means of their escape from the more unhallowed touch of Thothmes III. Upon them he allowed Ha-t-asu's name to remain untouched; they are almost the only sculptures which thus escaped; they record the sixteenth year of her reign.

Near these obelisks stands a Sphinx, with face of a woman and body of a lioness. As each Sphinx bore a likeness of the monarch in whose reign it was cut, we have here a stone-portrait of this famous, warlike, artistic, and powerful queen. It has a frank and free expression, in accord with her character as it is opening to us. Bunsen speaks of her broad and massive features and commanding expression. The Sphinx, originally fabled to have been a woman, stands for all that is unknown in Egyptian history, representing not only the wisdom of the state, the hidden principles of religion, but all those impenetrable mysteries buried in breast of monarch and priest.

As a warrior Ha-t-asu's fame is not behind her artistic; Egypt reached its climax of power under her. During her reign came the final submission of Ethiopia, a country with which Egypt was at war in the time of Moses, who was sent against it in command of the Egyptian army, finding there his wife. During her reign the hated shepherds were expelled; during her reign the conquest of Arabia Felix (Pount) took place. Upon the walls of the Temple Deir-el-Bahira, at Thebes, the scenes of this war are sculptured in splendid relief. During her reign the Lydians were also subdued, and the famous nation of Nine Bows brought into final subjection. These expeditions were organized in her name alone, and full account is given of the tribute brought to her from many lands.

Grand temples exist in Egypt, the date of whose origin is unknown, but whose restoration was engaged in by many successive monarchs. Among these is Medinet Habou, "a castellated palace, with embattled walls, unlike any other Egyptian work." Its origin is lost in antiquity, but to Queen Ha-t-asu it was indebted for its most profuse decoration. She erected before it a great gateway or *propylon*, one hundred and fifty feet in length, and sixty in height, which conducted to a court one hundred and twenty feet square. A colonnade extended from this gateway to the next, that upon the right consisting of eight pilasters, to each of which was affixed a mitred statue of Thoth or Hermes, the god of wisdom, memory, hearing—the great masculine patron of letters, of which Saf was the feminine.

The opposite side of this colonnade she adorned with an equal number of sculptured columns, the form and color of which are still well preserved. This magnificent gateway formed the principal decoration of the edifice; the wars and battles in which Ha-t-asu had been engaged were the chief subjects

of its hieroglyphic tablets and inscriptions. The nation of Nine Bows are represented in subjection at her feet, and numerous other countries as paying homage to this great woman warrior and conqueror. These sculptures are executed with remarkable accuracy and exquisite freeness of detail. The bas-reliefs are in the very best stage of art.

The great rock-temple, or Tuthmosium, dedicated to the first Thothmes, another unique and beautiful work of art, was erected by her. The dedication of this temple was in her name alone, to the great god Amun, and is thus given in the Vatican tablet:

"Ha-t-asu, whom Amun directs, she has made it as a memorial to her father Amun, lord of the foundations of the earth, that she, like the sun, may live forever."

Sculptures still exist on its inner walls depicting Ha-t-asu and Thothmes kneeling in adoration to the ark of the god Amun-Ra. She appears first, wearing upon her head the red cap (*tahr*), or crown of the lower parts of Egypt. Thothmes III. follows her in the act of adoration, and, though wearing the white cap (*kuf*), or crown of Upper Egypt, the sculptures and the tablet both indicate his inferior and powerless position. He has been described at this period as in a state of complete vassalage.

Ha-t-asu made vast restorations and embellishments to the Temple of Karnak (its remains now over twelve hundred feet in length). This stupendous temple, the grandest ruin in existence, by ages older than the Coliseum, and by whose side St. Peter's would dwindle into insignificance, was not only indebted to her for vast additions and some of its most striking features, but has depicted upon its inner walls records of her conquests, the tribute brought her, and account of her offerings to the god. Many hieroglyphic letters are fourteen inches in length. The obelisks before "The Divine Gate" were thank-offerings for victories. She also gave oxen of gold, gold in lumps and in rings, stands of gold and silver, lilies of gold, lotos-cups, and lotos-shaped urns (the sacred flower), dishes, baskets, gems, tables of bread, pyramids of white bread, obelisks of food, vases of beautiful form, sceptres, collars, crowns, and other offerings of matchless value.

The dedication in her name has been cut out and replaced by that of Thothmes III. In a small chamber of this temple the dedication of the gate in the joint names of herself and Thothmes has also been mutilated, her name having been replaced by that of Thothmes II. This dedication speaks of the great *pylon* of Amun, and of her monuments of granite (obelisks) to her father Amun-Ra. Acknowledged dependence upon the gods was a striking characteristic of most Egyptian sovereigns, and at no time shone with more lustre than during Ha-t-asu's reign.

Ha-t-asu concentrated in her own individual person power sufficient to make many reigns brilliant. Belonging to a dynasty noted for its military prowess and its administrative ability, the success of her arms, the wisdom of her government, and the artistic splendors of her reign, place her at its head.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE admirable lecture on art recently given by Mr. Story at Chickering Hall illustrated in one particular a tendency of the human mind which Herbert Spencer dwells upon. Mr. Spencer shows by numerous instances that just when a moral or social evil is on the decline, a most exaggerated notion prevails of its extent and of the consequences that it threatens. It was not, for example, when intemperance was at its height in England that we heard of total-abstinence societies and prohibition laws; but when it became unfashionable to drink to excess, when the moral sense of the community had stamped intoxication as a gross violation of decency, and was thereby rapidly extinguishing it, then the persistence of the evil was deplored most bitterly by zealous moralists, and the advocacy of stringent measures became common. In like manner when the whole people were in ignorance and intellectual darkness no one thought of compulsory education; but when schools became distributed throughout the land, and a zeal for education existed in all classes, then the necessity of enforced school-training became the watchword of many earnest but not very philosophical minds. It is not difficult to understand these apparent anomalies. The forces that are bringing about reforms are those that correspondingly awaken people to their necessity; and those persons who in their zeal magnify the evil they denounce, fail to see that this very zeal is a product of the natural processes that are working against it, and which in their impatience they endeavor to conquer by *tours de force*.

It seems to us that Mr. Story is in some such position as this when he denounces literalness in modern art. Does not evidence come from all sides that this literalness is on the wane; that everywhere imagination, individuality, breadth, truth of sentiment above bald facts, are recognized, enforced, and more or less permeating art? This may be less so with English than with Continental art; but everywhere the movement is apparent, though of course not with equal force in all sections and with all artists; and even with painters in America upon whom the charge of literalness is most frequently made, the indications all point to a radical change in their ideas and their methods. The young artists are all animated with just those ideas that Mr. Story enforces as the requisites of true art. Some of them, unfortunately, are falling into the other extreme, and in their disdain of photographic literalness are substituting a freedom and loose suggestion that border on the meaningless; some of them are imagining that mere ruggedness is art, and a few seem inclined to believe that, inasmuch as literalness is not satisfactory art, any form of inaccuracy or slovenly execution is a desirable substitute. Doubtless, as Mr. Story took care to say, the golden mean between cold literalness and imaginative license is difficult to maintain, and for this reason the performances of our young artists are rarely so gratifying as their

hopeful theories would lead one to expect; but at least they have good ideas fundamentally, and in their admiration for such artists among the moderns as Constable, Corot, Troyon, Rousseau, Fortuny, they clearly establish that the days of photographic art are numbered. It is fortunate that this dislike of literalness tends to extinguish sentimental feebleness. The new art that is coming up is destined to be vigorous and robust, although working through the imagination, and not maudlin, mawkish, pretty, or even sentimental. Its deficiency, indeed, is likely to be in human sentiment; our new artists delight in bold effects and in delicate effects, in subtle tints and in splendid colors, in the skill that catches every elusive quality of the atmosphere, and in that which secures vigorous contrasts, in the knowledge that knows how to master and how to subordinate details; but of the sentiment that exhibits itself in pretty stories, so manifest in English art, they are commonly scornful—to their cost, somewhat, for by this attitude they separate themselves wholly from a large proportion of the people. Those who recognize painting as art, and not as a device for story-telling, are, outside of the body of artists and connoisseurs, very few in number.

So mature are the arrangements for the Paris Exposition of next year, that the vast main building is already almost completed; the "annexes" are in an advanced state of construction; the decorators are busy with the interiors, and foreign nations have been invited to appoint their commissions and get ready their exhibits. The chief edifice is, it is said, much larger than the hive-like affair which covered a fourth of the spacious Champ de Mars in 1867. Now, the entire Champ de Mars is to be "only a section of the Exhibition premises." The old building was but a *chalet* to what the present is. Both banks of the Seine are to be crowded with the buildings of the new World's Show. The broad Trocadero, that luckless height, raised artificially to serve as the foundation of the lordly palace which Napoleon, in his imperial pride, designed for the young King of Rome, and where, ten years ago, another Napoleon celebrated the *fête*-day of the Empire with a splendor outvying all the pomp of his uncle, is the site of the huge caravansary which will be the centre of interest of the new Exhibition.

But with all its immensity, all the elaborate and timely preparation which is going forward, all the effort to make the Exhibition serve as a magnificent celebration of the revival of France in art, commerce, and thrift, the new World's Fair will, we imagine, compete in vain with the memory of its predecessor. Marshal MacMahon is a monarchist and a soldier, fond of pomp and display, with no gloomy doctrines about republican simplicity. But he is only the president of a republic. His stay at the summit of power will, at best, be but brief. He has no heir to succeed him. It is neither in his power nor, probably, in his ambition to build up an imperial house, and to

found it upon stately and showy traditions. There is likely to be wanting to the new Exhibition, therefore, the dazzling attraction which attended the former one, by reason of the imperial splendors which blazed about it. Probably there never has been so gorgeous a pageantry since Francis and Henry met on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, as that which the third Napoleon displayed in the June and July of 1867. He drew the greatest sovereigns of the earth about him as his guests, and lodged them nobly in his many palaces. Not only the monarchs of Prussia, Austria, Spain, Sweden, Belgium, and Holland, not only the haughty Czar of all the Russias, but the Caliph of Constantinople, the first ever to leave his dominions except as a warrior beneath the banner of the Prophet, and the shah-in-shah, the first of Persian princes to behold the Atlantic, came to be *fitted* and dazzled by his hospitality. It was this galaxy of mighty rulers which made the Exposition of 1867 unique, without parallel and without rivalry, among all the exhibitions held before or since. There were nights when the Tuileries Gardens were illuminated so that it seemed broad day; when one might have seen the four greatest monarchs of Europe going, in the same glass coach, lighted from within, to a civic ball at the Hôtel de Ville; when the Place de la Concorde was ablaze with glittering uniforms and paraphernalia; and the sultan proceeded, drawn in a gorgeous coach with ten horses, each led by a groom habited like a king, to the Palais de l'Industrie to witness the distribution of prizes.

It will not, probably, be expected that either the czar, or sultan, or shah, or even the German emperor, will condescend to be the guest of an unroyal and republican president. Napoleon was at least a *de facto* emperor; he was then too powerful to be refused. It would be absurd to say that MacMahon is, as Napoleon was then, the arbiter of Europe, and practically the equal brother of the sovereigns. Yet the coming Exhibition will be full of brilliant and varied attractions; while Paris, always "the siren of cities," will herself be a vast "annexe," which will divide the time of the guests of France with the special allurements of the Trocadero.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose sex is feminine, asks us to explain how it is that so many people possess cultivated ideas as to art and music, yet fail altogether to appreciate the higher class of literature. "I know of many refined women," she says, "to whom a poor engraving or a high-colored 'chromo' would be an atrocity which they would never tolerate about them, who yet read and prefer inferior and even 'sensational' books." It seems to us that our correspondent cannot be wholly sustained in her premises. Music-culture is probably more general than that of either art or literature, but we should certainly place knowledge of art at the lowest point among our attainments. There are assuredly many more bad pictures bought than poor books read, if we can justly make a numerical comparison in things so different. It would be more accurate to say that there are many more persons who possess cultivated taste in

literature than in art; good books reach every corner of the land, but good paintings are perhaps never seen outside of the great cities, and only occasionally there; and, notwithstanding the many print-shops scattered throughout the land, really good engravings have almost ceased to be articles of commerce. In any assembly of educated people, not distinctly drawn from art-circles, we believe that literary culture and perception would almost rank as ten to one compared with art-culture. The great body of authors and writers know little or nothing about art; there is, of course, a number of art-critics and writers on art-themes; but the literary class, as a whole, until very recently at least, knew nothing and cared nothing about art. The marked growth of art-discussion within the last twenty years has, of course, more or less leavened this class as it has all other classes; but, when Dr. Holmes designated Boston as *Braintown*, he would have promptly acknowledged that art had little place in the intellectual culture of the "American Athens." In our Anglo-Saxon civilization, however, letters have always notably preceded art. England had great poets, dramatists, and prose-writers, long before it had even tolerable painters.

Persons who read worthless books, and yet shrink from bad pictures, and those who, while having discernment in literature, are ever ready to applaud the inferior in art, illustrate a one-sidedness in taste and knowledge that is very common, and which often presents striking contrasts. Refinement very frequently is simply a quality which mental training in a special direction has evolved. It is remarkable, for instance, to see how often personal fastidiousness is completely separated from aesthetic fastidiousness. How is it that, while Goldsmith possessed a most exquisite and sensitive taste in literary style, he should have been so clownish in manner, so foolish in talk, so loose in his habits? How is it that, while Turner reveled in dreams of beauty, he could in his personal surroundings be scarcely decent? Examples of this nature are abundant. Highly-refined perceptions in one direction are associated with entirely obtuse ones in other directions—a contrast which poets and painters have conspicuously illustrated. People of social culture have their ultra-refinements; they are shocked at every form of vulgarity and bad taste in all matters of social ethics, but they are far from being as sensitive to errors of taste in literary style, or to infelicities of color or vulgarities in decoration, as many rude Bohemians of the attics. Neither genius nor natural instinct goes a great way in giving us accurate perceptions of things. The scholar, profoundly absorbed in his studies, is sure to be very ignorant and very crude in all domains of intellectual or aesthetic effort in which his perceptions have not been trained; artists who are disturbed by exhibitions of vulgar taste in pictures, are not infrequently wholly insensible to equally vulgar violations of literary canons; and these differences and contrasts are unfortunately manifest throughout society, inasmuch as people of catholic or many-sided culture constitute a very small minority.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, the poet, recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday. The fact is noteworthy because Mr. Dana was the earliest of American poets worthy of high literary rank, excepting Bryant; and because, within the span of his manhood, the whole mass of American poetry of the best quality has been produced. He witnessed Bryant's rise, and was early in the field as his rival; he has lived to see the race of younger poets, who are even now contending for the laurel. The fact is a very striking one, that every one of America's first-rate poets, unless we include Poe in that category, is at this moment in the land of the living. There are not only Bryant and Dana, the Nestors of the art, but Longfellow and Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and Emerson. There is nothing calculated to recall to our minds more vividly how young our nation, and especially our literature, is, than this circumstance. Men of art, indeed, are apt to be long-lived; and, although poets are popularly imagined to be a dreamy, nervous, melancholy class, when we recall the ages to which Goethe and Rogers, Coleridge and Southey and Wordsworth, Tom Moore and Johnson and Congreve, and hosts of other bards of more or less genius, lived, and think of our own white-haired yet mostly hale and rosy-cheeked patriarchs of the lyre, we are fain to think that there must exist some tonic, rather than corrosive, property in a fertile and fanciful imagination. Painters and sculptors live long, too; Titian sat at the easel for more than eighty years; Michael Angelo, at eighty-eight, was still busy with the dome of St. Peter's. And when we think that there are men still living who brought the art of poetry into being in America, who were intimates of Washington Irving, the first great American prose-writer, in his first days of fame, before whom there was little written worth preserving, except the political writings of the early statesmen, and the quaint and shrewd wisdom of Franklin, we cannot but feel proud of what our literature has accomplished in so short a period.

Mr. Dana, who, even at his great age, retains bright and active faculties, and continues to take a lively interest in the younger world as it bustles around him, must revert with a smile to the time when Joel Barlow's "Columbiad" was the best native poem which he could find to read, and "Poor Richard's Almanac" presented the choicest morsels, if not the only ones, of entertaining aphorism and every-day philosophy; and look around him, bewildered, as the crowd of authors, who have come and left their contributions and passed on since, presented themselves to him from the teeming bookcases. If there is any complaint to be made in these days, it is that "of making many books there is no end." Authorship has not only become a profession, but it is a profession more overcrowded, if anything, than are the other professions. Men of all degrees of eminence think themselves bound to write autobiographies; almost every village has its history; the result of one of the "family gatherings," now so fashionable, is pretty sure to be a neat volume of family genealogy; while those who conceive themselves to have a genius and mission for writing novels, are

a great army of old and young, ever enlisting new and ardent recruits. Yet out of this over-production of literary wares, there is no doubt that the readers of books may glean an ample variety and quantity of what is worth reading. A plentiful harvest, even in a year unfavorable for quality, is sure to yield much good grain with the chaff. It is satisfactory to think that our literature is keeping pace with our growth in population and our progress in intelligence.

We cannot but have a feeling of commiseration for the proud and not ungentle French noble and *gentil-homme*, who is resisting to the last, in his somewhat unshrewd way, the swallowing up of the old state of things by the flood of republican revolution. His faith is so simple and so earnest; he is so very sure that a throne and court paraphernalia and the council of the high-descended and the good old fashion of patronizing the people are the best for France; his manner has such a deprecatory, melancholy grandeur about it as he pathetically discourses of the deaths of kings, and as he holds up his hands with polite awe at the wickedness which the new generation has brought into being! From his point of view, all things that men are wont to venerate are in danger: the polish of the old-time society is disappearing with the intrusion of loud-mouthed journalists and loud-mannered *parvenus*; the Church is no longer treated with so much as decent reverence, and must descend into the dirty pools of politics to defend itself; the high places are sought for by obscure men, or, worse, by ranting and irreverent demagogues; even the obsequious and once-contented peasant is forgetting to doff his hat to the *seigneur* of the neighboring château. And so Monsieur the Count, seeing some feeble chance of a reaction, shakes off the moody indolence which he thought befitted him under the Empire, deserts his half-decayed château in the province, and ventures once more into public life as senator or deputy. Alas! the fine old gentleman, with his ample white neckerchief, his ruffled shirt, his gold-knobbed cane, his glistening white hair, his air of grand courtesy, his elaborately polite address, stands no chance in debate and political manœuvring with the Gambettas, the De Cassagnacs, and the Fourtous. Then he lashes himself into a passion and rages impotently, and is laughed at, or coughed down, or even reprimanded by the unvenerable chair. It is all in vain, and he cannot but suspect it; yet he struggles on, each year seeing the opportunities for the return of "the king" slipping farther away, and the hated reign of the republic fastening more and more firmly upon France. We cannot wonder that he still struggles, though it be hopelessly; nor can we despise his ardor, his sad discomfiture, and the zeal with which he contends against the adversity of the inevitable. His race is no doubt doomed to extinction; but it is to be hoped that some, at least, of its graces and elegancies will remain to leaven the earnest and free France of the future, and soften and adorn her social circles.

## Books of the Day.

THE character, career, and conduct of a statesman is a subject about which there is always among his contemporaries a more or less wide divergence of opinion. Even if his ability be universally conceded, and his integrity above suspicion, his acts and influence touch so many warring interests so closely that blame as well as praise inevitably attends upon his footsteps. And all this is greatly intensified if to the functions of a statesman he brings the prejudices and partialities of a political partisan. Then the interested adulation of his friends is apt to be counterbalanced by ferocious detraction on the part of his opponents, and only a posterity remote enough to be indifferent to the questions for which he battled and strove can place his qualities in their due perspective. The divergence of opinion to which we refer has seldom been more pointedly exemplified than in the case of the late Senator Sumner. For nearly thirty years he was the type and exponent of that "irrepressible conflict" which aroused fiercer antagonisms than any other issue of modern times, and during the whole of that period his name was alternately illuminated and defiled by the fire and smoke of relentless battle. At the present moment he is regarded by one highly-respectable class of persons as the greatest statesman and orator of our post-Revolutionary period, while another equally respectable class consider him a mere canting sentimentalist whose feeble modicum of judgment was submerged in the overflow of his own and other people's "talk."

These conflicting judgments being equally honest, and likely to be—for a time at least—equally persistent, the period has evidently not yet come for a complete and dispassionate life of Sumner; and Mr. Edward L. Pierce, his friend and biographer, has acted judiciously in limiting his "Memoir of Charles Sumner" to that portion of Sumner's career concerning which there is no room for any substantial difference of opinion, and in the record of which every cultivated person must feel interested—leaving the story of his public life to be found in the fourteen volumes of his orations and speeches. The "Memoir" terminates with the delivery by Sumner, on July 4, 1845, of his famous address on "The True Grandeur of Nations," prior to which event the future Senator had had less connection with "politics" than perhaps any other young man of equal talent in America. Indeed, it terminates almost too early and too abruptly to leave the reader entirely satisfied. However determined (and wisely so) Mr. Pierce may have been to raise none of the issues and incidents that have been the occasion of such bitter controversy, he should at least, we think, have revealed to us how and why and by what steps Sumner was diverted from his chosen career of jurist and scholar to that of a politician—especially in view of the fact that he had always evinced a peculiar distaste for everything connected with politics. In 1832 Sumner, then a law-student at Cambridge, wrote: "For myself, I become more wedded to the law, as a profession, every day that I study it. Politics I begin to loathe; they are of a day, but the law is of all time." Two or three years later, when on a visit to Washington, he wrote again, "The more I see of politics, the more I learn to love law;" and even during the years immediately preceding the close of Mr. Pierce's memoir his interest in current political questions was so

slight that there appears to be some doubt as to whether he even voted. Of course, there is a tolerably plain inference from Mr. Pierce's record that it was Sumner's so-called "moral enthusiasm" which carried him into politics when morals and politics linked hands on the question of slavery; but the leap is too abrupt from the fastidious and scholarly Sumner depicted in the memoir to the Sumner who is most prominent in the minds of the present generation, and the published speeches do not adequately fill in the *lacuna* of this transition period.

In all other respects the "Memoir" is a model of what such work should be. It is appreciative and affectionate in tone, but discriminating; it is full enough to satisfy all legitimate curiosity, without being diffuse or garrulous; it deals with the personal character and private life of many persons, and yet never degenerates into gossip; and the substantial accuracy of the portrait which it draws is demonstrated by the fact that admirers and detractors alike imagine that they find in it confirmation of their opposing views. It is such a memorial as Sumner himself (who, whatever his faults, possessed all the instincts of a gentleman) would have been willing to see offered to the world; and, in fact, the story is told to a great extent in his own words, as furnished by his correspondence with friends. Sumner—in his earlier years, at least—was an indefatigable and inexhaustible letter-writer; his correspondents included many of both sexes and the widest diversity of character and position; and the perfect candor of his own communications established between them and himself an enjoyable reciprocity of frankness. From the letters thus exchanged, together with the written reminiscences of surviving friends, Mr. Pierce has found it possible to construct nearly the whole of his narrative, and his own work has been mainly confined to supplying the necessary connecting links and the commentary.

About half the total space in the two volumes has been assigned to the record (made up almost entirely from letters and a private journal) of Sumner's visit to Europe as a young man (1837-'40); and it is this which gives the memoir its attractiveness for all classes of readers. The charm of the European chapters in Ticknor's "Life and Letters" must still be fresh in the minds of many; and these will understand what high praise is implied in the statement that the similar ones in the present work far surpass them in depth and variety of interest. In France, in Germany and Austria, and in Italy, Sumner enjoyed the companionship of the most eminent men, and the *entré* of the highest circles; and probably no foreigner, certainly no American, was ever received so extensively and intimately by all that is best in English society. By lawyers, judges, statesmen, *littérateurs*, and the most exclusive nobility, he was welcomed not merely as an equal, but on terms of friendship; and it has been frequently said by competent English authorities that no Englishman of his time had secured a friendly footing in so many distinct social circles, each highest of its kind. Yet Sumner was at the farthest possible remove from flunkeyism or tuft-hunting, and the qualities by which he won his success are as creditable to English society as to himself. The copious letters in which he describes his experiences and records his observations are in the best possible taste—modest, and yet manly; warmly appreciative, but self-respecting; full of anecdote, but not gossipy; frank, well-informed, and genial. One can understand after reading them why Lord Morpeth should say that "Sum-

<sup>1</sup> Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner. By Edward L. Pierce. With Portraits. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 380, 403.



ner had completely changed the tone of English society toward America and Americans." Indeed, this whole record of Sumner's youth reveals an exceptionally attractive and lovable character; and Mr. Pierce's work, if it fails to compel us to acceptance in its totality of his estimate of his friend, cannot but soften the antagonisms that in later years clustered around his name. As a professional reformer Sumner's career is a topic upon which people will differ according as they are conservative or radical; as a cultured, refined, and amiable youth, he must win all hearts.

"MAN," says Carlyle, "is perennially interesting to man; nay, if we look strictly to it, there is nothing else interesting;" and it is the peculiar charm of autobiography that it gives us a nearer and more intimate view of man than any other species of literature—or, in fact, than any other outcome of the human mind. Whether a man in writing his autobiography is perfectly frank or not—even if he sets himself purposely to mislead and baffle any estimate of his real nature—he inevitably reveals much of the truth regarding his character and modes of life, and if we are not always able by means of it to "see the thing as in itself it really is" (to quote Matthew Arnold's phrase), we at least approach nearer to the ultimate reality of a man's nature than by any other path that has yet been opened to us. For this reason autobiography has always been assigned a special place in literature, and in its best representatives possesses an undying interest and value, so that readers of all grades—those who read simply for amusement as well as those who desire instruction along with the entertainment—will find reason to be grateful to Mr. Howells for his collection of "Choice Autobiographies,"<sup>1</sup> in which it is designed to include, in a compact, uniform, and inexpensive edition, the famous autobiographies of all languages. In selecting the volumes of which it is to be composed, and also in deciding what portion of each work shall be retained or eliminated, the requirements of family reading are to be especially considered; and, if the plan of the series is carried out with as good taste and judgment as in the earlier issues, the collection will speedily command a place in even the most modest collection of standard books.

The initial work of the series presents in two volumes "The Memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth," a sister of Frederick the Great of Prussia, and one of the most remarkable women of her time. Strictly speaking, this work belongs rather in the category of what the French call *mémoires* than to autobiography proper—that is, it directs attention mainly to external events and persons instead of concentrating it upon the personal experiences, thoughts, feelings, and achievements, of the narrator; but it is undoubtedly one of the greatest works in its special field, and since its first appearance in 1810 has been recognized by competent critics as, what Mr. Howells calls it, "one of the most fascinating books in the world." The startling, terrible, but unmistakably truthful revelations which it makes concerning the court-life and aristocratic society of the period in which the margravine lived caused a prodigious uproar on its first publication; and, according to Sainte-Beuve, the book has furnished the most effective weapons against the order of things to which she belonged—an absolutist, monarchical régime, and an aristocracy marked off by the most rigid

distinctions of caste from the oppressed and impoverished multitude below. Of the general character of these revelations the reader of the earlier chapters of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" can form some faint conception. Many of those graphic touches by which the historian indicates the brutal oppression to which his hero was subjected in his youth were drawn from the Princess's vivid pages; but only the perusal of her work as a whole can give us an adequate idea of the dismal reality which it depicts, and of the possible character of that "divinity that doth hedge a king." Every one in particular who would comprehend the nature of the soil in which Carlyle found the seeds of his hero-worship should give it an attentive reading; and after reading it he will be apt to agree with Mr. Howells that "we poor democrats may well take heart. At our worst, we cannot be so vulgar as that high-well-born rabble; it will be our lasting shame if we are anything like as bad."

The third volume contains the lives of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Thomas Ellwood, the former an English nobleman, diplomatist, and soldier of the time of the first James; and the latter a Quaker and author, who, as Mr. Howells says, "has the doubtful glory of having suggested one of the most unread epics in the English language," namely, Milton's "Paradise Regained." It would be difficult to bring together two persons more dissimilar in their character and careers; and yet, in thus placing in juxtaposition their equally honest and candid records of their respective lives, the distinctive characteristics of each are, as it were, accentuated and emphasized. Herbert represents that cosmopolitan nobility which found itself at home anywhere in the world of courts and camps, and he was patrician to the last drop of his blood; Ellwood was the champion and almost the martyr of the most democratic faith that the world has yet known, and abhorred arms and vanities. As to the portraits which they respectively draw of themselves, Mr. Howells characterizes them truly when he says: "The courtier is picturesque and romantic, in a degree which takes the artistic sense with keen delight; the Quaker is good and beautiful, with a simple righteousness that comforts and strengthens the soul."

The autobiographies of the Italian dramatists, Vittorio Alfieri and Carlo Goldoni, occupy the fourth and fifth volumes of the series. Alfieri was one of the greatest tragic poets of modern times, and Goldoni was the most prolific, if not the greatest, of Italian writers of comedy. The autobiography of Alfieri is curious for the perfect self-abandon with which it lays bare a character and career of which the author evidently did not feel very proud, and it is written with that intensity of style which is the distinguishing feature of his tragedies. The autobiography of Goldoni is less egoistic and more amusing; but both are among the best illustrations of their class, and will be read several times before their charm is exhausted.

Besides relieving the text here and there of superfluous or objectionable matter, Mr. Howells has prefixed to each memoir an introductory essay in which he completes, if necessary, the story of the author's life, and brings together collateral data from other sources illustrative of his period and career. These essays are somewhat elaborate, extending in the case of Alfieri to upward of fifty pages, and they are written in the polished, graceful, and gently-humorous style which gives flavor to all of Mr. Howells's writings. Most readers will consider them the most enjoyable portions of the several volumes in which they appear; and even if the works to which they are prefixed were easily obtainable otherwise, they would suffice to render the present edition preferable to all others for general reading. The only item in which

<sup>1</sup> Choice Autobiographies. Edited by W. D. Howells. (1.) Memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth. Two Volumes, "Little Classic" Style, pp. 268, 295. (2.) Lives of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Thomas Ellwood, pp. 369. (3.) Life of Vittorio Alfieri, pp. 357. (4.) Life of Carlo Goldoni, pp. 342. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

Mr. Howells has performed his editorial duties less than well, in allowing these dainty and attractive volumes to appear without indexes. To history or biography—to every book, in fact, except poetry or fiction—an index should be regarded as indispensable; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that its omission from these autobiographies reduces by one-half their usefulness to all who resort to them for anything more than temporary amusement.

THERE would seem to be some temerity in publishing a Life of Christ so soon after Canon Farrar's able and highly-popular work; but Dr. Geikie's labors must have been already far advanced before Mr. Farrar had begun his own, and the two works are so different in plan, purpose, and style, that they should be considered rather as complements than as rivals. It was Canon Farrar's aim to furnish an eloquent and picturesque narrative of the life of Christ, such as would appeal strongly to the popular imagination and feelings, stirring up the enthusiasm of personal loyalty toward the Saviour of mankind, and fortifying the emotional side of religion. Dr. Geikie's "Life and Words of Christ" is a work of far wider research and more tempered eloquence, and, while not deficient in that enthusiasm of which we have spoken, is addressed primarily to the understanding rather than to the feelings. Availing himself of the vast results that have been achieved by recent researches into the history, manners, customs, ways of life, and modes of thought of the ancient peoples, Dr. Geikie has endeavored to restore for us "the world in which Jesus moved, the country in which he lived, the people among whom he grew up and ministered, the religion in which he was trained, the temple services in which he took part, the ecclesiastical, civil, and social aspects of his time, the parties of the day, their opinions and their spirit, the customs that ruled, the influences that prevailed, the events, social, religious, and political, not mentioned in the Gospels, that formed the history of his lifetime, so far as they can be recovered." His aim is nothing less than to enable us to see the condition of the world at the time of Christ's birth, and during his lifetime, as if we were contemporary with him—or rather far more clearly, for a contemporary of Christ probably knew nothing of what was occurring beyond the limits of his little province, whereas Dr. Geikie's survey embraces the Roman Empire in its most splendid period, when substantially the entire known world reposed in peace under the shadow of the Roman eagles. Every item of fact that can reproduce for us Palestine as it was—even to the aspect of the seasons, the nature of the soil in each locality, and the character of the flora and fauna—is detailed with the most careful minuteness; and every recorded event in the life of Jesus, and each of his sayings and teachings, is placed, as far as possible, in its proper relations to the existing circumstances of time and place. With far greater elaboration than Renan, and with a much wider command of illustrative material, he reconstructs for us the *milieu* into which Christ was born, and against which His acts and sayings must be projected in order to be completely understood.

That this method of treatment must be highly instructive is self-evident, and that it is profoundly interesting we can testify from a careful perusal of Dr. Geikie's voluminous work. For many it will give a new interest and a new significance to the Gospel narratives;

and the author may rest assured that, if he has not rendered further lives of Christ superfluous, he has at least marked out the path in which all future biographers and commentators must walk. The results of his method are too valuable to be overlooked, and probably the chief effort of future laborers in this field will be to accumulate additional fruits from similar researches.

In external appearance the two royal volumes are rich enough to be placed among the distinctively ornamental books of the holiday season. The beautiful print and paper, and the ample breadth of margins, invite the eye at every page, and there are twelve full-page steel engravings illustrating life and scenery in the Palestine of to-day. Prefixed to the first volume is a colored map, representing Palestine in the time of Christ, which will be found extremely useful to all students of the sacred narrative.

#### HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THERE is sufficient variety in the holiday-books this season to furnish gift-makers with the means of indulging in considerable diversity of taste, and there is a greater uniformity of excellence than has been observable in recent years. In the list of Messrs. Osgood & Co. (Boston) we have in the illustrated edition of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" a volume which is as agreeable to the eye as the romance itself is fascinating to the minds of all lovers of good literature. In print, paper, binding, and those other indefinable qualities that characterize artistic book-making, it is a real *édition de luxe*, and the only disappointing feature are the illustrations by Mrs. Foote, better known to the picture-loving public as Miss Hallock. We understand that it was Mrs. Foote's suggestion that the work was undertaken, and that she has long cherished the design of giving pictorial embodiment to Hawthorne's weird and intense conceptions; but we are compelled to say that her illustrations, excellent as they are in point of drawing and admirable in finish, reveal no community of inspiration with the author—that the words, in short, are more picturesque than the pictures. The main difficulty, probably, is that which confronts every artist who attempts to embody scenes, and persons, and events, which have taken a firm hold upon the imagination of readers without assuming (or requiring to assume) any very definite form. Even Doré's weird, and gloomy, and grandiose genius failed when it measured itself against the horrific images of Dante's "Inferno;" and Hawthorne's art always throws such a strange and mystic glamour over even his most vivid creations that any point-blank delineation of them seems by comparison meagre and inadequate. As an example of what we mean, we may cite the first picture in the volume under notice. Every one knows that it was a real custom-house and a real experience described by Hawthorne in the sketch prefixed to the romance proper of "The Scarlet Letter;" and yet the trim, bald, realistic picture of the actual custom-house at Salem has a curiously commonplace and disenchanting effect. So in all the drawings in which little Pearl is introduced. The mysterious, almost supernatural, and always fascinating charm into the very bosom of which Hawthorne has launched that exquisite creation utterly vanishes before the quaintly-dressed doll depicted by Mrs. Foote, which, even if the picture were life-like, possesses nothing to distinguish it from multitudes of children of a similar age. The portraits of Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale are better conceived, and the situations chosen for illustration are generally effective; but Mrs. Foote's drawings are much more satisfactory when considered

<sup>1</sup> The Life and Words of Christ. By Cunningham Geikie, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Two Volumes royal 8vo, pp. 588, 603.

simply as pictures and not as interpreters of Hawthorne's ideas, which, in fact, need no interpreter. The engraving is by A. V. S. Anthony, and possesses all the vigor of touch and delicacy of finish characteristic of that artist's work.

Another volume from the same publishers, which presents old favorites in a new dress, is "Christmastide," comprising Whittier's "River-Path," Longfellow's "Excelsior," Lowell's ballad of "The Rose," and Aldrich's "Baby Bell." All these poems are too well known to call for praise or comment of any kind, though it is noteworthy that, as here grouped together, they afford a wide variety of subjects for illustration—the first calling for river-views and the soft charms of wooded hills; the second, for the grandeur of Alpine heights; the third, for the changeful splendors of sea and shore; and the last, for those domestic interiors in which are portrayed the contrasted joy and desolation of human life. The illustrations are the novel feature, and these are not only exceptionally numerous, but include the work of nearly every American artist who has won reputation as a draughtsman on wood. Moran, Waud, Homer, Reinhart, Swain Gifford, William Hart, Colman, McEntee, and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, each contributes several pictures; Anthony, Brown, Merrill, and Kendrick, furnish one or more each; and Miss Jessie Curtis exhibits as great fertility of picturesque invention as any of them, if somewhat inferior in executive skill. The volume is beautifully printed and bound, and in general appearance fully maintains the reputation which the Osgood books have won in this field.

On the list of Harper & Brothers (New York), Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin's "Contemporary Art in Europe" claims the first place, on account of its superior elegance and its exact adaptation to the requirements of the gift-making season. A portion of its contents appeared in recent issues of *Harper's Magazine*, where the freshness and beauty of the engravings attracted much attention; and Mr. Benjamin's text, with its numerous biographical details and freedom from technical phraseology, possesses greater popular interest than most current art-criticism. Considerable fresh material has been added to the articles as they originally appeared, and the book presents a cursory but tolerably complete account of contemporary art and artists in England, France, Germany, and Austria, with portraits and reproductions of characteristic pictures. The volume is unpretentious in style, but, to our mind, it is among the neatest and tastiest specimens of the book-maker's art of the season. Excellence of print is nearly always a distinguishing feature of the Harpers' books, and in the present case it is elevated to the dignity of a fine art.

Another handsome volume for which the teeming pages of *Harper's Magazine* have furnished the chief material is Mr. James Parton's "Caricature and Other Comic Art in All Times and Many Lands." The character of this work, or at least its contents, are pretty clearly indicated in the title; and it is only necessary to say that in it Mr. Parton exhibits his customary industry in the collection of materials, as well as his usual skill in catching the popular and picturesque features of his subject. The numerous illustrations furnish a complete pictorial history of the comic art of Greece, Rome, and Egypt, as well as of more modern nations, and the text is not confined to a mere explanation of the pictures, but deals with the satirical and comic element in literature as well. The book, as a whole, might be fairly described as a history of satire, and the light which the satire of any period throws upon contemporary manners, morals, and ideas, is so strikingly pointed out as to give the work a

real historical value. Here the reader may trace the antecedents of Gavarni, and Cham, and Cruikshank, and Nast; and he will be surprised to find how justly Theodore Hook's complaint against the ancients for stealing all one's best jokes might be echoed by modern caricaturists. The book is extremely interesting, and Mr. Parton does not overestimate its merits in thinking that it will "contribute something to the amusement of the happy at festive seasons, and to the instruction of the curious at all times."

Still another holiday volume from the same source is "A Book of Gold," in which the "gold" consists partly of the later ballads and poems of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, and partly of illustrative pictures with which the verses have inspired some of our best artists. The poems are five in number, and include two or three pieces which are likely to become as popular as anything which this favorite author has previously produced; and the opportunities which his picturesque style affords have been made the most of by the designers. The entire book is gotten up in a style of exceptional elegance, but its unique feature is the binding, which is exceedingly rich, and novel without being *outré*. It is in half-leather, with a side lithographed in bronze and black in imitation of one of the old missals of the middle ages, and is at once durable, showy, and tasteful.

In the selection of their principal holiday-book, the Messrs. Appleton have had an eye to permanent utility as well as beauty. Their "Pottery and Porcelain from Early Times down to the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876," by Charles Wyllys Elliott, gives the history of the ceramic art in all times and countries; points out the principles of taste by which its productions are to be judged; describes with considerable minuteness the most famous manufactures; indicates the distinctive merits and characteristics of the more important kinds of ware, ancient and modern; tells the whereabouts of the most famous pieces and the prices paid for them; gives facsimiles of the more significant trade-marks; reveals enough concerning the average cost of the various wares to enable purchasers to form an idea of what they may safely pay; and presents, in the abundant illustrations, a pictorial history of the art as complete and suggestive as that furnished in the text. Amateur collectors of pottery are rapidly becoming numerous in this country, as well as in Europe, and doubtless many others, with the taste and means to become collectors, have been deterred for the want of just such a guide as Mr. Elliott has here furnished. The author has not aimed to make either an "exhaustive treatise" on the one hand, or a merely "beautiful book" on the other, but to afford practical help to all who wish to beautify and adorn their homes or to understand the collections which they may have an opportunity of seeing. As an introduction to the subject, and handy-book for constant reference, his work is the most serviceable that we have seen; and for a holiday volume that shall carry the season's attractions through all the year, nothing could be better.

Since the above was written, another book on the same subject and with almost the same title ("Pottery and Porcelain of All Times and Nations") has appeared from the press of Harper & Brothers. The author is Mr. William C. Prime, whose collection is mentioned by Mr. Elliott as one of the richest and most extensive in the country, and the treatise is one of the most elaborate that have yet been produced in either Europe or America. It is less copious on the historic side than Jacquemart's "History of the Ceramic Art," and there are several English works which are more minute in certain special features; but as an historic, descriptive, and critical ac-

count of the art, it is as comprehensive as any that has yet appeared abroad, while it is better adapted for the American student and collector. Indeed, with this work and that of Mr. Elliott, the collector will find himself adequately equipped, either for study or for the practical task of gathering and arranging his collection. Mr. Elliott's work should be possessed for the compendiousness and practicality of its information and for the superior elegance and variety of its illustrations; and Dr. Prime's treatise should be at hand for consultation on difficult or obscure points, and for filling in the details of one's knowledge. The list of marks on pottery and porcelain in Dr. Prime's work is believed to be the most complete that has appeared in any single volume; and beginners will find much useful advice in the chapter on "Collectors and Collecting in America."

In "Gems from the Centennial Exhibition," the Messrs. Appleton offer the most interesting and suggestive souvenir of the great fair in its distinctively art aspects that has yet been published. It brings together in a large and handsome quarto of about one hundred and sixty pages selected specimens of all those products of human industry which partake of an æsthetic character—silver-ware, bronzes, metal-work, carving, pottery and porcelain, glass-ware, furniture, lace-work, and various branches of house-decoration. All the leading European and Oriental nations are represented by the most characteristic articles which they displayed, and American taste and skill receive their due recognition and encouragement. The ample page shows the beautiful illustrations to the best advantage, and the descriptive text is at once picturesque, intelligent, and discriminating—not composed of "glittering generalities," and yet something more than a mere catalogue of objects.

A book which combines fine pictures and interesting reading-matter with the elegant workmanship of the Riverside press is Mr. Benjamin Parke Avery's "Californian Pictures in Prose and Verse" (New York: Hurd & Houghton). Mr. Avery has made a loving study of the scenery of California, and describes it with the practised skill of the journalist, avoiding such hackneyed resorts as the Yosemite and the Big Trees, but revealing scenes of hardly less beauty and grandeur. The Californian tourist will find the volume as indispensable as Whitney's Yosemite guide-book, while readers who must draw their conceptions of the Golden State from books alone will find this one of the most useful and suggestive that have been published. The illustrations are from drawings by Thomas Moran, W. H. Gibson, and Mr. Alfred Kappes, admirably engraved on wood, and beautifully printed.

The Messrs. Putnam offer a very attractive book in "The Flood of Years," by William Cullen Bryant, with illustrations designed and engraved by W. J. Linton. The poem is a worthy companion-piece to the same author's "Thanatopsis," and it is fitting, perhaps, that this grave and solemn note should be heard among the Lydian strains of the festive season. It has the merit that, while it is destined to be one of the classics of the language, it is yet comparatively unfamiliar to the popular mind, and probably many will now listen for the first time to its sweet and stately cadences. Of the illustrations it must be said that they are both imaginative in design and admirable in execution—many of them are so excellent and suggestive that they will probably link

themselves indissolubly with the impressive imagery of the poem.

On the list of Henry Holt & Co. (New York) the most noteworthy book is "The Prince of Argolis," a story of the old Greek fairy-time, with illustrations by J. Moyr Smith. The story is a humorous burlesque, which takes its outlines from the mythological legends of Theseus and Medea, and is sufficiently amusing reading, but it is chiefly interesting as a vehicle for Mr. Smith's quaint and curious illustrations. These are *sui generis*, and, unless we are mistaken, mark a new departure in the method of book-illustration. Many of the pictures are so small as to be inserted directly into the text without requiring additional spacing of the lines, and of course the connection between text and picture is much closer than is ordinarily the case, the picture being often a part of the text, as it were, and superseding the necessity for minute description. The casual reader will be apt to think the pictures the mere careless vagaries of a humorous artist, but closer examination will show that they are the result of much study, and are faithful to what we know of the customs, costumes, architecture, and decorative arts of the ancient Greeks, while the drawing is remarkably free and effective.

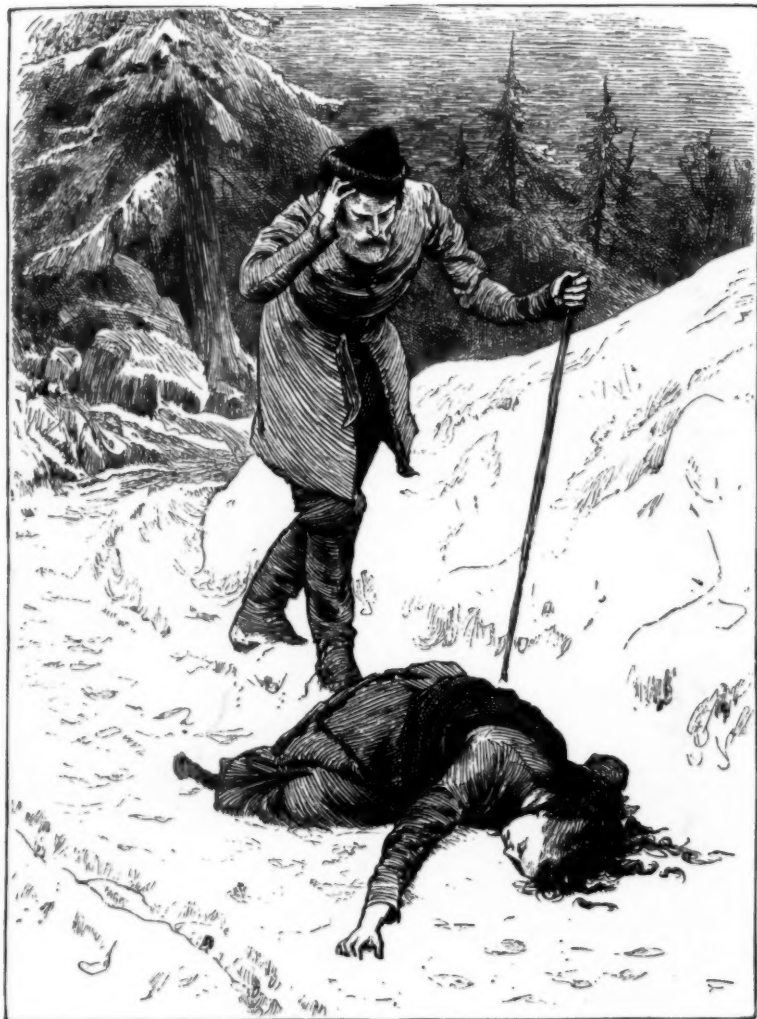
"The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R. A.," by Walter Thornbury (Holt & Co.), claims a place among holiday books by reason of its illustrations, which reproduce as nearly as possible Turner's original colors. It has long been one of Mr. Ruskin's most peremptory dogmas that no mere layman should presume either to praise or to criticise Turner's pictures, so we will only venture to say of those in the present volume that, so far as we can make anything out of them, they are characteristically Turnerish. In only one or two cases is there more than a hint of form or drawing, but then there are colors and plenty of them. As to the "Life," this is a reprint of a new and improved edition of what has been for some years a standard art-biography, though it will be new to most American readers.

Another holiday book from the same publishers—"Single Famous Poems," edited by Rossiter Johnson—contains no illustrations, but relies for its attractions on the interest of its literary contents and the beauty of its print and binding. In it Mr. Johnson has brought together all those poems of what might be called the single-poem poets that have become famous as a whole or for some happy phrase or stanza. Of course, a good deal of inferior verse must appear in such a collection, and some which can hardly be classed as poetry at all; but on the whole the volume is much richer and more interesting than might have been expected. Its specially valuable feature is that it contains many poems that are often in the mind, and yet which can never be found when wanted, because they are included in none of the regular anthologies.

One of the most attractive books of the season, both by virtue of its contents and its execution, is Clarence Cook's "The House Beautiful," from the press of Scribner, Armstrong & Co. This work has come into our hands at too late an hour for criticism; we can only say that it consists of the articles by Mr. Cook on household art which recently appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, and that it is luxuriously gotten up, its striking illustrations gaining new beauty because of the handsome paper on which they are printed.



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"'I found her lying cold and dead in the road.'"

*"By Celia's Arbor," page 127.*